DAVID CROSBY RELIVES THE HORROR OF ALTAMONT

MOJO '60s

CELEBRATING ROCK'S DECADE OF COOL

Plus

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MOJO ’60s

CELEBRATING ROCK’S DECADE OF COOL

The Letter

Welcome back, friends, to another edition of MOJO ’60s, a celebration of the decade that shaped the world as we know it. Your response to the previous issue was quite remarkable. Indeed, your enthusiasm is the reason we’ve arrived at this new instalment of the magazine. This time around, we’ve gone in deep with a piece detailing the life and times of Brian Jones, coupled with shots of The Rolling Stones in their pomp. It makes for a cover story that stretches over 28 pages. And stretching out is what MOJO ’60s is all about – in all sorts of directions. We marvel as The Small Faces drop acid and cower as David Crosby relives Altamont, stopping off along the way to bring you in-depth stories on Otis Redding, Fred Neil and Nico. Personally, it is a thrill to be able to write about Miles Davis’s orchestral adventures, particularly *Porgy And Bess* – the first Miles album I ever heard at the age of 14. Its lyricism blew my mind then, and it continues to have the same effect on me now. That’s what all great music should do. And there is much great music in this volume of MOJO ’60s. We hope you enjoy it, and we hope to do it all again very soon. Until then…

Phil A

PHIL ALEXANDER, EDITOR-IN-CHIEF

102

30

120

What Goes On!

06 HIP HAPPENINGS…
David Crosby recalls Altamont, PP Arnold in the spotlight, Rod Argent on Time Of The Season, and more.

Features

24 THE BEATLES
Inside society photographer Norman Parkinson's unseen Fabs archive.

30 THE SMALL FACES
How LSD and Andrew Oldham unlocked their musical genius.

40 THE ART OF ISLAND
Celebrating a classic record label.

46 DEEP PURPLE
The mad road to their Mk1 majesty.

52 OTIS REDDING
The tragic tale of a soul powerhouse.

74 BRIAN JONES
The ultimate '60s icon remembered.

94 THE ROLLING STONES
Late '60s images from the group's "invisibly ever-present" photographer.

102 NICO
The dark glamour of The Velvet Underground ice maiden.

110 FRED NEIL
Why the NY folkie refused to sell out.

120 MILES DAVIS
How the jazz magus arrived in the '60s.

Plus!

65 PIN-UPS
Plaster your walls with cult '60s cool:

128 X-WORD COMPETITION
Win 40 Ace CDs on their 40th birthday.

130 BEFORE THEY WERE FAMOUS
Billy Gibbons in The Moving Sidewalks.

MOJO '60s
CELEBRATING ROCK'S DECADE OF COOL

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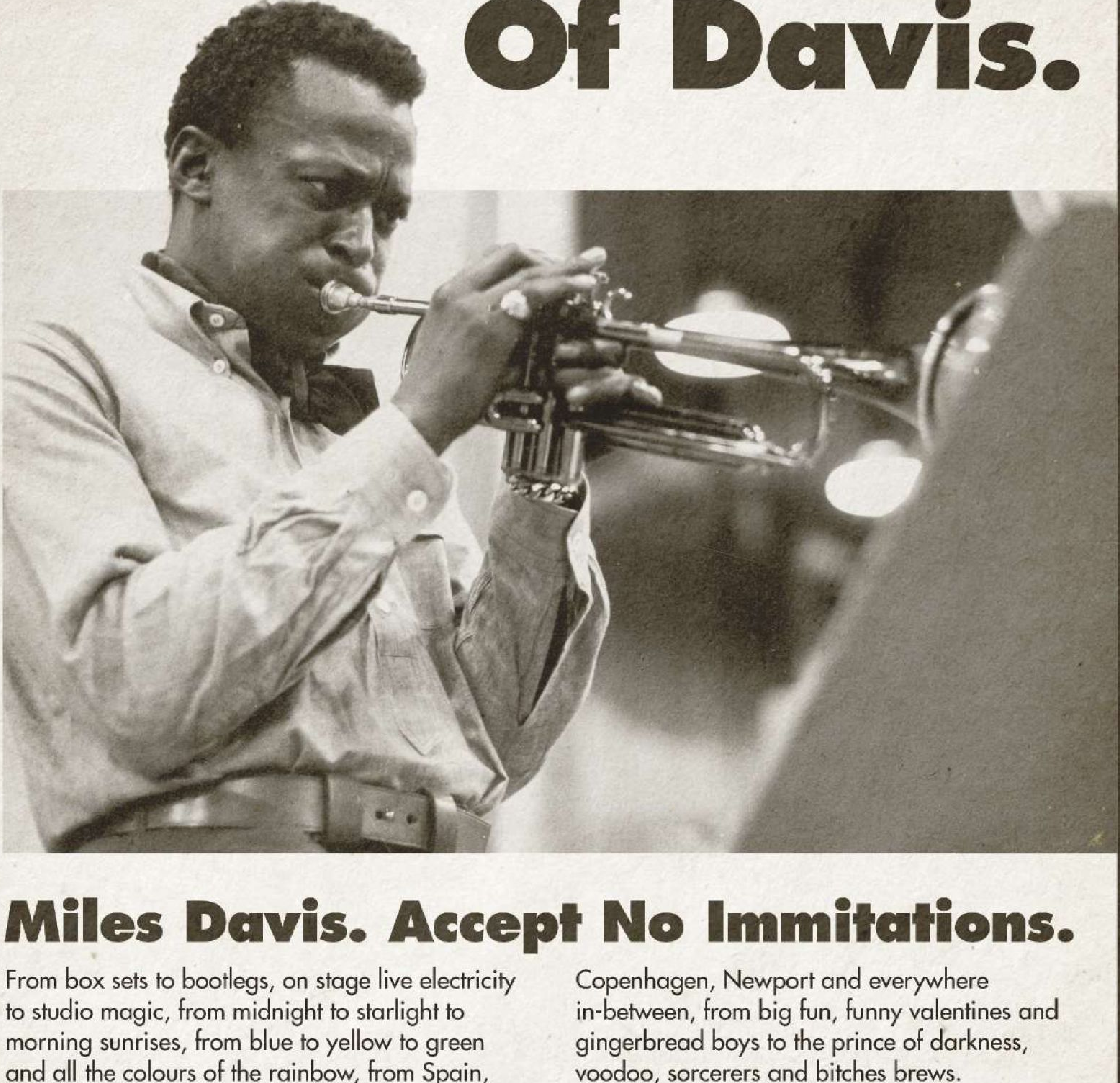
Alamy (2), Getty.

Miles And Miles Of Davis.



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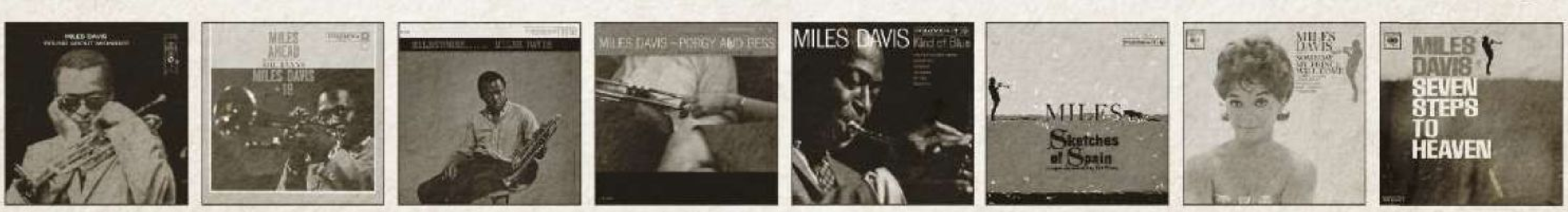
All These Legendary Recordings And So Very Much More From Columbia And Legacy Recordings.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The Big Picture

With Love, From London

The Who round off their 50th anniversary year and reflect on the birth of the band.

The Who Hits 50 celebrations were curtailed this summer when frontman Roger Daltrey was diagnosed with viral meningitis forcing the postponement of their US tour. Those dates have been rescheduled for February 2016 but the festivities continued on October 7 with the cinematic release of The Who: Live In Hyde Park, a film of the band's triumphant homecoming anniversary show on June 26 in front of 65,000 fans.

The film, released commercially in November, features interviews with fans Iggy Pop, Robert Plant and Johnny Marr, plus Daltrey and guitarist Pete Townshend, both of whom acknowledge how London helped shape the band. "All around us there was this new world being built and the old Dickensian and Victorian world of working-class Britain was being pulled down," says Daltrey. "In that sense, London had a big effect on us because it suffered immensely from the bombing in the war, which gave us that blank canvas to work on."

The singer also acknowledges the huge impact of Lonnie Donegan and skiffle: "Every young person could make music – even people with no melody in them, no sense of pitch – could make some kind of noise with a washboard, a tea chest and a broomstick for a bass. Music became very communal and every street would have a skiffle group. The original nucleus of The Who grew out of Percy Road in Shepherd's Bush. We used to pretend we were Johnny Kidd And The Pirates. We were a substitute for other guys. That was our purpose. They couldn't see the real deal but they'd come and see us doing it."

Looking back at the band's early days, Townshend also highlights the impact of the band's growing London-based following. "The great [publicist] Pete Meaden inducted us into the role of mod 'faces'," he explains. "The 'faces' would watch the 'tickets', as they were called – the kids in the audience – and copy them. You wouldn't find Ray Davies or Mick Jagger looking at their audience trying to check out what the kids are wearing. That's what defined The Who: we always watched our audience."

The film's release precedes the 50th anniversary of The Who's debut album, *My Generation*, released in December 1965, which helped define the band's image, sound and attitude (see outtake from the cover photo session, opposite).

"You can look at the clothes, but it's something in the faces," says Daltrey. " We were sharp. I've looked at that album cover a lot and it's more to do with what's in the eyes than any fashion we were wearing. There's an attitude there, and that's what comes through more than anything. We could've been naked and it would still have been a great cover just from what's coming out of here, you know," he says pointing at his temple.

That attitude remains intact, and The Who Live At Hyde Park proves as much, capturing a set delivered with sheer aggression. Townshend, however, has a slightly different perspective on that summer show. "For us Hyde Park was a real celebration," he concludes. "In London there's a sense of warmth, and that is what The Who are part of."

The Who Live In Hyde Park is released via Eagle Rock on November 20 on the following formats: DVD, Blu-ray, DVD/2CD, DVD/3LP and as a deluxe DVD/Blue-ray/2CD package featuring a 60-page book.

Getty

Alamy

Sound Gallery

Ooh la la!

A round-up of essential '60s sonic treasures heading your way, including five **Françoise Hardy** LPs and The Mickey Finn featuring a young Jimmy Page. By **Kieron Tyler**.

FRANÇOISE HARDY
Tous Les Garçons Et Les Filles, Le Premier Bonheur Du Jour, Mon Amie La Rose, L'Amitié, La Maison Ou J'Ai Grandi

Light In The Attic. CD/LP

In France, Françoise Hardy was an instant hit in 1962 with her first EP, featuring the yearning, existential ballad Tous Les Garçons Et Les Filles. Not only was hers a compelling new female voice pulsing with the personal, she was a singer-songwriter – then a rarity in pop and unique for France. Although the 7-inch picture-sleeve EP was France's prime medium for pop in the '60s, LPs were often issued collecting EP tracks. Confusingly, most were untitled, so have become known by their most famous song. The reissues of her vital first five French-language albums from 1962 to 1966 are remastered from the original tapes and feature linernotes drawing on exclusive conversations with Hardy. She has not consented to be interviewed for any reissue before, and confesses, "I was interested in fashion only because I needed stage outfits. I had a poor image of myself."

MORE SOUNDS Turn to page 10 for more exciting reissues news...

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Alan Parsons ART & SCIENCE OF SOUND RECORDING

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East End promise: The Mickey Finn, with friend and one-time guitarist and harp player, Jimmy Page (far right).

Courtesy Phil Smee

Sound Gallery

…More '60s reissues channelling the decade's aural grooviness. By Kieron Tyler.

THE MICKEY FINN

Garden Of My Mind: The Complete Recordings 1964–1967

RPM. CD

For the B-side Night Comes Down alone, East London mod combo The Mickey Finn would be legendary. A slab of mid-tempo tension, it gets under the collar by combining pill-head psychosis with ferocious, pre-psychedelic guitar lines by the band's friend and then session man Jimmy Page. Then there's the group's December 1967 single Garden Of My Mind. One of the era's wildest post-Hendrix rave-ups, its greatness is recognised by the £300 or more commanded for an original on the Direction label.

Integral to London's '60s scene, The Mickey Finn – who recorded without the definite article and as Mickey Finn And The Blue Men – were frequently terrific, but the music from their seven 1964–1967 singles has been elusive. The 17-track *Garden Of My Mind* represents their first legal anthology and includes two previously unheard demos. The release tells the band's full story from their early days tackling ska (they were initially on the Blue Beat label) to that mind-blowing late-1967 single. Page, despite appearing in press ads with them, was not actually a member. He played harmonica and guitar on some of their singles (but not Garden Of My Mind) and occasionally blew harp with them live. Bandleader Finn went on to '70s urchins The Heavy Metal Kids. The release of *Garden Of My Mind – The Complete Recordings 1964–1967* plugs a major gap in the story of Britain's '60s music scene.

OTIS REDDING
SOUL MANIFESTO: 1964-1970

OTIS REDDING

Soul Manifesto: 1964–1970

Rhino. CD

The eight studio and live albums Redding recorded between 1964 and 1967 are timeless evidence for him as a great. And in a rare case of posthumous corroboration, so are the albums issued after his death in 1967. *Soul Manifesto* collects, on 12 CDs, all Redding's albums from 1964's *Pain In My Heart* to 1970's *Tell The Truth*. The unalloyed classic is September 1965's *Otis Blue: Otis Redding Sings Soul*, but start with *Pain In My Heart* to unearth its foundations. Then, head for 1967's *Live In Europe* to revel in Redding, the on-stage powerhouse. And after, bathe in *Otis Blue*. An indispensable package.

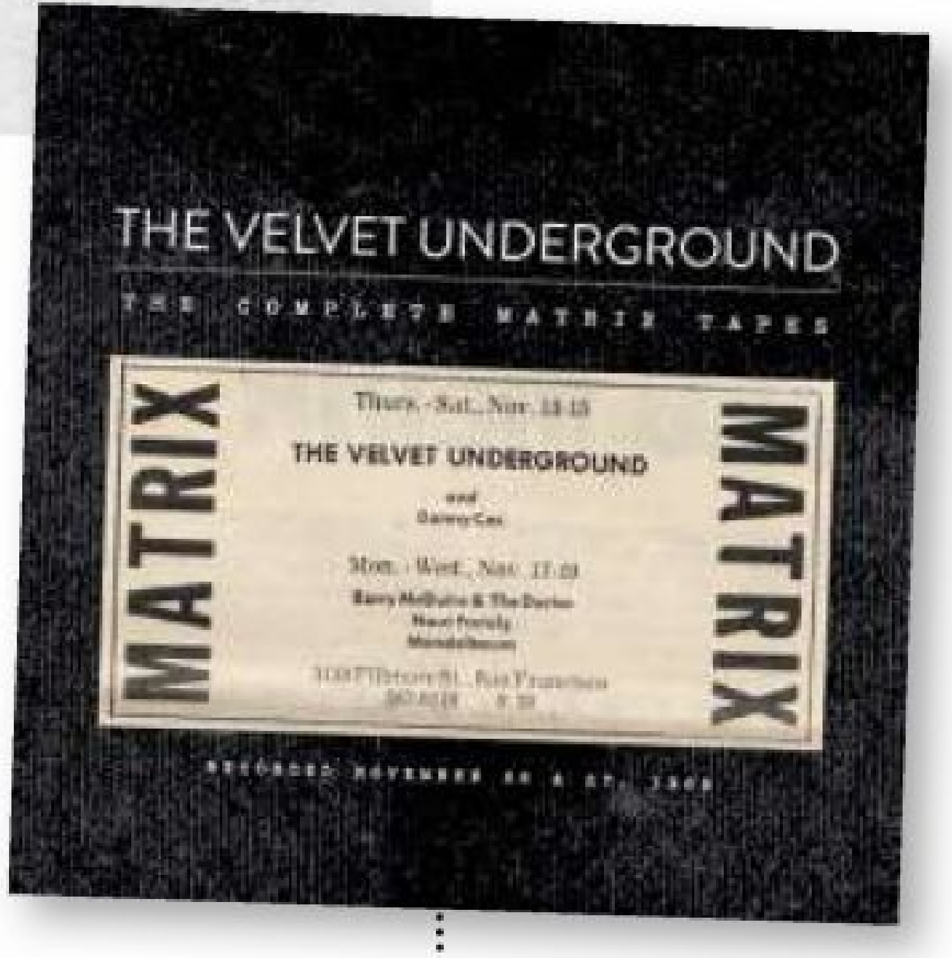
VARIOUS

Come & See Me: Dream Babes & Rock Chicks From Down Under

RPM. CD

It's not a story that's often told, but the Antipodes was a hot-bed of '60s female pop action. *Come & See Me* takes its title from Sandy Edmonds' hard-as-nails 1966 version of The Pretty Things's Come See Me. Edmonds lived in New Zealand but was born Rosalie Edmondson and grew up in Liverpool, where she saw The Beatles. Once rechristened, she supported the Stones on their 1966 NZ tour, when she was nicknamed Anita after Anita Pallenberg. Across two CDs with 55 tracks by Edmonds, Gwynn Owen, Lynne Randell and more, *Come & See Me* holds a groovy and unfamiliar mirror to our own Brit-Girl scene.

> "Singer Sandy Edmonds was renamed 'Anita' after Pallenberg."



SF joy: at last, the Velvets' '69 live sets at the Matrix are issued in full.

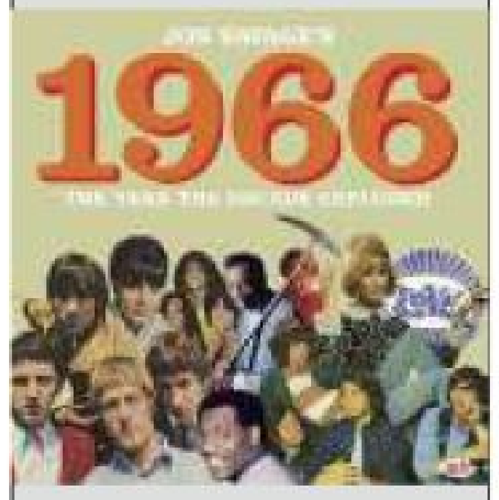
THE VELVET UNDERGROUND

The Complete Matrix Tapes

Polydor/Universal. CD

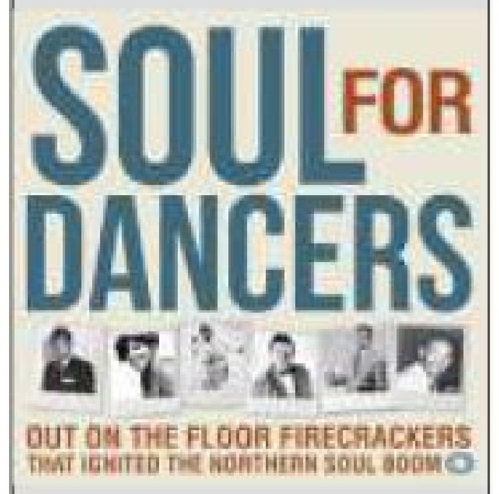
Parts of The VU's 1969 Matrix, San Francisco shows first surfaced on 1974's *1969 Velvet Underground Live*, when tracks were selected, seemingly at random, for a double album trading on Lou Reed's solo success. Then, last year, 18 tracks from the 26 and 27 November shows became bonuses on the reissue of their eponymous third LP. Now, finally, with this four-disc box the full shows are issued in an unedited form. The original four-track tapes have been revisited for best-ever fidelity. Highlights include guitarist Doug Yule's first performance of The Black Angel's Death Song. Linernote writer David Fricke declares the shows as "magnificent aggression and determined joy."

ALSO COMING



Various
Jon Savage's 1966: The Year The Decade Exploded
Ace. CD

Jon Savage's book 1966: The Year The Decade Exploded is published in November. It makes the compelling case that the "pop world accelerated and broke through the sound barrier… in the year that shaped the pop future of the balance of the century." This 48-track double CD is the attendant soundtrack, compiled and annotated by the author. After hearing The Capitols' Cool Jerk, The Electric Prunes's Ain't It Hard and Sandie Shaw's Nothing Comes Easy side-by-side, his thesis becomes very seductive. Add The Yardbirds's chaotic aural kaleidoscope Happenings Ten Years Time Ago, and it becomes clear that pop may have stopped progressing after 1966. History lessons have never been this fun.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Various
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PP Arnold

Immediate Records' teenage star and "fifth Small Face" recalls unhappy days as an Ikette, hooking up with Mick Jagger in Swinging London, and "her story and pain", as captured in her stirring hit, The First Cut Is The Deepest. Interview by Lois Wilson.

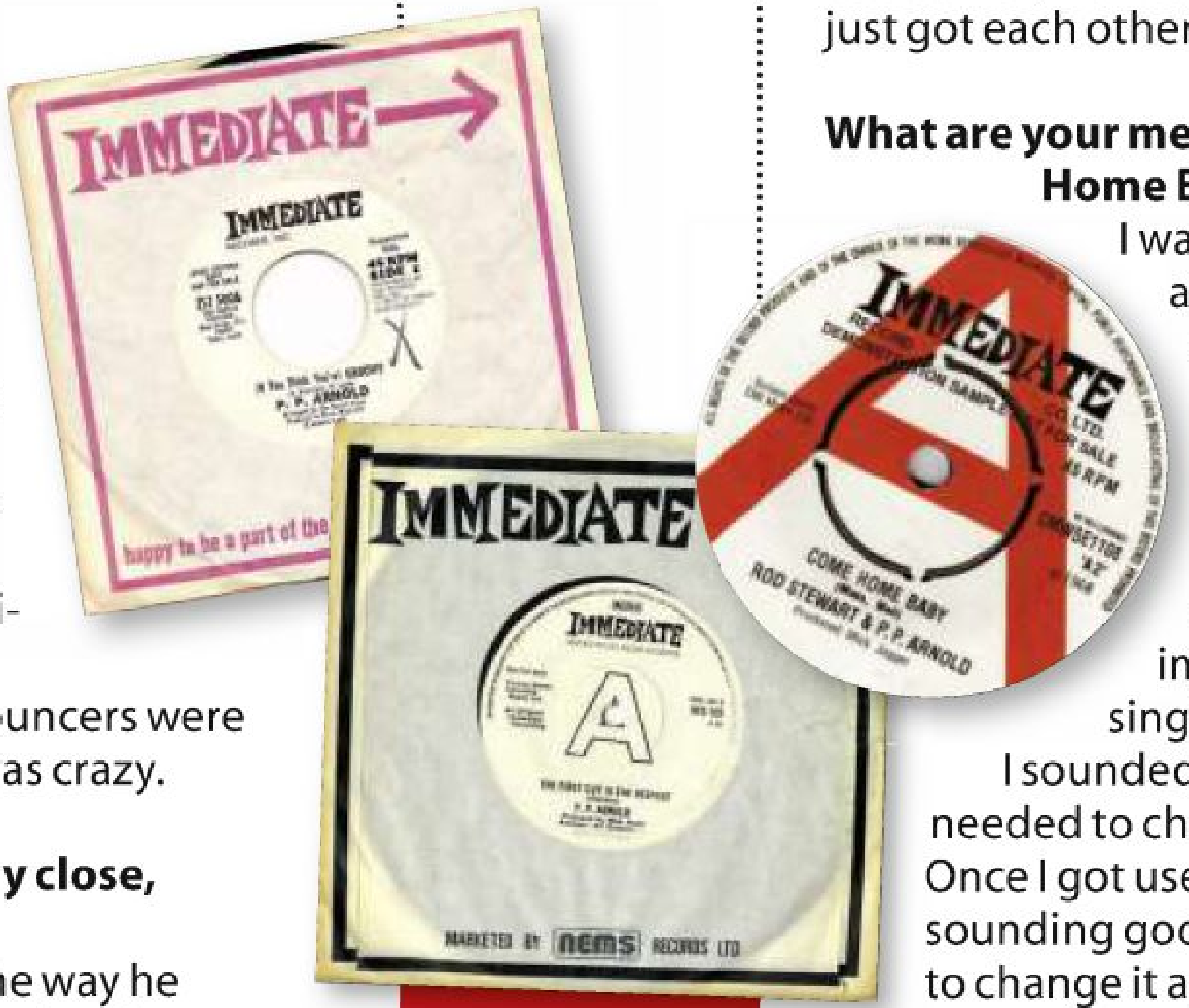
You're going out in February on the 'Modmother' tour. What can we expect?
I had this idea: if Paul Weller can be the Modfather, then I can be the Modmother. I'll be going out with the Small Fakers, who really do the Small Faces proud, they're such a great band. We'll be doing my '60s hits, The First Cut Is The Deepest, (If You Think You're) Groovy, Angel Of The Morning, also some Small Faces songs like Understanding, Afterglow, and I end on Tin Soldier. It's a storming set.

You started out singing in the Ikettes in 1964. How did that come about?
I was in my teens, in an abusive marriage. A girl friend asked me to come along with another friend of hers for an audition [for Ike & Tina Turner]. We sung, and Tina said, 'You've got the gig.' At that point I had to tell Tina I was only there to help my friend out, and I was already in trouble with my husband for having come to the audition. She said, 'If you're in trouble already, you may as well ride up to Fresno and see the show.' That was 300 miles from LA, where we were. I saw the show and it blew me away. I'd been praying for a way out and here it was – Tina had provided it for me. The audition was on the Sunday, the first rehearsal on the Monday, the first show in Columbus, Ohio on the Thursday.

Your first show in the UK was with Ike and Tina at the Royal Albert Hall supporting the Stones in September 1966.
Charlie [Watts] and Bill [Wyman] had seen us perform in a club on The Strip, and soon after that we learned we were going to England to support the Stones. I'd heard of them but I didn't know who any of them were; I thought Satisfaction was an Otis Redding song, so that show was a real eye-opener. We were coming straight off the chitlin circuit, and to play at the Albert Hall… it was packed and we rocked it, there was pandemonium. But when the Stones went on it was madness, these big bouncers were throwing girls off the stage, it was crazy.

You and Mick Jagger were very close, weren't you?
Yes, he really made me laugh, the way he moved on stage. He was singing the blues and when he first talked to The Ikettes he would try to talk in a black way and that made me laugh too. That's how we first connected. He'd come to our dressing room and ask us to help him with his dance routines. Mick hit on me, Bill hit on Rose [Smith, Ikette], and they'd have a limo for us after the gig to take us out. Everyone was shocked, as I was the little shy one and here I was in England hanging out with these white guys.

PP Arnold today: "With the Small Faces, we were the same height, the same age and into the same music."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"Jagger would try to talk to us in a black way. He was funny."

And then Mick hooked you up with Immediate?
Mick picked me up at the hotel on a day off and we went to Regent's Park. He told me that Andrew Loog Oldham wanted me to stay in the UK and make a record for the Immediate label. Even though I'd never thought about being a backing singer, and definitely never thought about being a solo singer, it was an easy decision to make. I'd had enough of Ike [Turner], he treated me so badly in England, he was jealous that I was hanging out with Mick and couldn't do anything about it. He was fining me for anything. If I had a run in my stocking he'd fine me $50, if I was 30 seconds late for a sound check, he was on my back.

Your cover of Cat Stevens' The First Cut Is The Deepest yielded your first hit, in May 1967. How did you discover the song?
Andrew and Mick had a vision for me; Mick encouraged me to write my own songs, while Andrew would play me songs by other artists. I would say if I liked them or not; if I did, we'd try them out. Both he and Mick were producing me, then Andrew brought in Mike Hurst, who was Cat Stevens' manager and producer, and that's how I got the song. That song is my legacy, it's my story, my pain all there, I had to record it.

In many ways, you were the fifth Small Face.
I met them at the Immediate office, it was the place to be at that time. There was a music room, everyone was helping each other, and I hooked up with the Small Faces straight away. We were the same height, the same age, into the same music. Steve and I, we had a connection, and musically we just got each other. Boy, could he sing.

What are your memories of recording Come Home Baby with Rod Stewart?
I was having a little thing with Rod and it was Mick's idea to put us together. He saw it as an Otis Redding/Carla Thomas-type duet, but no one at the session enjoyed it, because Rod was very hard to work with. Mick was producing and the most important thing when you're singing a duet is to find the right key. I sounded good, so Rod decided we needed to change the key, we made it lower. Once I got used to the key and it started sounding good again, he decided we needed to change it again, so he made it higher. Then he wanted to change it again. Mick lost his patience. We did a cover of Working In A Coalmine. I'd like to know what happened to that.

How do you look back on the decade?
It was an amazing time for me. I was just this shy girl who took the opportunities when they arose, and I'm still doing that now. Being able to get on stage and sing those songs and connect with my audience is the biggest thrill.

Alamy

Where Were You When...

...The '60s Dream Ended

David Crosby was expecting another Woodstock-style love-in when CSNY agreed to play Altamont Speedway, a free festival staged by the Stones near San Francisco. Here he recalls a grim, violent day when Hell's Angels wreaked havoc.

Date: December 6, 1969

Event: The Rolling Stones ended their US tour with a free concert at Altamont Speedway in Northern California. Poorly organised and policed by Hell's Angels, it ended with the killing of audience member Meredith Hunter during the headliner's set. Santana, Jefferson Airplane, the Flying Burrito Brothers and Crosby, Stills, Nash & Young completed the bill.

Eyewitness: David Crosby

"I will tell you, it was a terrible feeling being there but let me start a little before that. We flew into a small airport not too near the festival with the biggest personal injuries lawyer in San Francisco, our tour manager and some other people. But there was no one there to meet us. Nobody. The place was dead. Not a soul. But there was a pick-up truck. The guy who worked for me hot-wired the truck and we stole it. I have not been able to tell this story before, as the lawyer didn't want to get disbarred as an accessory to a crime. He's deceased now. We stole the truck and I insisted on driving.

We had no idea where to go, none, and we get there and find I am driving through the crowd towards the stage from the wrong direction *(laughs)*. After we nearly ran over a couple of people we realised we had to reverse through the crowd, which took a lot of yelling and was a tension-fraught manoeuvre. Finally somebody from the festival guided us backstage to the main stage and it was a fuckin' zoo. Everyone was as tense as hell. Somebody had already punched Marty Balin in the face, the Airplane were all upset.

We'd all hung out with the Hell's Angels lots. In San Francisco at that time they showed up at all the gigs, they got in free. But asking them to be security at a festival? That is like handing a .38 revolver to a three-year-old. It is one of the dumbest things anyone ever did, and that was where the blame lay for the tragedy.

So everybody had Woodstock in mind but the festival was in the dirt, in a horrible place, with horrible people. It was like doing a gig on the moon in a crater, no trees or grass or anything. It looked like the set of a science-fiction movie, a bad one.

We waited backstage and I remember somebody saying, 'Let's play this and this and this, and then get the heck out of here.' And I agreed.

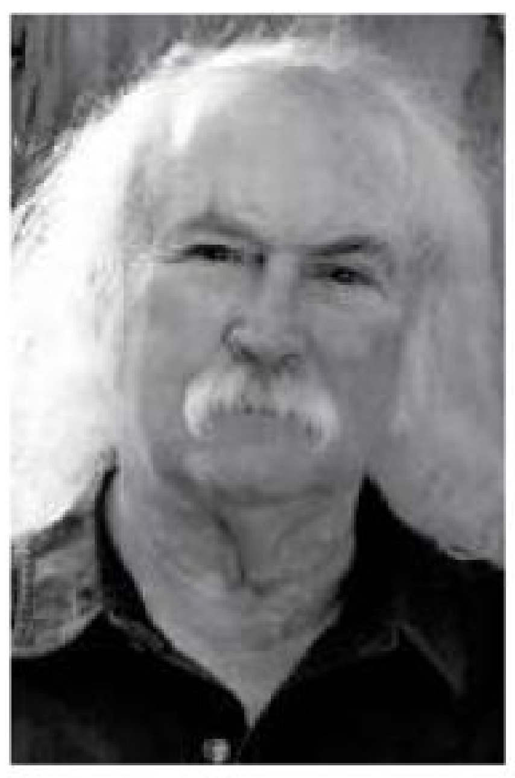
We had a certain kind of hippy ethic [with CSNY] and tended to write songs which supported that, like Teach Your Children, Almost Cut My Hair, Chicago. But the Stones at the time were very dark, with Sympathy For The Devil and so on. And there was lot of speed, coke and heroin. The Hell's Angels were on two or three kinds of drugs and no one had ever asked them to be an authority figure before.

We did a long show and somehow got out afterwards. They tell me we played a second gig that night at Royce Hall [a venue on the UCLA campus in LA], which if I remember correctly was a disaster as we had already blown our throats. And I think I was at fault here, as I was possibly the one who had said, 'Hey, we gotta do this free festival with the Stones.'

Afterwards everybody was saying, 'Oh, those terrible Hell's Angels, they killed that guy.' The biggest radio station in San Francisco interviewed me, and I said, 'If you don't want the tiger to eat your lunch guests, don't invite the tiger.' For a long time the Angels had a picture of me hanging in the Mother Chapter in Oakland, as they thought I was the only person who stuck up for them. But really I was the only one saying what actually went wrong.

At Woodstock, which was just a few months before, as far as I know nobody was killed, raped, beat up. I have never heard of a gathering that large where there was not at least one spot of trouble. Altamont was 180 degrees away from Woodstock. It was all fear, anger, darkness…"

As told to Sid Griffin

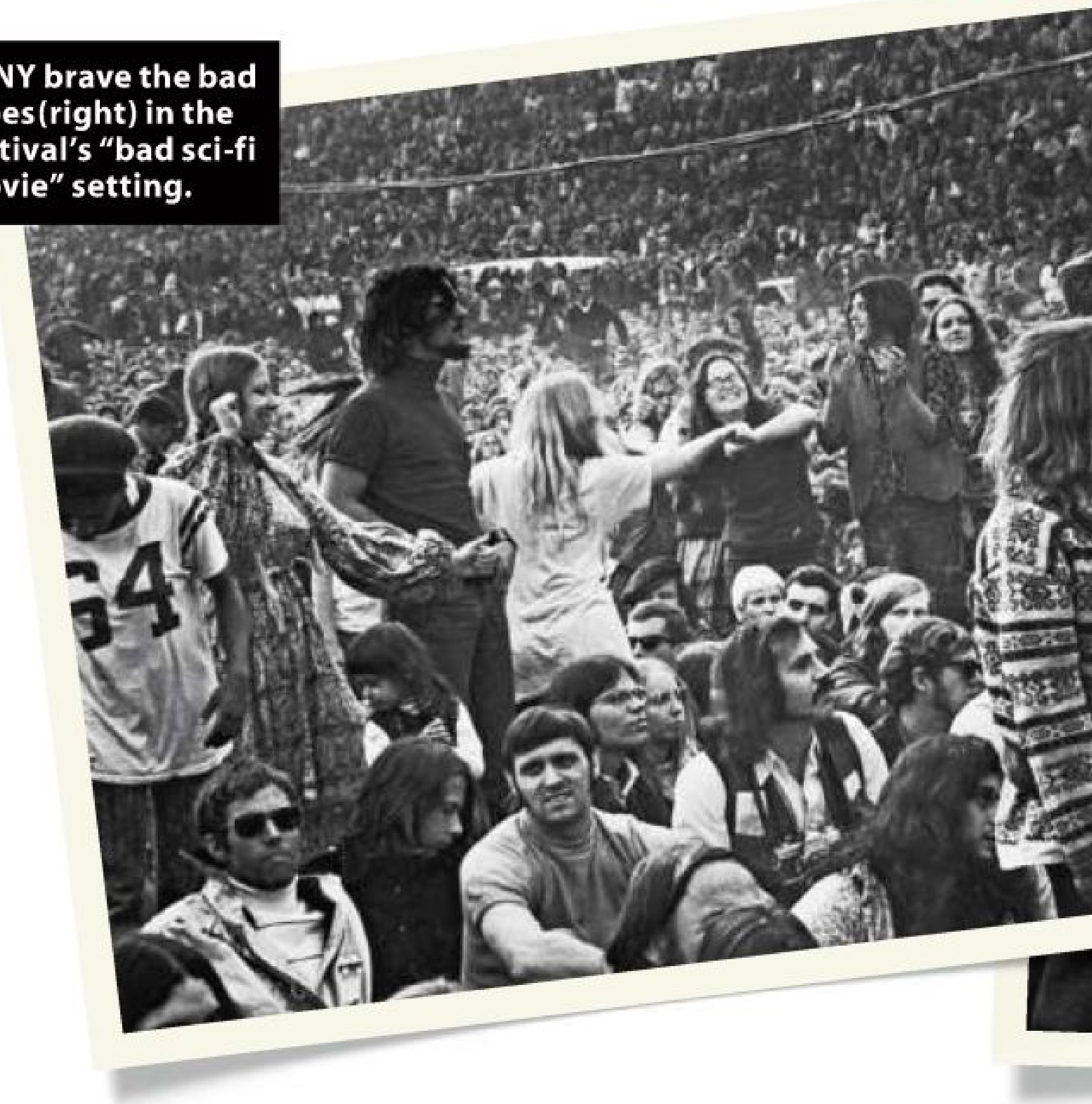


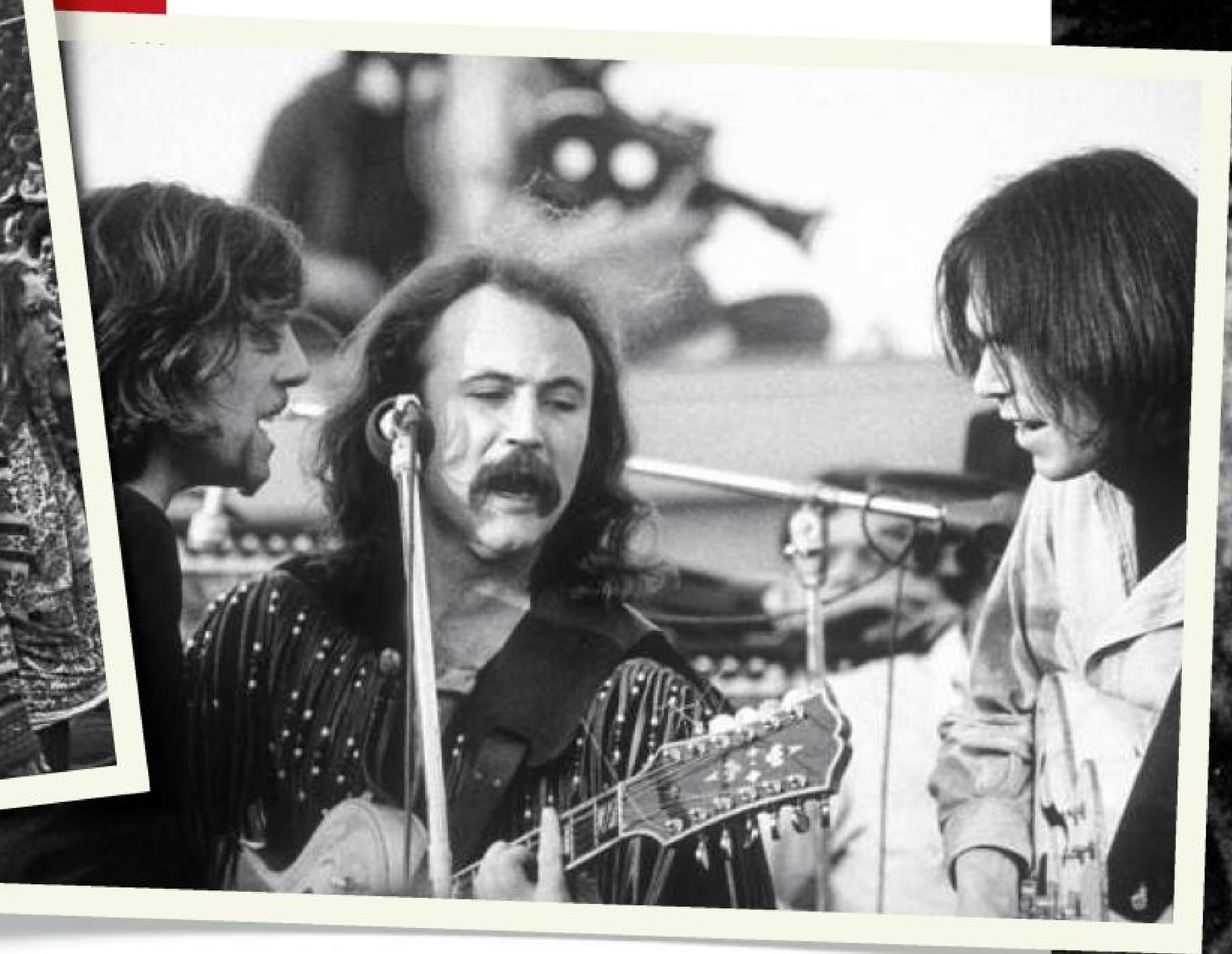
David Crosby: "If you don't want the tiger to eat your lunch guests, don't invite the tiger."

> "Backstage it was a f**kin' zoo. Everyone was as tense as hell."

Retna/Photoshot, Rex, Piper Ferguson

CSNY brave the bad vibes(right) in the festival's "bad sci-fi movie" setting.





All Hell let loose: the Angels keeping order stage-front.

The Knickerbockers

They were Fab Four copyists from New Jersey who were taken to Los Angeles and adopted by the city's hippest DJs. Then came the Top 20 hit Lies and rumours that they were The Beatles in disguise. Mark Paytress excavates another *Nuggets* gem.

Their name was as old as the Mayflower. And as 1965 turned into '66, The Knickerbockers' Lies sounded out of time too. The intro cut in like a souped-up I Wanna Hold Your Hand, a John Lennon vocal bounced hungrily off moptop harmonies, and the rhythm was pure rockin' Ringo. Lies was the sound of Beatlemania, 1964.

The fourth track on the groundbreaking *Nuggets* compilation, Lies' hyperventilating pastiche sounds out of place: no organ, no caveman vocal. But listen again. Those over-amped Rickenbacker fills. An arrangement – no two-chord wonder this – that belies the song's excited pace. That messed-up, two-guitar break. It was a classic model with sharp new details.

Lies reached the US Top 20 in February 1966; Had it enjoyed better distribution, it could have gone further. But time has been kind. Since the late '70s, it's been cited as a link between The Beatles and power pop, and the only *Nuggets* cut that can claim direct lineage to that genuinely numbskullian late '50s novelty hit, The Royal Teens' Short Shorts.

That 45 featured future Knickerbockers' frontman Buddy Randell, aged 14 and then known by his birthname Bill Crandall, ad-libbing "Man, dig that crazy chick" before blowing sax between choruses of "We wear short shorts". Too young to tour with the New Jersey-based Royal Teens, Randell returned to the family home in the vicinity of Knickerbocker Road, Dumont, NJ.

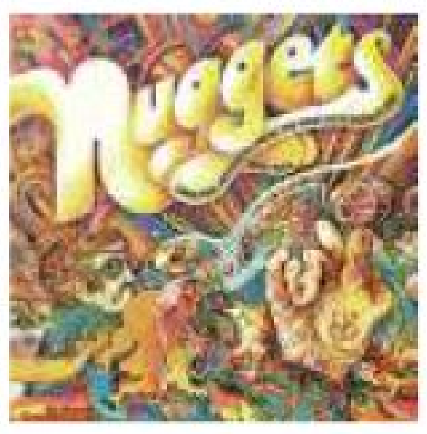
Fired up by Beatlemania in 1964, Randell hooked up with brothers Beau (guitar) and John Charles (bass). After drummer Jimmy Walker joined, the newly named Knickerbockers hit the clubs all over upstate New York. There was good money in playing hits of the day, especially Beatles songs. They could play *Meet The Beatles* end to end.

Having written and demoed Lies on the East Coast, the band headed west to turn it into a hit. Jerry Fuller, an artist and producer at Hollywood-based Challenge Records, had seen the group play the University Twist Palace in Albany, New York. He took them out to LA, tidied up the arrangement, putit down at Sunset Sound, then took the band to Leon Russell's home studio to add some sparkle.

It could have ended there. Lies, the third Knickerbockers 45, was originally going to be the flipside in favour of a fashionable-sounding piece of folk-rock whimsy called The Coming Generation. But radio DJs, led by local KFWB's B. Mitchel Reed, had other ideas.

The buzz around Lies grew louder still when rumours spread that these British Invasion latecomers were, in fact, The Beatles. The appearance of The Knickerbockers on TV quickly dispelled that. Even the best efforts of Hollywood A Go-Go's resident Gazzarri Dancers couldn't hide the fact that the band – all suits, ties and side partings – made The Beach Boys look hip.

After the next 45, One Track Mind (included on the 4-CD *Nuggets* box), The Knickerbockers hit a stride with some neatly inventive vocal-group pop. Seals And Crofts wrote songs for them; David Gates arranged; but once drummer Jimmy Walker quit late in '67 The Knickerbockers slowly fizzled into obscurity. For Jerry Fuller, though, 1968 saw his next protégés Gary Puckett & The Union Gap break big with two giant nuggets of pure perfect radio pop, Young Girl and Lady Willpower.



24-carat gold: The original *Nuggets* compilation.

SONG	Lies
LABEL	Challenge
RELEASED	1965
CHART PEAK	#20 US
COMPOSERS	Buddy Randell, Beau Charles
PRODUCER	Jerry Fuller

THE FABULOUS KNICKERBOCKERS
LIES

CHALLENGE
LIES
THE KNICKERBOCKERS

Knickerbocker glory: frontman Buddy Randell (below, far right) with The Knickerbockers, 1965.

> "Lies is a direct link between The Beatles and power pop."

Getty (2)

The Story Behind The Song

Time Of The Season

In summer 1967, **The Zombies** commandeered The Beatles' studio and equipment to cut a psych reverie referencing Gershwin, hippy vibes and the Vietnam war. Songwriter **Rod Argent** recalls how it tanked, only to woo America 12 months later.

"We'd just been on tour in the Philippines. We had eight records in the Top 10 there and were playing to 30,000 people a night during a 10-day residency. When we got back to the UK, we were in a good place, but creatively, we wanted more.

We told Ken Jones, our producer at Decca, that we weren't happy with how he'd made our recent singles sound; we said we wanted to produce our own album, which would become *Odessey And Oracle*. There wasn't an argument, as he understood we had our own ideas. He took us to CBS where they gave us £1000 and pulled strings to get us into Abbey Road. As The Beatles were walking out, we walked in. We used their engineers Geoff Emerick and Peter Vince, and their instruments, too! John Lennon had left his mellotron behind and I used it over the whole album. It felt unbelievably exciting and liberating, we were like kids in a candy shop.

Time Of The Season was the final song written for the album. At the time Chris [White, bassist, songwriter] and I were sharing a flat in North Finchley. I don't know how I managed it but in my room I crammed in a brass bed, an Edwardian desk, TV, hi-fi system, grand piano and Hammond organ. I wrote the song at the piano, though I always intended it to be played on the organ, and the words and music came together quickly. Not all songs did.

After I wrote it, I said to Chris, 'I think this could be a hit' – and I almost never said that. Maybe there were similarities with She's Not There, our only UK hit; there was a broken percussion rhythm in the verse section and at the end of the chorus it hits a major chord, then goes down to a minor chord; and there's an improvised solo too.

George Gershwin's Summertime is one of my favourite songs, and we always played it in our live set from the very beginning. So the lyrics in the chorus are an affectionate nod to that – 'What's your name? (What's your name?)/Who's your daddy? (Who's your daddy?)/Is he rich? (Is he rich like me?)' is a play on, 'Your daddy's rich and your mama is good lookin'.'

For me, Time Of The Season is permeated with a sense of the times we were living in. It was the great 'Summer of Love', and even though we were very suspicious of the naivety, at the same time there was something genuine going on. There was an upsurge of feeling, partly because of the Vietnam war – a conflict was being televised for the first time, and we didn't want any part of it, we hated the violence – hence, 'it's the time of the season for loving'. Also the 'Is he rich?' line fed into that too; 'rich' didn't refer to material richness, but social understanding and love as enrichment.

We rehearsed and routined the song at my parents' house; Hugh [Grundy, drummer] brought his snare drum along and we got round the upright piano there, then we took it to the studio. Colin [Blunstone, lead vocalist] was ambivalent to it, because he hadn't had much time to learn it. I kept saying to him, 'Colin, that's not quite right, you need to phrase it like this'; then, a few minutes later, 'Colin, that's still not quite right, it's like this.' Understandably, he got annoyed: 'If you're so f'ing good, sing it yourself!' But he got it down perfect in the end.

Even though the album was everything we wanted it to be, we knew that we were going to split. While Chris and I as songwriters had money coming in, the rest of the band were only getting paid for playing live and they just couldn't survive off that. Paul [Atkinson, guitarist] said, 'I'm married now, I've got to find some way to make money.' Colin agreed, but we made a pact: we'd see how the first single did before we split.

Sadly, Care Of Cell 44 flopped and that was it. CBS passed on releasing the album in the US, but then they hired Al Kooper as their in-house producer. He came to the UK, bought up 200 LPs, went back and told [CBS boss] Clive Davis there was only one album they needed to buy the rights for: *Odessey And Oracle*. They already owned it, of course, so they put it out. Time Of The Season came out as a single, and a year after it was issued in the UK and we had split, it became a massive hit in the US and Canada.

While it was still never a hit in the UK, *Odessey And Oracle* sells more on a yearly basis now than it did on release. Musicians such as Paul Weller and The Vaccines have praised it, and when we re-formed to play the album in full for its 40th anniversary [in 2008], we couldn't believe the response. I couldn't be more proud of it and Time Of The Season."

As told to Lois Wilson

The Zombies' new album Still Got The Hunger is out now on Cherry Red Records.

LABEL
CBS

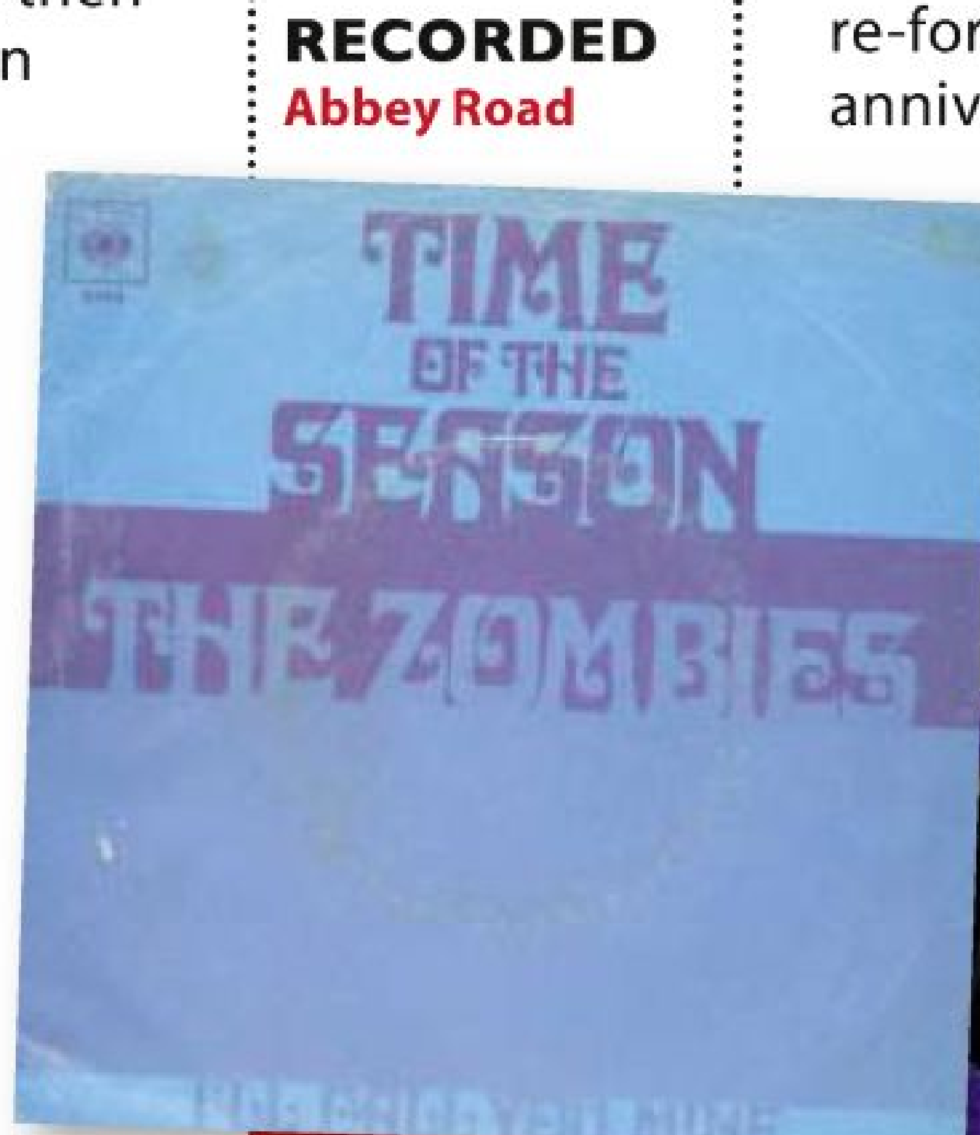
RELEASED
April 1968

CHART PEAK
UK –/US 3 (March 1969 reissue)

COMPOSER
Rod Argent

PRODUCER
The Zombies

RECORDED
Abbey Road



"John Lennon had left his mellotron behind, so that's all over it."

The Zombies: out of season in 1967.

Courtesy Phil Smee/Strange Things Archive, Rex

À la cart: The Zombies (from left) Colin Blunstone, Paul Atkinson, Rod Argent, Chris White, Hugh Grundy.

Tyrannosaurus Rex (Marc Bolan, left, and Steve Peregrine Took) in 1968. "The sound of Portobello Road at the turn of the '60s and '70s."

My Sounds Of The '60s

Johnny Marr

Transcendent jazz? Weird gothic flower power? Girl-group psychosis? The former Smiths guitar ace, whose new live solo album *Adrenalin Baby* genuflects to '60s rock wizardry and beyond, riffs on these aural contortions and more.

THE CHIFFONS

Nobody Knows What's Goin' On (In My Mind But Me) *(Laurie, 1965)*
This is a really dramatic record. It sounds like Jack Nitzsche is involved somewhere, but it's actually written by Brute Force aka Stephen Friedland, and Phil Margo of The Tokens produced it. It veers between dark, doomy psychosis in the lead vocal delivery and cheery, on-the-corner girl group with the backing vocals and the "And I love him" line. The rest of the lyrics, though, express teenage defiance; they are self-assertive, almost bratty and totally brilliant.

THE TURTLES

Outside Chance *(White Whale, 1966)*
The Turtles are a much-overlooked group and Outside Chance is one of their finest moments. The song is written by Warren Zevon and it's a typical Byrds/Beatles template with chiming Rickenbackers. Howard Kaylan and Mark Volman are brilliant lead vocalists, and it's obvious why they were used on a lot of records as backing singers – including ones by T.Rex. On this, it sounds like you've got The Mamas And The Papas on backing vocals and The Byrds playing.

JOHN COLTRANE

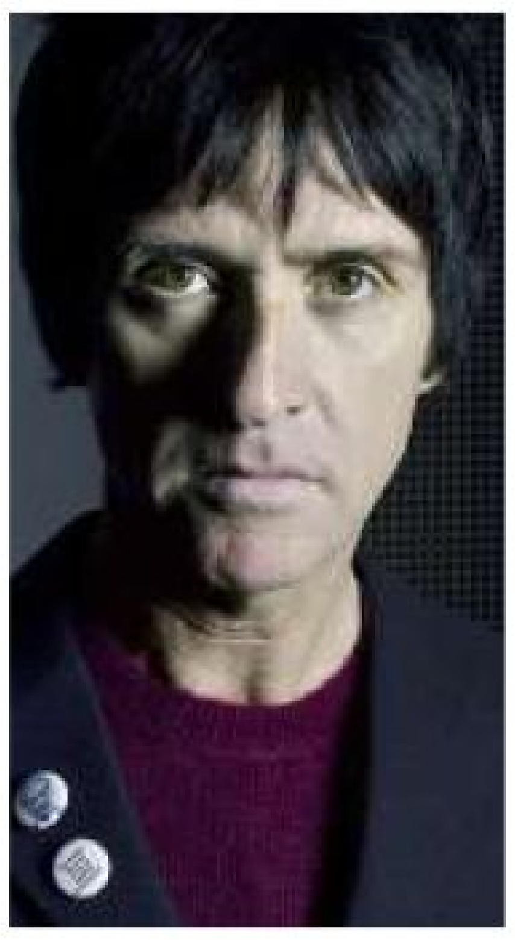
My Favorite Things *(Atlantic, 1961)*
Visionary genius plays dorky tune from a musical and invents a new music and culture. I mean, where do you start with John Coltrane? There's this performance of the song from 1965 in San Francisco, it's on YouTube, and words like 'genius', 'spiritual' and 'transcendent' all apply. It's mindblowing discovering it 50 years later, so seeing it at the time must've been incredible.

THE HOLLIES

King Midas In Reverse
(Parlophone, 1967)
Written by Graham Nash, this sounds quintessentially Manchester to me – but that's a million miles away from what most people will take that to mean. It's this talented boy making ambitious pop and reaching outside of his experience. It was recorded at Abbey Road studios and yes, it's a kind of hand-me-down Beatles song, but it's all the better for it.

ALEXANDER 'SKIP' SPENCE

War In Peace *(Columbia, 1969)*
'Skip' Spence recorded this in 1968 and it manages to sound incredibly modern. He's best known as the US counterpart to Syd Barrett, this charismatic boy who takes off with his creative, psychedelic vision and comes back three days later with an incredible and unique record. There is real beauty in it, and where Syd is very English and breaks down inwardly under grey London skies and concrete, Skip's psychedelic breakdown is vast and under wide open spaces.



Marr, the merrier: "It's always good to have someone with a Dadaist approach sing a love song."

MANFRED MANN GO UP THE JUNCTION
the junction
JOHN COLTRANE MY FAVORITE THINGS
Nobody Knows What's Goin' On
Did You Ever Go Steady
THE CHIFFONS

> *"The Chiffons' lyrics are self-assertive, bratty and brilliant."*

MANFRED MANN

Theme – Up The Junction *(Fontana, 1968)*
I love the innocence of this song and the combination of the dreamy vocals and jazzy piano is just so beautiful. I love Paul Jones' vocals on their early stuff, but the period with Mike d'Abo is really interesting, too. It manages to sound like London – which it should, as the Up The Junction film is set there.

CAPTAIN BEEFHEART AND HIS MAGIC BAND

Where There's Woman *(Buddah, 1967)*
Captain Beefheart is thought of as making seemingly illogical music bordering on the avant-garde, but this song is an example of him doing a great rock song. When I first heard it, I was 15, 16 and it spoke to me. It's got Ry Cooder, it's soulful and it's always good to have someone with a Dadaist approach sing a love song.

BOBBY JAMESON

Vietnam *(Mira, 1966)*
Vietnam is an incredible record. Bobby Jameson was a typical US mid-'60s wannabe who later went on to work with the Stones and Curt Boettcher. He's obviously captivated by the Bo Diddley beat and has made a record that sounds like five Bo Diddley records being played simultaneously. He's got an incredible voice, and when you listen to his vocals you can imagine the UV meters going into the red.

TYRANNOSAURUS REX

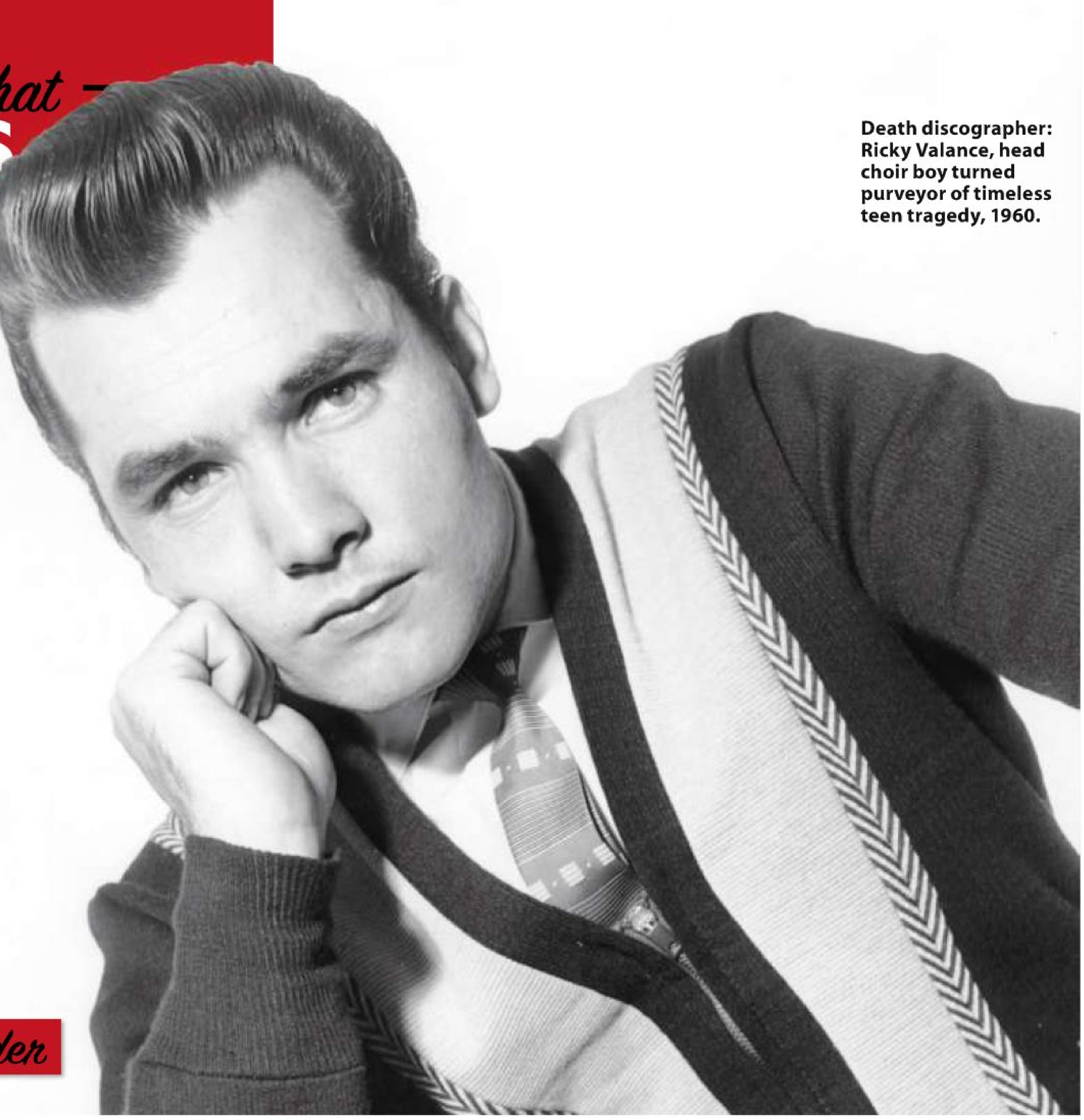
King Of The Rumbling Spires
(Regal Zonophone, 1969)
The sound of Portobello Road at the turn of the '60s and '70s. It sounds post-flower power: Bolan has accumulated the effects of that, but he's tuned into the oncoming decade, the heaviness, the doom and musically – it is so distinctive, it can't be hijacked. I can hear The Incredible String Band in there and the spirit of Phil Spector, but I've never been able to work out why he goes to those chord changes, because for all his love of Eddie Cochran, it's not American rock'n'roll. It's gothic.

ENNIO MORRICONE

Compañeros *(EMI, 1969)*
I was obsessed with Ennio Morricone in the '90s and then a few years back I went on another massive trawl, and this track really got to me. It's from the soundtrack to a Zapata Western called Vamos A Matar, Compañeros. It's eccentric, but also uplifting, joyous, almost religious, and when Morricone puts those sides together it becomes weirdly catchy, and he does that thing where he has human voices making unusual, freaky sounds and arrangements throughout. I guess bonkers sums it up best.

As told to Lois Wilson

Rex, Tom Sheehan



Death discographer: Ricky Valance, head choir boy turned purveyor of timeless teen tragedy, 1960.

One-Hit Wonder

Tell Laura I Love Her

Welsh singer Ricky Valance recalls how in 1960 he took a banned American 'death disc' song to the top of the UK charts. By Lois Wilson.

LABEL
EMI

RELEASED
1960

CHART PEAK
UK 1

COMPOSER
Jeff Barry and Ben Raleigh

PRODUCER
Norrie Paramor

RECORDED
Abbey Road

Ricky Valance, born David Spencer in 1940 in Ynysddu, South Wales, knew he had a hit on his hands the moment he heard the playback. "Tell Laura I Love Her was such a strange-sounding record and the subject matter was heavy, it was totally different to anything else being released in the UK at the time," the 76-year-old Welsh singer says today. "It really intrigued me, it felt dangerous."

Written by Brill Building ace Jeff Barry with lyrics by Ben Raleigh, and originally recorded by Ray Peterson in the US who took the song into the Billboard Top 10, it is the quintessential 'death disc', capturing a teenage outpouring of over-emotion. The song's protagonist, Tommy, meets his death in a stock car race after entering in the hope of winning the prize money to buy his loved one Laura a wedding ring.

When Decca refused to release Peterson's version in the UK deeming it, "too tasteless and vulgar for the English sensibility" – destroying 25,000 copies already pressed up for distribution – EMI-Columbia suggested Valance, their new signing, cover it at his first recording session for the label.

Valance had always wanted to be a singer – "I'd been performing in local churches since I was three," he says – and after a stint in the RAF he started performing "the hits of the day in social clubs around the north, a wonderful training ground." Soon after he was talent-spotted at notorious underworld hang-out the El Toro club on London's Finchley Road, and auditioned for Cliff Richard's producer Norrie Paramor who was the then recording director at EMI.

"Norrie played me Tell Laura I Love Her and we recorded it straight away," Ricky recalls. "My only thought was how the heck would I better the original because it was so good."

With Paramor drenching a sparse, over-wrought orchestral backdrop in echo and reverb, Valance gave the performance of his life, his vocal the perfect balance of feeling and restraint. "It only took two takes," says Ricky, who didn't wear headphones that day. "I had this idea to sing the song like a choir boy would sing a hymn. I'd been a head choir boy when I was 12 so I thought back to that time."

Although the BBC banned the song for its lyrical content, Radio Luxembourg's endorsement meant the label took 15,000 pre-orders and Tell Laura I Love Her hit the UK top spot in September 1960, making Valance the first Welshman to get to Number 1.

"My life changed enormously after the song was a hit," he says. "I was on the road performing pretty much every day, working with Johnny Kidd And The Pirates, Gene Vincent, Jerry Lee Lewis, it was a whirlwind, a dream come true."

While Valance's follow-up singles Jimmy's Girl, from the same year, and 1961's Moving Away failed to repeat Tell Laura's success in his home country, they both hit Number 1 in Austria and Scandinavia, and Valance is still recording and performing today.

"I still love singing Tell Laura I Love Her," he says. "In fact, I've just gone back into the studio and re-recorded it for a new EP out in February. The song's never going to go away."

> "My only thought was how the heck I would better the original, it was so good."

Also in
1960

COVERS

Tell Laura I Love Her was first recorded by Ray Peterson in 1960 for RCA Victor and peaked at Number 7 in the US Billboard Hot 100 chart. While Ricky Valance was recording his version of the song, John Leyton was in the studio also recording a version with producer Joe Meek for Top Rank. It was withdrawn when Valance's take was issued. Barry and Raleigh also wrote an answer record – Tell Tommy I Miss Him was first recorded in 1960 by Marilyn Michaels and covered by Laura Lee with Orchestra and Skeeter Davis.

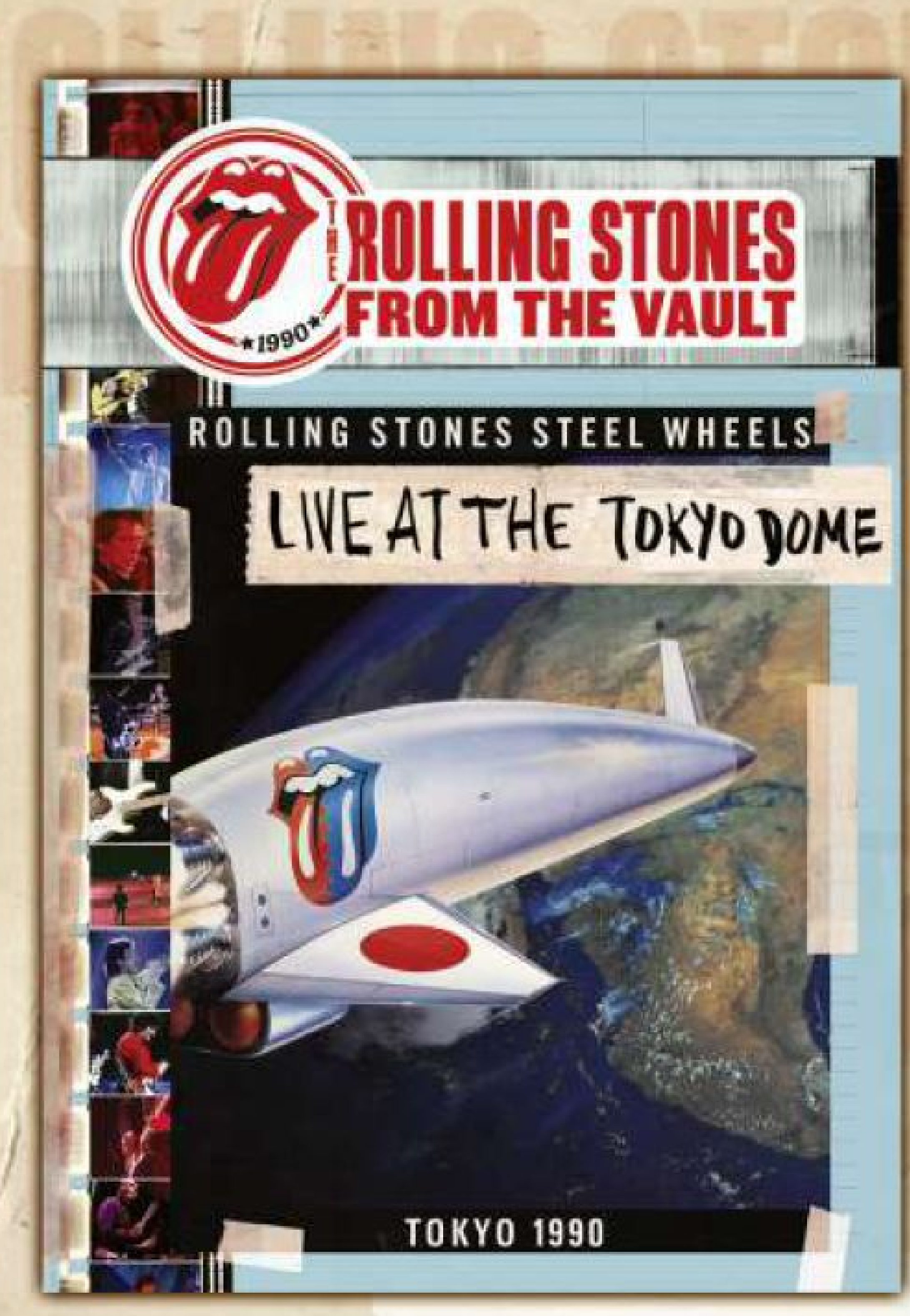
HITS

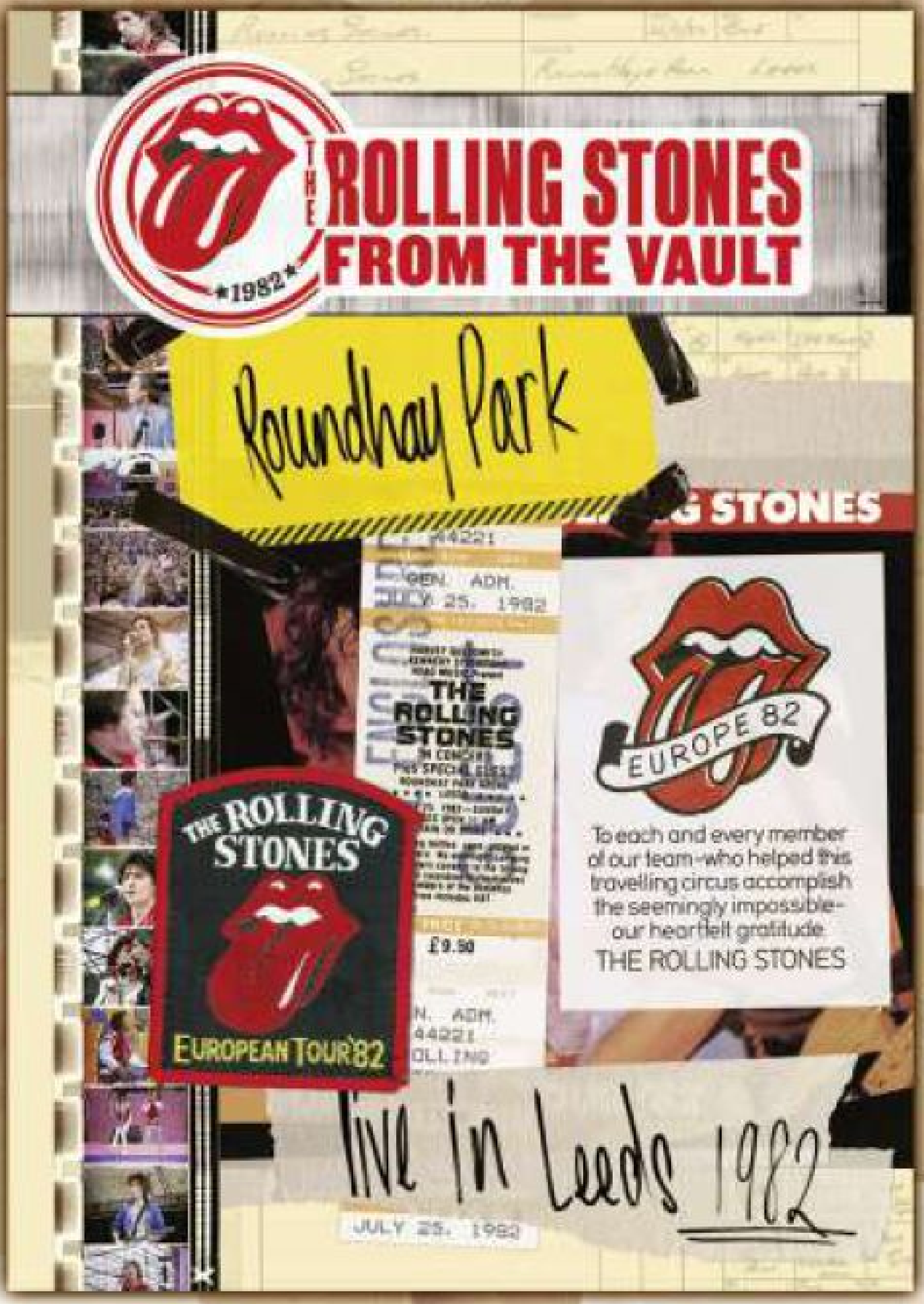
The best-selling single of 1960 was Emile Ford And The Checkmates' doo-woppy What Do You Want To Make Those Eyes At Me For?, issued on Pye in late 1959. It hit Number 1 and remained in the UK chart for 17 weeks. Also hitting big in 1960 were Adam Faith's What Do You Want, Neil Sedaka's Oh! Carol, The Avons' Seven Little Girls (Sitting In The Back Seat), Tommy Steele's Little White Bull and Marty Wilde's Bad Boy.

DEATH DISCS

Jody Reynolds And The Storms' Endless Sleep from 1958 is acknowledged as the teen death disc incubator; by 1960, tragedy songs were a full blown phenomenon. Mark Dinning's Teen Angel provided the decade's prototype; also from that same year was Johnny Cymbal's The Water Is Red, involving death by shark bite.

Getty


THE ROLLING STONES FROM THE VAULT
1990
ROLLING STONES STEEL WHEELS
LIVE AT THE TOKYO DOME
TOKYO 1990


THE ROLLING STONES FROM THE VAULT
1982
Roundhay Park
EUROPE 82
EUROPEAN TOUR'82
Live in Leeds 1982
JULY 25. 1982

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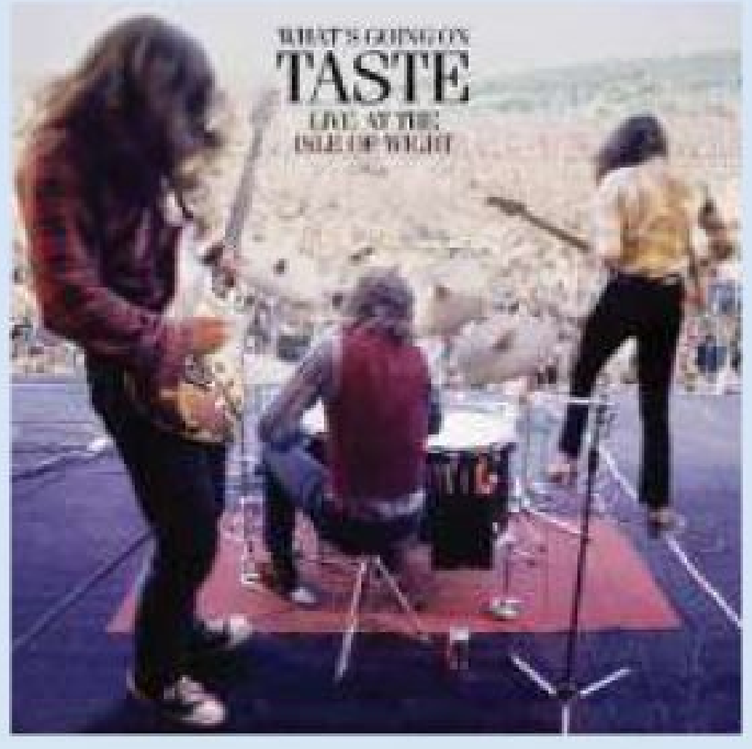
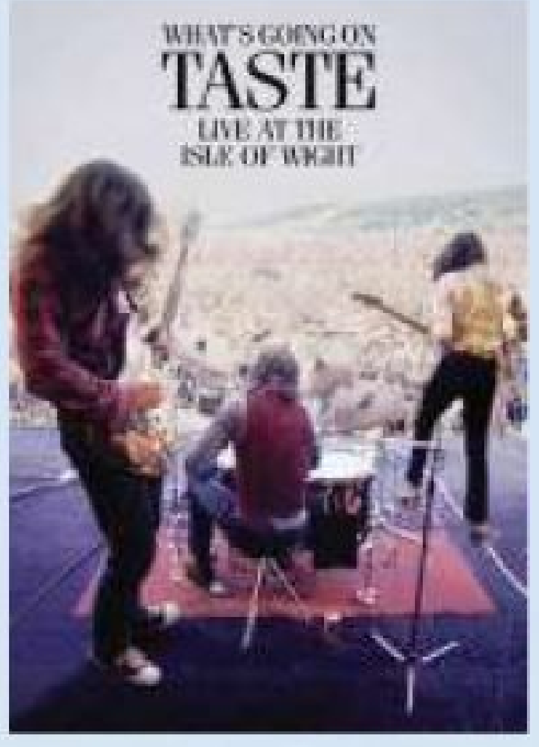
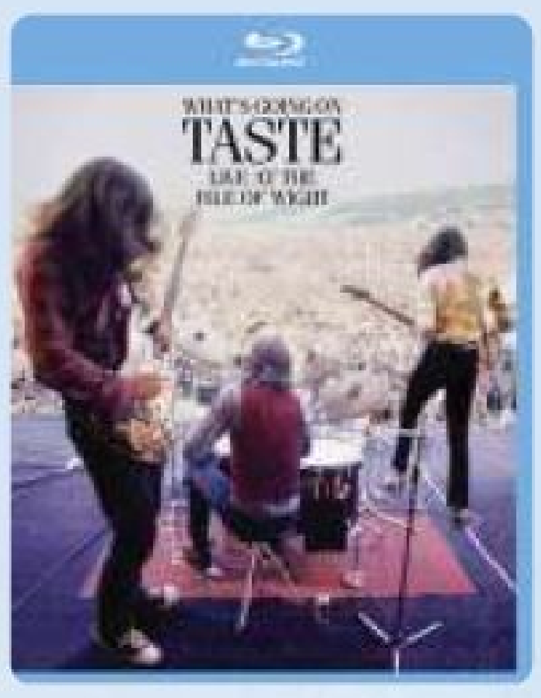

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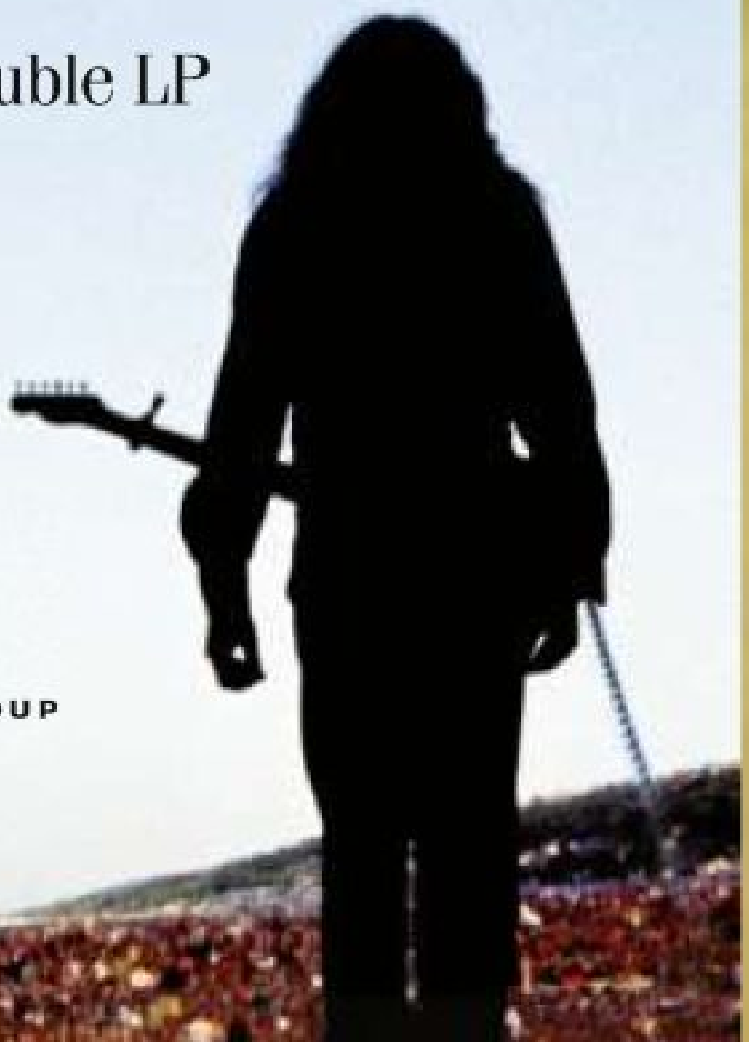

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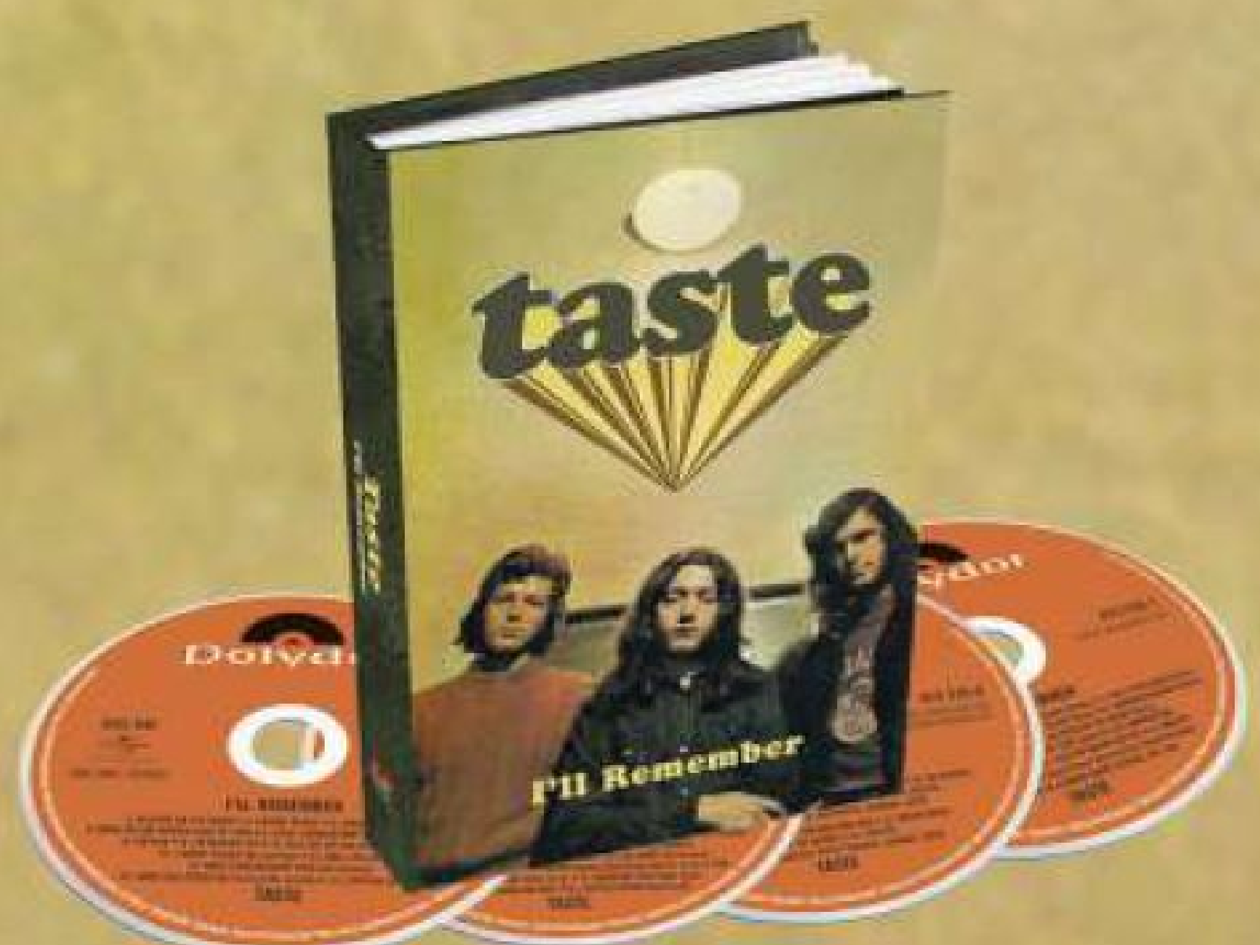

OUT NOW

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UDISCOVER
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UNIVERSAL MUSIC CATALOGUE

Choked: The Beatles photographed not long after waking at the President Hotel in Bloomsbury.

©Norman Parkinson Ltd/courtesy Norman Parkinson Archive

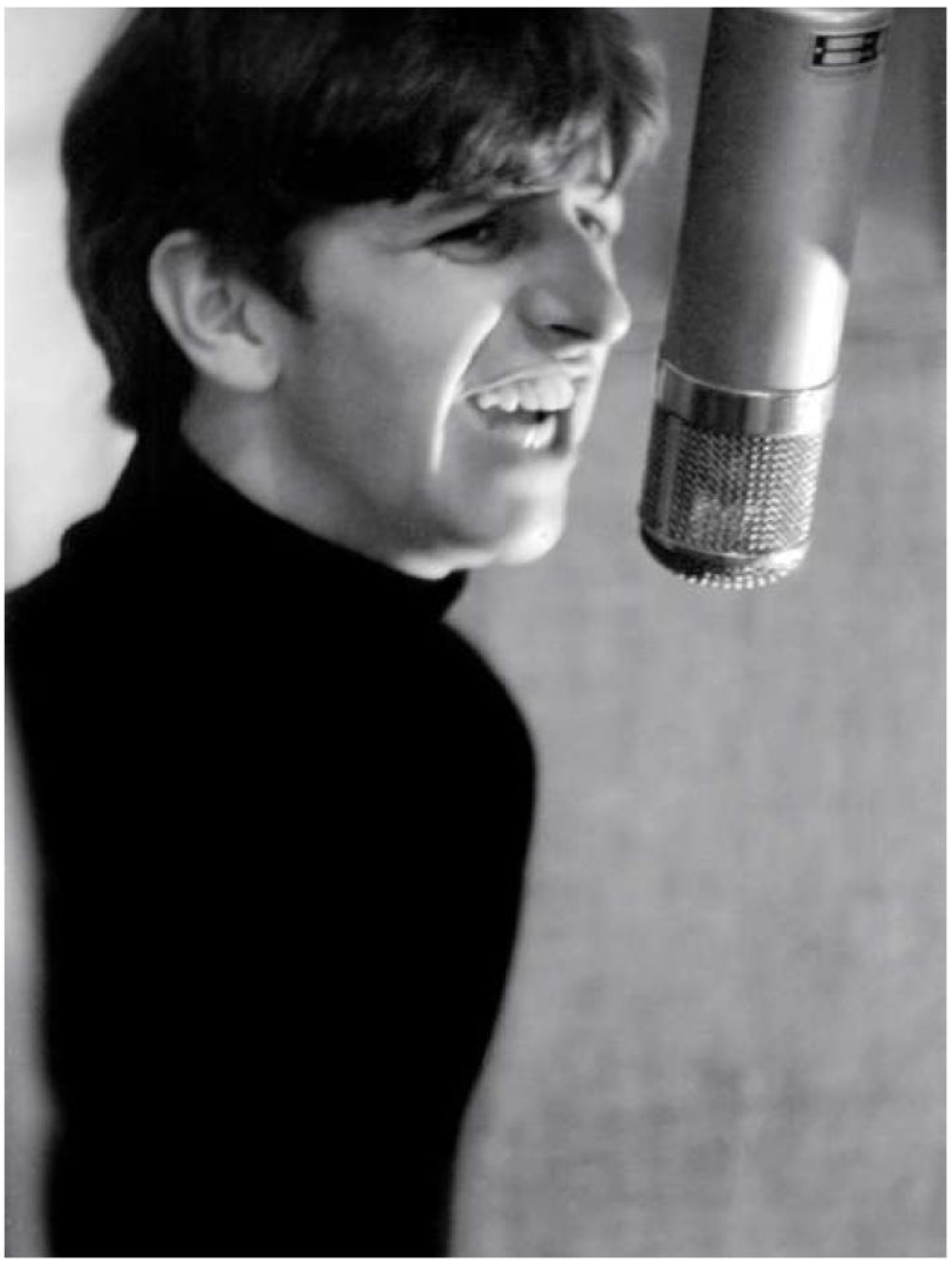
On September 12, 1963, the eminent fashion and society photographer Norman Parkinson spent the whole day with The Beatles, shooting them for a story in Queen magazine. Now a new book collects several hundred of his extraordinary images from that day, the majority of them unseen. Here's an exclusive selection.

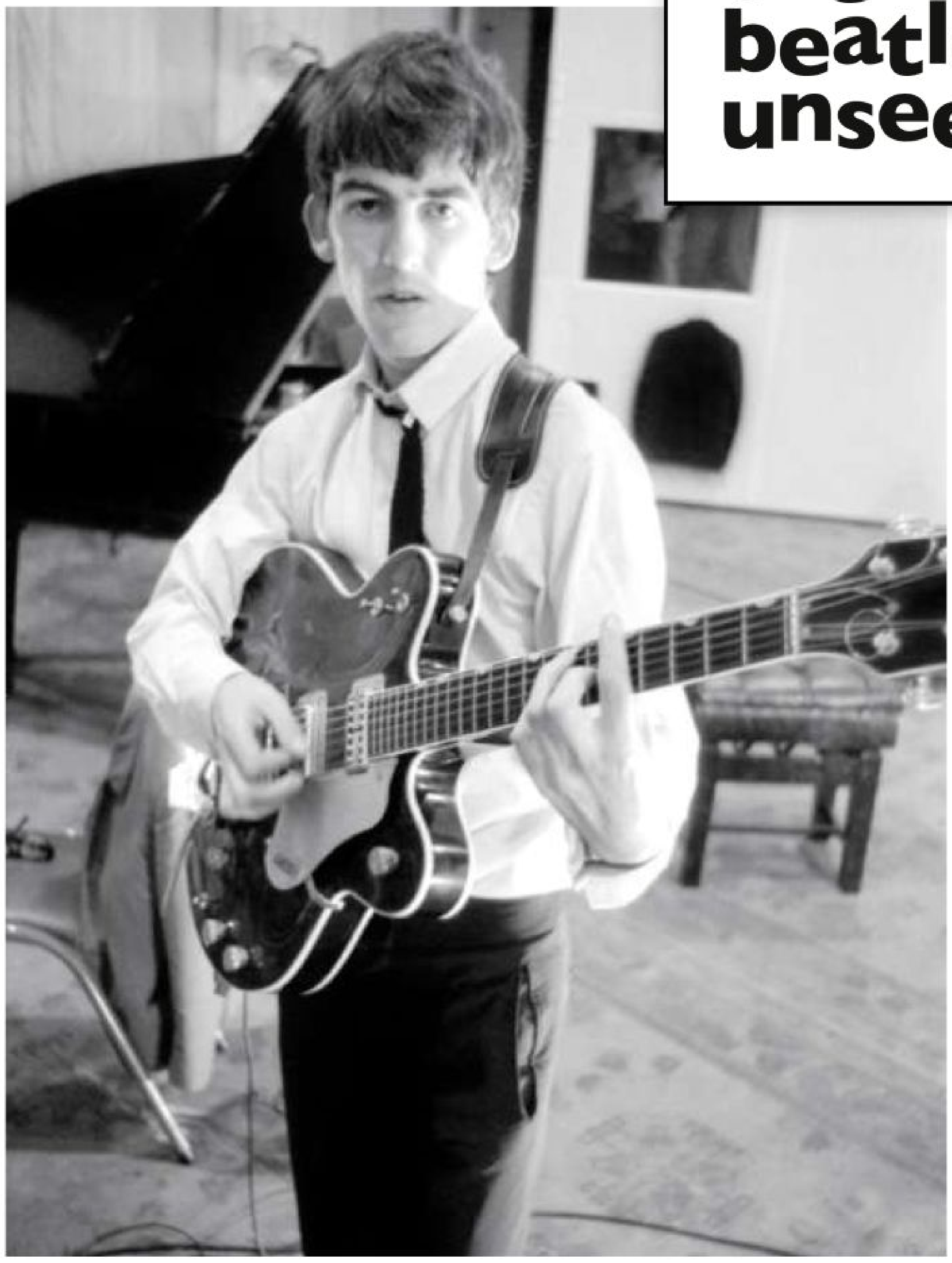
A Day In

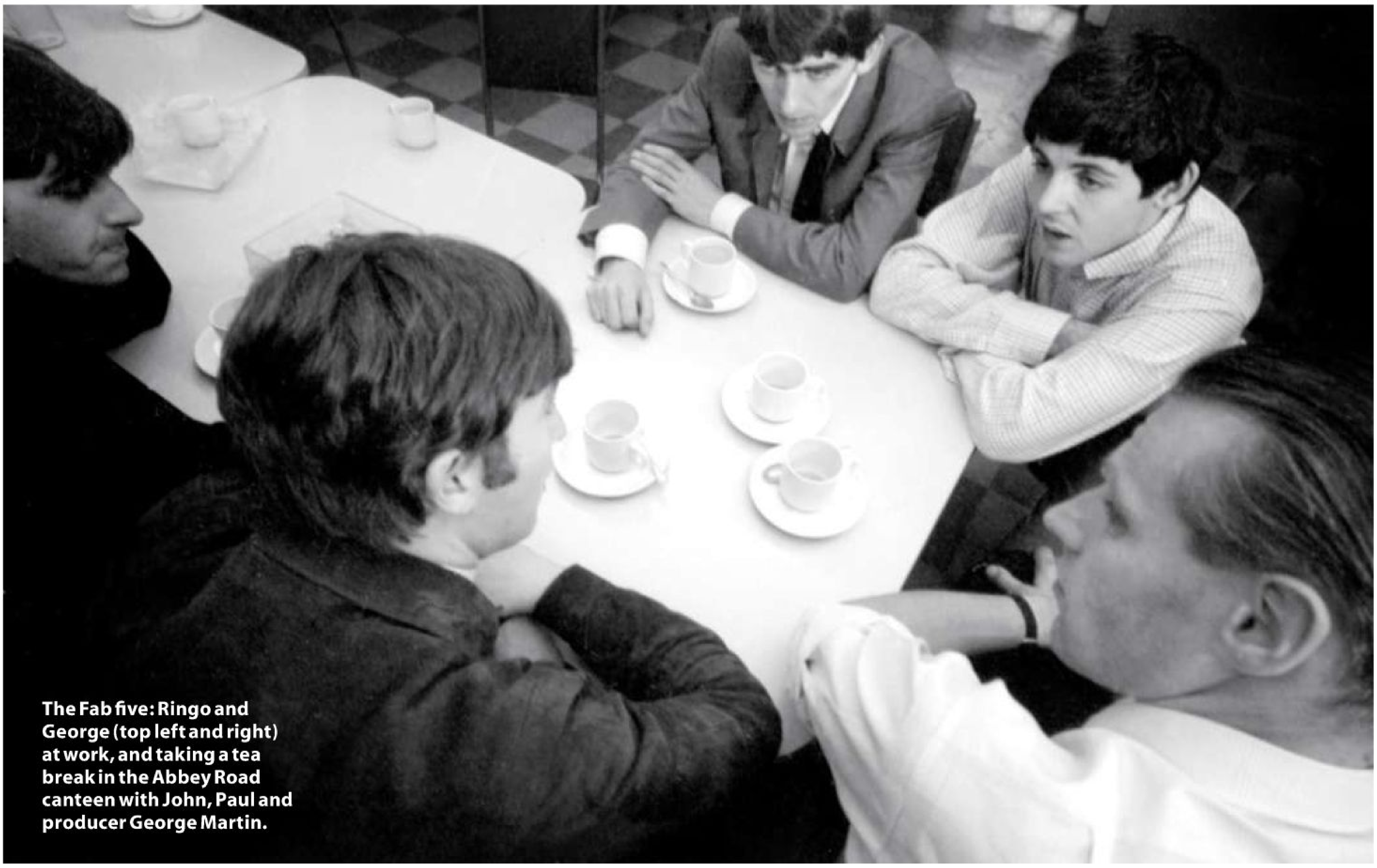
the
beatles
unseen

The Life

Black-and-white: Parkinson spent the afternoon and evening with the group in Abbey Road's Studio 2, where they recorded four songs destined for *With The Beatles* – Hold Me Tight, Don't Bother Me, Little Child and I Wanna Be Your Man.

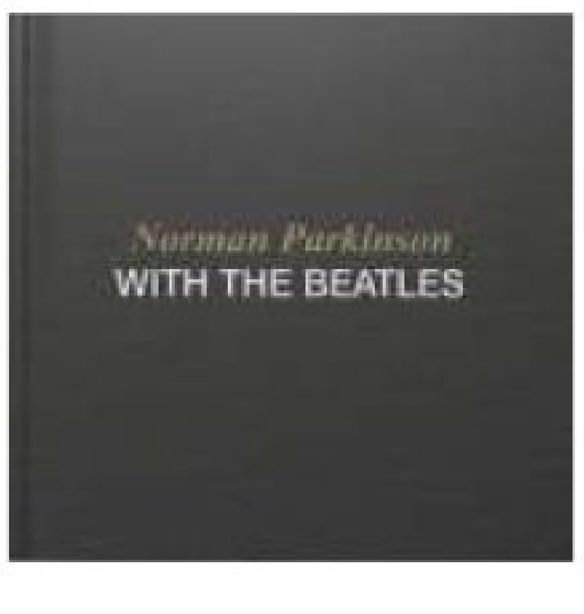






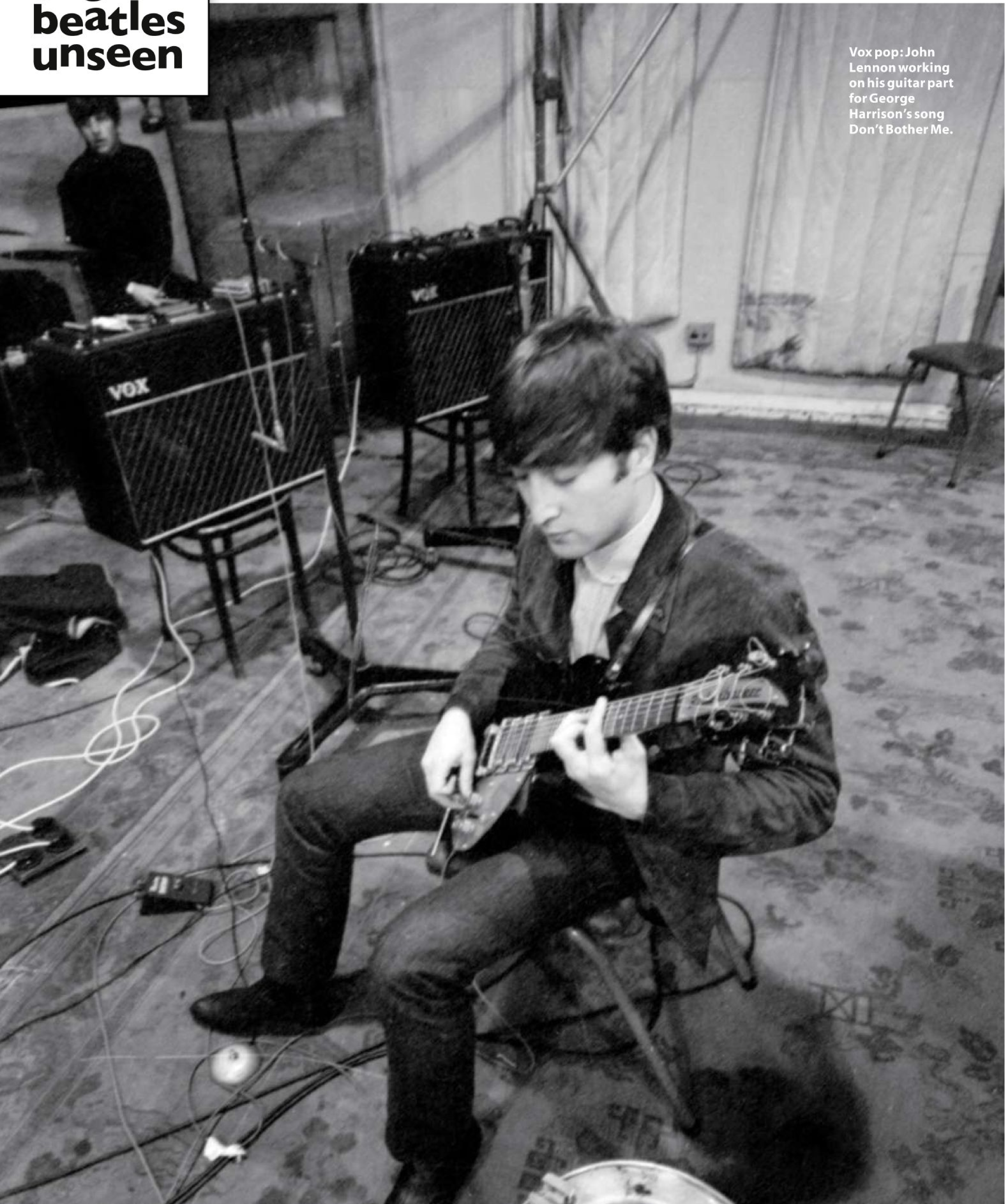
The Fab five: Ringo and George (top left and right) at work, and taking a tea break in the Abbey Road canteen with John, Paul and producer George Martin.

©Norman Parkinson Ltd/courtesy Norman Parkinson Archive



Norman Parkinson
WITH THE BEATLES

Norman Parkinson With The Beatles: A Photographic Record Of Abbey Road September 12th 1963 is published by Rufus Stone Publications. The 288-page book is available in two versions – the numbered Deluxe Edition (just 1000 copies) and the ultra-limited Slipcase Edition (just 350 copies) which features an exclusive collectors' "Norman Parkinson" print. Pre-orders can be placed now at www.rufuspublications.com and an early bird discount is available for all pre-orders. For more information about the Norman Parkinson Archive, the exclusive agents for the Parkinson Estate, visit www.normanparkinson.com



Vox pop: John Lennon working on his guitar part for George Harrison's song Don't Bother Me.

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The
GREAT

ESCAPE

They were teenage mods, constricted by an old-school manager and the demands of a teenage pop audience. Then LSD and a visionary new mentor unlocked the Small Faces' singular musical genius. Words by Pat Gilbert.

Small Faces at Monk's Corner, Marlow, summer 1968. (From left) Steve Marriott, Ian McLagan, Ronnie Lane, Kenney Jones.

LFI Photoshot

MONK’S CORNER, the house in which Three Men In A Boat author Jerome K. Jerome lived during the 1910s, is tucked away in woodland near the sleepy town of Marlow on the River Thames. On a balmy summer’s night in August 1968, Billy Nicholls, the 19-year-old house songwriter for Immediate Records, was picking his way there from the local station, having caught the last train from London. In the inky darkness, Billy had become disorientated and lost his way. Crunching along gravelly country lanes, tired and spooked by the pitch-black night, he was relieved to make out the shape of a house in the distance.

> **“THEY WERE FUNNY TO BE AROUND. THEY LOOKED AND DRESSED THE SAME, LIKE FOUR BROTHERS.”**
>
> **BILLY NICHOLLS**

Suddenly, his attention was drawn to a light among the nearby trees: as he drew closer, he could see a group of tiny figures illuminated by a campfire, their impish faces lit up with flashes of red and orange. Several of them had guitars, one played congas; flanked by two hounds, the loudest elf cackled uproariously while passing a pungent doobie among his acolytes. The songs they played were strange and haunting, a sad lament about an Autumn Stone and a rasping jug-band stomp that ruefully confided – with more worldliness than its 21-year-old singer ought rightly to know – that “there are such a lot of good ways to be bad… and so many bad ways to be good…”

Billy was pleased to have stumbled at last upon his quarry: roused as though from a pagan reverie, the Small Faces and their percussionist friend Speedy Acquaye leaped up and greeted their label-mate.

Starstock/Photoshot

Returning to the house nearby, the party continued around a small Dansette, the air thick with the fug of Jamaican grass and the band’s snapshot banter. Billy had brought a present from London – an acetate of Dear Prudence, which The Beatles had cut just that day. The young figures, now looking less gnome-like and more like happily stoned pop musicians in their velvet flares and collar-less tops, listened intently and signalled their approval. They in turn spun their recent acquisition, *Music From Big Pink*, the debut by Bob Dylan’s backing group, The Band, and Dr John’s *Gris-Gris*, given to them days before by Mick Jagger, fresh in from New Orleans.

“I hung out a lot at that house in Marlow, and that night was typical of what we got up to,” remembers Nicholls. “There was so much great music about. The Small Faces were very, very funny to be around. They all looked the same, dressed the same, they were like brothers. It was a brilliant atmosphere to work in.”

The Small Faces’ third studio album, *Ogdens’ Nut Gone Flake*, had not long finished a six-week run at Number 1. Successfully bestriding pop, psychedelia and progressive rock, but still suffused with an impish spirit that proudly honked of their working-class London roots, it had finally brought them the critical acclaim they’d craved. But already a dark note was entering their world, a preternatural signal that all was not well. Their latest single, The Universal, was stalling in the charts outside the Top 10 and there were rumours that their record company was teetering on the edge of bankruptcy.

There was more, too. Behind his cheeky façade, their singer, guitarist and chief hit-writer, Steve Marriott, was clearly disillusioned with the group; indeed, some claim he had already mapped out his exit, planning a new future without his fraternal pals. Within months, the fairytale spell that had charmed the Small Faces through a string of hit singles and albums would be broken.

FORTY-SEVEN YEARS ON FROM *Ogdens’* chart-topping run, there is sadly but one Small Face from the classic late-’60s line-up still with us. Drummer Kenney Jones is thankfully in excellent health and recently performed a charity gig with Rod Stewart and Ronnie Wood, the other two surviving members of The Faces, the ’70s rockers who arose from the ashes of the Small Faces in 1969. Keyboard player Ian ‘Mac’ McLagan died following a stroke last December, while frontman Steve Marriott and bassist Ronnie Lane passed away in 1991 and 1997, respectively.

It’s some consolation that Marriott, Lane and McLagan all lived long enough to see the Small Faces increasingly fêted as one of the most underrated bands of the ’60s – a group who framed the whimsical, lopsided smile of the Summer of Love and its groovy aftermath better than any other homegrown outfit bar, perhaps, The Beatles.

“When you think about it, none of the other big British bands did psychedelia very well,” points out Mods! author and Who biographer Richard Barnes. “The Who kind of missed psychedelia completely because they were touring America – I’d go round Pete Townshend’s house after being out all night at a love-in and he’d be eating a Sunday roast with his family. The Kinks weren’t really psychedelic and the Stones tried to be psychedelic with *Satanic Majesties* but failed miserably. But the Small Faces were the real thing. They were deeply into every aspect of it.”

Tony Calder, who ran the business end of Immediate, goes further: “Marriott and the Small Faces epitomised what the ’60s ➤

Dog days: Steve Marriott launches a model aeroplane in the grounds of Monk's Corner, summer1968.

Lazy Sunday: Ian McLagan relaxes in the living room at Monk's Corner; note Dr John's *Gris-Gris* LP on the sofa, a gift from Mick Jagger.

the small faces
ALL OR NOTHING
HEY GIRL
DECCA

small faces
MY MIND'S EYE
457 133 M
DECCA

≺ was about: the fact that you didn't want to be like your parents, who'd gone through the war and rationing and all those hardships. The Stones were rebellious but they were rebels because they didn't conform. But Steve… he didn't give a fuck."

So how did the Small Faces transform from the pimply, Carnaby Street mods of 1965 into the rustic, soulful psychedelicists who would cut one of the finest runs of pop singles ever – Here Comes The Nice, Itchycoo Park, Tin Soldier, Lazy Sunday – before dramatically bowing out with the triumphant *Ogdens*'? Ask anyone who was there and they'll identify two things beyond the group's intuitive genius with music and words: LSD and Andrew Loog Oldham.

ON CHRISTMAS EVE 1966, THE SMALL FACES moved out of their shared house at 22 Westmoreland Terrace in Pimlico. "My mind was blown in that house, but now it's time to move on," recalled Ronnie Lane at the time. A year previously, the group had taken up residence in the four-storey Georgian pile and made it their party HQ and retreat from the outside world. Like the house, a slum dwelling in the '50s, the band was going up in the world. All standing at no more than 5ft 6ins, and with boyish frames that complemented their Carnaby Street clobber, they'd become a sensation among teenage record-buyers – particularly girls.

Steve Marriott, a cocksure live-wire with a wicked cackle and an over-sized, dirty-sweet soul voice, had been a child actor and the original Artful Dodger in Lionel Bart's West End stage production of Oliver! In spring 1965, he'd been invited to sit in with bassist Ronnie Lane and drummer Kenney Jones' mod group and never left. The line-up was completed in November 1965 with Hammond organist Ian McLagan, who replaced the too-lofty and generally ill-fitting Jimmy Winston.

"To meet guys like that in your teens you had so much in common with, and for them to be as passionate about music as you, was amazing," enthuses Kenney. "We loved each other but we were piss-taking about it. We'd argue and we'd cry and we'd drink, we lived together… we were proud of each other."

For the next 12 months, under the bullish management of impresario Don Arden, the group scored deep ruts in the tarmac of the UK and Europe, driving for hour upon hour up pre-motorway A-roads, then sprinting from their Mark 10 Jag to the stage door, to avoid the claws of screaming teens.

"It was exciting to begin with," recalls Kenney, "but it became impossible to play our set because of the lack of security. The stage was rushed all the time and we'd only be able to play for 20 minutes. We had tiny amps and the PAs were terrible. We couldn't hear anything and nor could the audience. But what could you do? We were cute, dressed the same, wore that mod gear. It was a classic pop-star trip."

Starstock/Photoshot

"We wanted to play, every day, even after the gigs," said McLagan when interviewed by MOJO in 2003. "We listened to music all the time, it was fantastic, we even had a record player in the car. But if it wasn't for the dope we couldn't have handled it. The car rides were fucking boring."

The hard graft paid off in the late summer of 1966 when the gutsy Marriott-Lane composition All Or Nothing knocked The Beatles' Yellow Submarine off the top spot. But the white-heat of being a mod boy band took its toll: the perpetual 20-minute sets in far-flung Meccas and Odeons were crushing the life out of them. As winter arrived, their relationship with Arden soured due to his decidedly old-school approach to wages, financial planning and control of their material. The final straw came when he OK'd a version of My Mind's Eye for release without the band's permission. It was time to move on.

"When they came to Immediate," remembers Tony Calder, "they'd gone full circle with Arden. He'd made them stars. They'd had the drugs, they'd had the success and now there was nothing left in them. Don came to me and said, 'Your friend Steve Marriott doesn't want me to manage them any more.' We did a deal – we bought them off him for £25,000."

"I DIDN'T LIKE ANDREW OLDHAM MUCH. BUT HE DID HAVE A VISION AND WAS VERY SHREWD."

IAN MCLAGAN

The band arranged to meet with Immediate boss and Rolling Stones manager Andrew Oldham at Ronnie's new pad in Earl's Court in early January 1967. He pulled up outside in a chauffeur-driven Rolls-Royce, sprayed metallic gold. The group watched as he zipped out of his gilded chariot, a theatrical, gangly, ginger-haired vision of dishevelled Savile Row cool, radiating waves of nervous energy and sucking on a joint. It would be fair to say that his reputation preceded him.

Born in west London the illegitimate son of a Dutch-American pilot, Oldham had started out as a runner at Mary Quant, but soon jumped ship to the music business. At 18, he had fast-talked his way into working with Brian Epstein and The Beatles; by 19 he was turning the music industry on its head with the deals he was cutting for The Rolling Stones. A friendship with Phil Spector, whom he idolised, revved up his voracious appetite for wresting control over artists from dusty Tin Pan Alley moguls. In 1965 he started Immediate, the first large independent record label in Britain, which he ran with his own style of libertine madness.

Tony Calder: "Andrew and I both loved the films Expresso Bongo and Sweet Smell Of Success. We came from different backgrounds but wanted the same thing – to shake up the record business. That whole thing that Andrew dreamt up for the Stones – 'Would you let your daughter marry a Rolling Stone?' – that invented what we now call marketing. It was the instant alienation of the parent from the child, with the recognition that the children – us – were the future. It was a crucial point in the record industry. Decca hated it, so we knew it was good. We formed a company that did things differently. There was no such things as meetings. We had an idea in a club, then I was making it happen in the office at 10 the next morning and it was on the street by four in the afternoon."

In Ronnie's flat, Oldham handed out ready-rolled joints and outlined his proposal for the band's joining Immediate. Not only would they have as much studio time as they needed, but they would become an integral part of the Immediate family, with opportunities to play and write songs for P.P. Arnold, Chris Farlowe, Apostolic Intervention and others. It seemed like an escape to musician's heaven.

"It wasn't so much Andrew's ideas that excited us," explains Kenney. "It was what he was offering: unlimited studio time. Before, recording was done as quickly as possible. Our first album [*Small Faces* on Decca] was done in virtually a fucking day."

Mac: "We had a talk with Mick Jagger who said Andrew had been good for the Stones. I didn't like him much… that first meeting, it was all a giggle, here's a joint, ha-ha, but there was no serious talk. Me and Ronnie went along with it, but it was more Steve's idea. I slag Andrew off but he did have vision and he was very shrewd. It all stepped up a notch when we went with him."

ON FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 10, 1967, THE GROUP SIGNED their new management deal and began work on what was to become their first album for Immediate. For their last few sessions, the group had switched studios from IBC in Great Portland Street, where all their early material had been recorded, to Olympic in Barnes. The reason was their engineer Glyn Johns, who was now working out of this state-of-the-art eight-track facility. Johns was universally regarded as the best engineer in Britain: he was responsible for most of the Stones' UK recordings and had worked with The Who and Kinks. He had a reputation for never taking drugs, or any shit from his charges, and for barrelling off in his E-type Jag once the witching hour had passed. Ronie christened him 'Bluto' because of his disciplined manner.

Kenney: "Glyn could see the full potential of what we could do. He had lots of ideas, but also he ➢

"Ramming speed!": on the Thames during the *Ogden*'s writing trip, spring '68, with Lane's first wife, Susan.

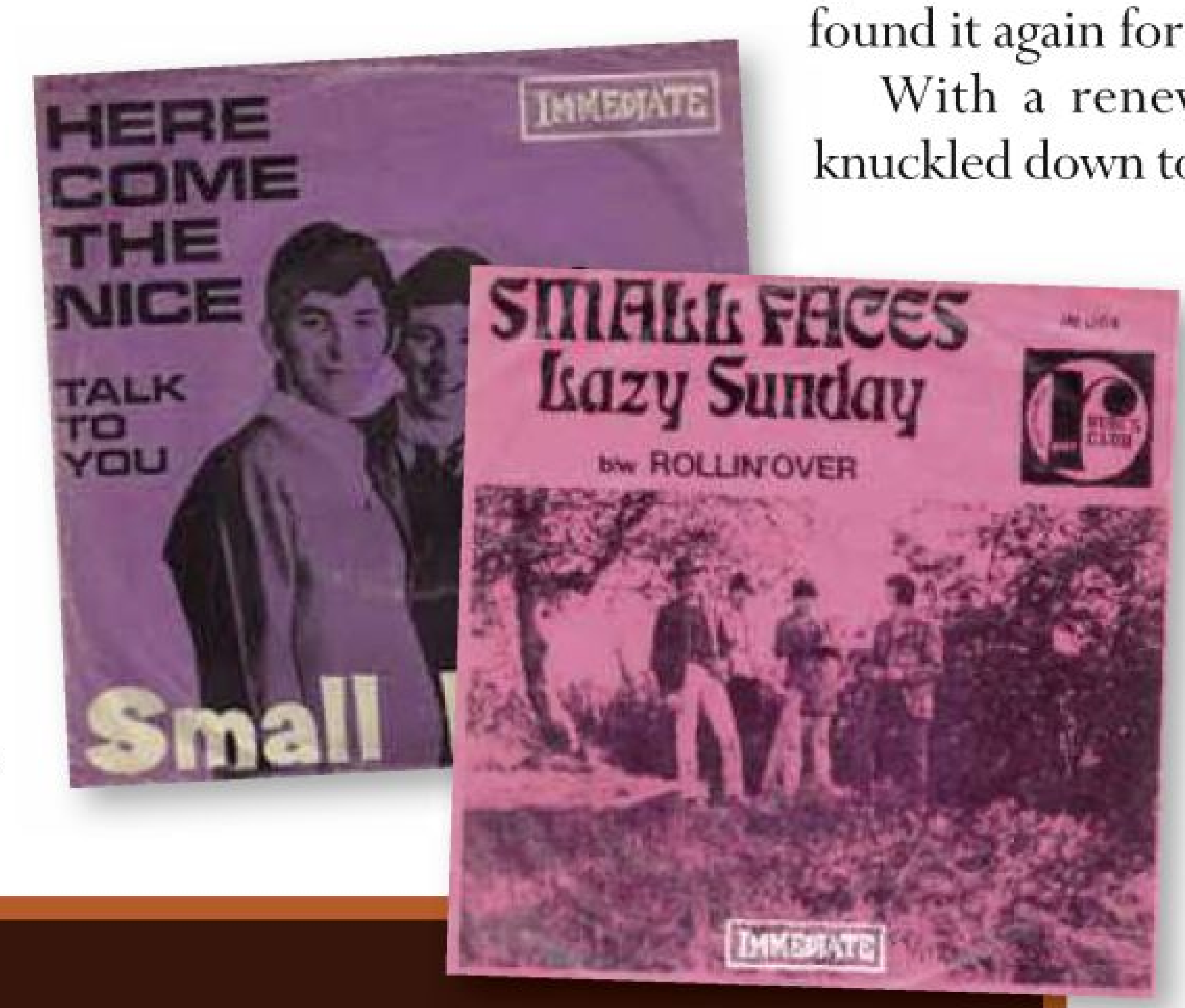
Retna/Photoshot

≺ could get these sounds which were magic-making. The stuff we did in Olympic was incredible for the time."

Mac: "He was very creative, no bullshit, straightforward. Great drum sound, 'Here's the piano, put the mic there, let's go!' There was no messing around or time-wasting."

Glyn Johns: "Their work ethic was extraordinary. They had more energy as individuals than most bands had together. My problem was keeping up with them. I found it difficult to stay awake for the hours they insisted on working. Their enthusiasm was boundless."

The only tensions at Olympic involved Marriott's volatile temper and single-mindedness. A ball of nervous energy, Steve was always a step ahead of everyone, cajoling, directing, abandoning ideas, starting them again. "Marriott was the driving force behind the music but he was also a tricky little fucker," recalls Johns. "He was a handful, let's say. I never let him get away with diddly-shit and that's why we had our moments. But the amount of enthusiasm and energy and ego he brought to the band was a huge part of their success. There's always a price for having that."



Kenney: "Marriott was really quite cocky, we all were, terrible piss-takers, but Steve was the worst. I see a lot of shyness in him now, when I watch those old clips of us. But Steve was full-on."

Mac: "He was naturally so electric and up. He and Ronnie were both lovely geezers but very different. I think Ronnie was the brick that held Steve down to earth. And Ronnie was the glue that held us together."

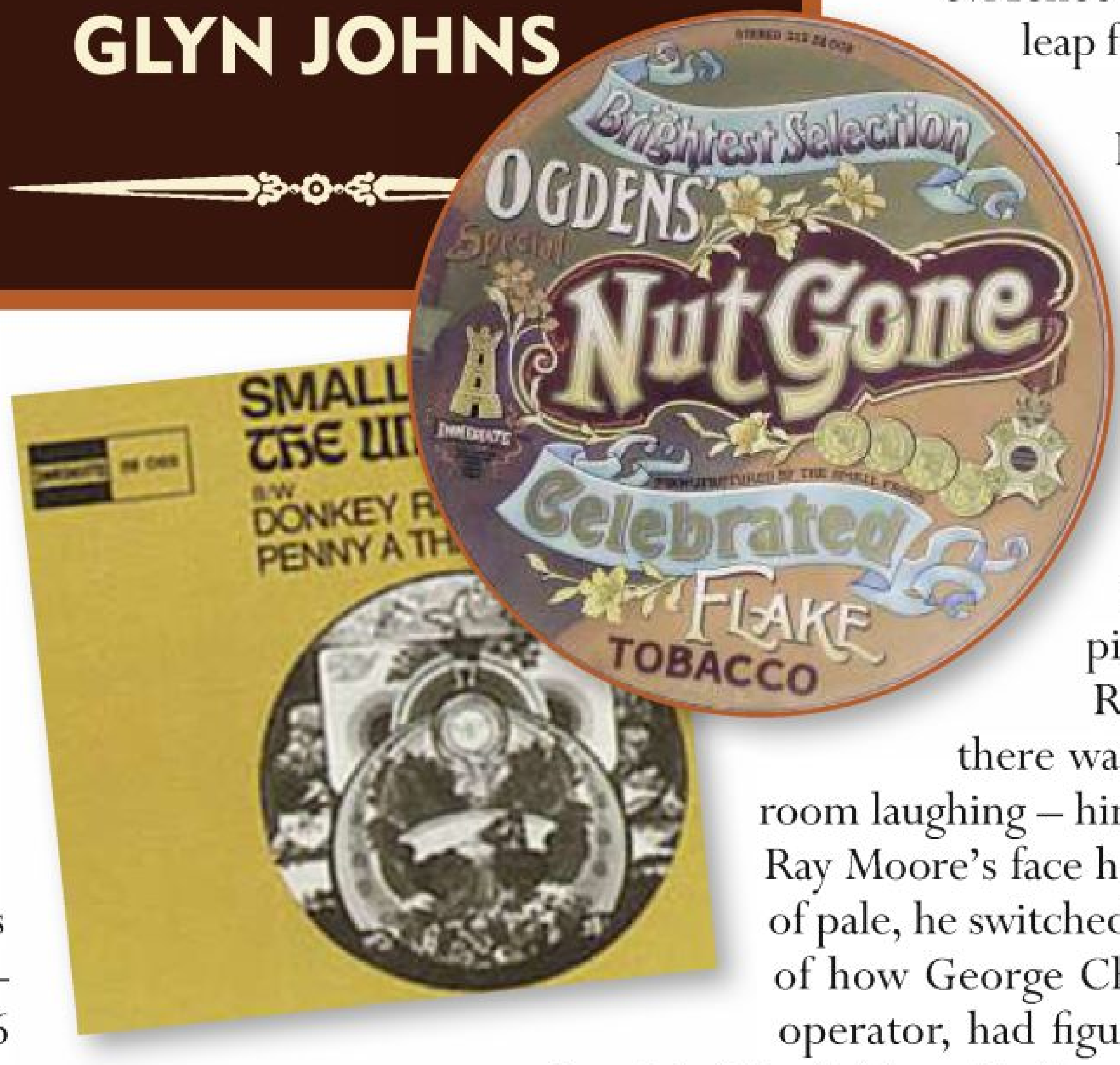
"MARRIOTT WAS THE DRIVING FORCE, BUT HE WAS ALSO A TRICKY LITTLE F**KER."

GLYN JOHNS

On recent sessions, the group had extended their palette of sounds on tracks such as Yesterday, Today And Tomorrow, enriched by some strange Chinese lutes which Marriott had discovered in an antique shop near Shaftesbury Avenue. With Oldham now allowing them virtually unlimited access to Olympic, they began to experiment with instruments that, previously, would never have been countenanced for a raucous R&B group: celeste, harpsichord, mellotron, bells, Spanish guitar.

Glyn Johns: "All these odd instruments were lying around in the studio, and Mac or whoever would be suggesting, 'Try that… or what about that?' Everyone was coming out with new approaches, we were trying to be different. The technology was primitive so you were bending the rules all the time."

Kenney: "In the early days my playing was wild, dynamic and hot, but what I really loved was those big orchestral fills. So that began to come through. I was in my element – suddenly, it all came pouring out of me."



As the spring passed in a blur of TV appearances and mini-tours, their Immediate debut *Small Faces* – confusingly sharing the same moniker as their 1966 Decca album – slowly came together. Softened by their access to acoustic guitars and all manner of weird string instruments, and with the numerous overdubs afforded by Olympic's relatively hi-tech set-up, the album offered the first glimpses of an organic psychedelic-folk sound.

The first (non-album) single that emerged from these sessions was Here Come The Nice, a rousing benediction to a Methedrine dealer that gave full rein to Marriott's purring soul rasp and sweet falsetto, cranked up by the band's coruscating soul-rock rip. The inspiration for its title was American beat comedian Lord Buckley's Here Comes The Nazz, a favourite late-night wheeze at Westmoreland Terrace. Released in June 1967, it fanfared both the Summer of Love and a new, golden era for the group whose commercial profile had dipped dangerously during their six-month transition from Arden mod clothes-horses to Oldham psych deities.

Tony Calder: "Here Come The Nice… that was the beginning. Some groups have the ball and lose it. The Small Faces were given it again with that record. No, actually, they went and found it again for themselves. That's the point."

With a renewed sense of purpose, the group knuckled down to the familiar grind of promotion and touring. Outside their fraternal bubble, the world was beginning to catch up with their insular, grinning-at-the-world, nicely-bombed nirvana. The San Francisco hippy scene was at its peak and the Fabs' All You Need Is Love had been and gone in the charts. But the Small Faces had something extra to bowl at the Summer of Love which would make the season theirs – a song Ronnie had penned after a trip to the fjords in Sweden in June 1967 – Itchycoo Park, a whimsical acoustic ditty that declared, with wistfully dilated pupils, "It's all too beautiful…"

ON AUGUST 1967, STEVE Marriott was asked to appear on a BBC radio pop quiz with DJ Ray Moore. The show was to be broadcast live in front of an invited teenage audience, who, it's safe to say, still largely saw the Small Faces as diminutive sex objects. At that point, the indelibly psychedelic Itchycoo Park was riding high in the charts, evidence of the band's creative leap forward.

Ray Moore wanted to know what everyone else did: how did the band get that groovy "phasing" effect on the drum roll in Itchycoo Park? The pop world's favourite barrow-boy paused a second for thought, then cackled, "I pissed on the tape!"

Realising after a while that there was only one person in the room laughing – him – and that the plummy Ray Moore's face had turned a whiter shade of pale, he switched into a sober explanation of how George Chiantz, Glyn Johns' tape operator, had figured out this psychedelic gimmick. Like Calder said, Steve didn't give a fuck.

Psychedelia was essentially about LSD, the Baby-Bio of the late '60s counter-culture, and the Small Faces knew about the drug better than most. Their first encounter with acid had been at Westmoreland Terrace in May 1966, when Beatles manager Brian Epstein and Graeme Edge from The Moody Blues had come round and offered them spiked oranges. In terms of getting "turned on", they were latecomers compared to the London boho élite (John Lennon

Looking up: posing in summer '68 on the roof of Immediate's offices on New Oxford Street, London.

LFI/Photoshot

and George Harrison had first tried the drug over a year earlier, in early 1965); but they were still miles ahead of most of hippiedom.

Mac: "The first trip was so great – especially for Ronnie and me. I drew – and I still have them – pages and pages of our carpet. I drew every thread! It was amazing, it totally changed our lives. Steve, poor sod, he didn't need to take acid, his mind was already altered. His first trip was really bad, and we had to bundle him on a train to Manchester the next morning when he was still tripping. We tried to recreate acid trips with tracks like Green Circles, but really, green circles? It was like those terrible films trying to be psychedelic and failing. I saw heavy stuff – life, death…"

"I've heard of kids today taking acid in the pub because they've run out of lager!" says Richard Barnes. "But back then it was a serious thing. It wasn't remotely sordid – it was a spiritual journey deep into your soul to meet God and so on. It was big and scary, you didn't enter into it lightly. People came out the other side changed."

The drug most affected Ronnie. Mac: "Taking acid didn't change Steve's writing, but it changed Ronnie's. Through acid and meeting this American girl he found Buddhism. He got very distant and lost himself, really. At Westmoreland Terrace he got religion pretty badly. This girl gave him a piece of paper, put it on his wall, and said, 'That's your soul, pray to it.' He'd sit there in a funk, chin dropped, staring into space. You'd pass him a joint and he's just sit there, holding it… `Wake up, Ronnie! Eventually, we ripped the paper down and tore it to pieces and said, Deal with that! We'd sit there, the four of us, and talk for hours."

Ensconced in Westmoreland Terrace, the band found the drug suited their insular, tight-knit world; but their mystical and spiritual enlightenment didn't entirely blot out what Richard Barnes calls their "working-class mod cynicism". "I remember being round Townshend's house on the Twickenham Embankment with Mac and Ronnie," recalls Barnes. "Pete was away at the time. There ➢

Wham bam!: The band tear it up on-stage at the Alexandra Palace, New Year's Eve, 1968. Marriott would quit the band later that night.

Rex Features

≺ was a thunder storm outside and I said, The gods are angry! They started writing a song about that there and then – totally believing in it but also laughing at the funny side of it. It was real, but also tongue-in-cheek."

Itchycoo Park climbed to Number 3 and became the unofficial anthem for the English Summer of Love. Four months later, the storming follow-up, Tin Soldier, also hit the Top 10. Life for the Small Faces was sweet.

> **"WE WANTED TO SHOW PEOPLE WE WERE JUST AS GOOD AS THE YARDBIRDS OR JOHN MAYALL."**
>
> **KENNEY JONES**

WHEN THE SMALL FACES' Qantas flight came in to land at Sydney's Mascot Airport in January 1968, the foundations of the Sydney Opera House were being laid and a faraway war was suddenly a lot closer to home. In the bar of the Sheraton Hotel on Macleay Street, the four tiny English musicians were joined by a bunch of soldiers from the US Marine Corps – battle-hardened veterans of Khe Sanh, Hue, Danang – on R&R from Vietnam. "They were the same age as us," recalls Kenney. "They couldn't figure out why we were having such a good time, and we couldn't figure out why they were telling us stories about getting their arms and legs blown off. But we got on really well, we all thought the same. We were lucky meeting all these different people."

But the tour wouldn't be all fun and games. Aside from vicious Aussie reporters who seized upon Mac's recent pot-bust as evidence they were all drug-addicted hippy scum, there was also the infamous flight which ended with their arrest for an alleged air-rage incident. The main problems, though, were on-stage.

"We couldn't play things like Itchycoo Park or Tin Soldier," explained Mac. "In those days, you couldn't mike up acoustic guitars properly, there was no phasing. The studio version of Tin Soldier had Pat Arnold singing, three different keyboards, two guitars… we just couldn't replicate it. Meanwhile The Who [co-headliners] had just come off an American tour and, boy, were they in good shape. They were rockin'. They made us look a bit silly."

On their return to Britain, the band plus wives and girlfriends – but minus the beauty-sleep-loving Kenney – moved into the pastoral bliss of the house at Marlow. To hasten the writing for what was to become *Ogdens'*, Oldham arranged for the group to go on a boat-trip up the Thames, which saw Mac accidentally ram a posh yacht and Kenney wheel into a disused navy destroyer moored at Windsor. In among the nautical hilarity, the songs emerged for the "concept" side of *Ogdens'*, in which Happiness Stan goes in search of the other half of the moon.

Marriott wanted Spike Milligan to narrate the story of Happiness Stan on Side 2 but he was unavailable. Then someone suggested Stanley Unwin, the king of surreal gobbledygook, and thus his hilariously potty narration – "Are you sitting comfty-bold two square on your botty?", etc – came to grace one of rock's landmark albums.

The Number 1 success of *Ogdens'* in the summer of '68, however, hid growing frustrations. In an echo of Don Arden and My Mind's Eye, Andrew Oldham unexpectedly put out Lazy Sunday, a knockabout Cockney romp, while the band were touring Germany. As audiences expected the latest hits, the Small Faces found themselves with yet another song it was impossible to reproduce live. Worse, it was unrepresentative of the heavier direction they were taking with Rollin' Over and Wham Bam Thank You Mam.

Kenney: "We wanted to show people we were every bit as good as The Yardbirds or John Mayall. We could do all that [blues stuff]. We were all really good musicians. But all we had was screaming fans who couldn't hear us and songs that were impossible to play with the technology available."

Marriott seemed particularly disheartened, especially when The Universal – basically a lo-fi recording of the singer on an acoustic in the garden at Marlow – failed to make the Top 10.

Mac: "Steve later told me that, when the single flopped, he felt like he was dragging us all down. But I think for a while he'd wanted to get Peter Frampton in to join us, so he didn't have to play all the guitar and sing. But Steve was always very insecure. The acid didn't help him, either. He got very paranoid. Steve didn't need drugs."

Tony Calder, however, claims that Marriott had decided to leave the band a full six months earlier. "It happened in Australia. He said he was quitting. After an hour it was, 'Look, I'm not giving Ronnie Lane any more of my money.' That's what the crux was. Andrew finished the tour and I went home to do a deal to get Frampton in. He had it all mapped out and it was done very secretly."

Mac: "Tony Calder wouldn't know who wrote what… I think Steve decided to leave much later than that. He wanted to expand the band, and we didn't. So he left."

IN OCTOBER 1968, MARRIOTT INVITED THE HERD'S Peter Frampton, "the Face of '68", much-praised for his fluid, bluesy guitar-playing, to join the group on-stage at the Bubbles Club in Brentwood, Essex. The following month, chiefly to earn some extra cash, the group travelled to Paris to record an album with French pop star Johnny Hallyday – again with Frampton in tow.

Glyn Johns remembers "an almighty row in the control room" between the band and Marriott. To make matters worse, Immediate were refusing to pay the band, claiming they owed the label money.

Matters reached their logical conclusion at a gig at the Alexandra Palace on New Year's Eve. Marriott, who according to Kenney had been "throwing wobblers all week", had asked the Godfather of British blues, Alexis Korner, to join the band for the encore of Lazy Sunday. This he did, only to see Steve sling down his guitar mid-song and storm off stage. Steve was fed-up: lost in a rambling blues jam, on a hit he didn't care for, on-stage with musicians he'd lost faith in, in front of several thousand teenage screamers who probably didn't care what he was playing anyway. In the dressing room afterwards, he calmly told the others he was leaving the band to form Humble Pie with Frampton.

"We couldn't believe it," said Mac. "We were shocked and stunned. Horrified and terrified. A very low point."

Kenney suggests that the elixir that helped them scale new creative heights became the poison that ultimately destroyed them: "I think drugs were clouding our judgement by the end – especially Steve's. And the bottom line was, after *Ogdens'*, we didn't know how to follow it. With time, we would have got over that.

"I get jealous and pissed off when I see The Who and the Stones, because they stuck together and we didn't. We had that 'I've gotta move on down the line', but they stuck it out. I think Steve owed us a lot more respect than to end it like he did."

The Small Faces' last gig was in Jersey in March 1969. No one involved can remember a thing about it.

Thanks to John Hellier at www.wappingwharf.com, Paolo Hewitt, Terry Rawlings.

Paisley overground: the Granny Takes A Trip-era Faces on period Tulip chairs, summer 1967.

YOU GOT THE LOOK

Music wasn't the only thing that changed for the Small Faces between '66 and '68. Pat Gilbert on a sartorial revolution.

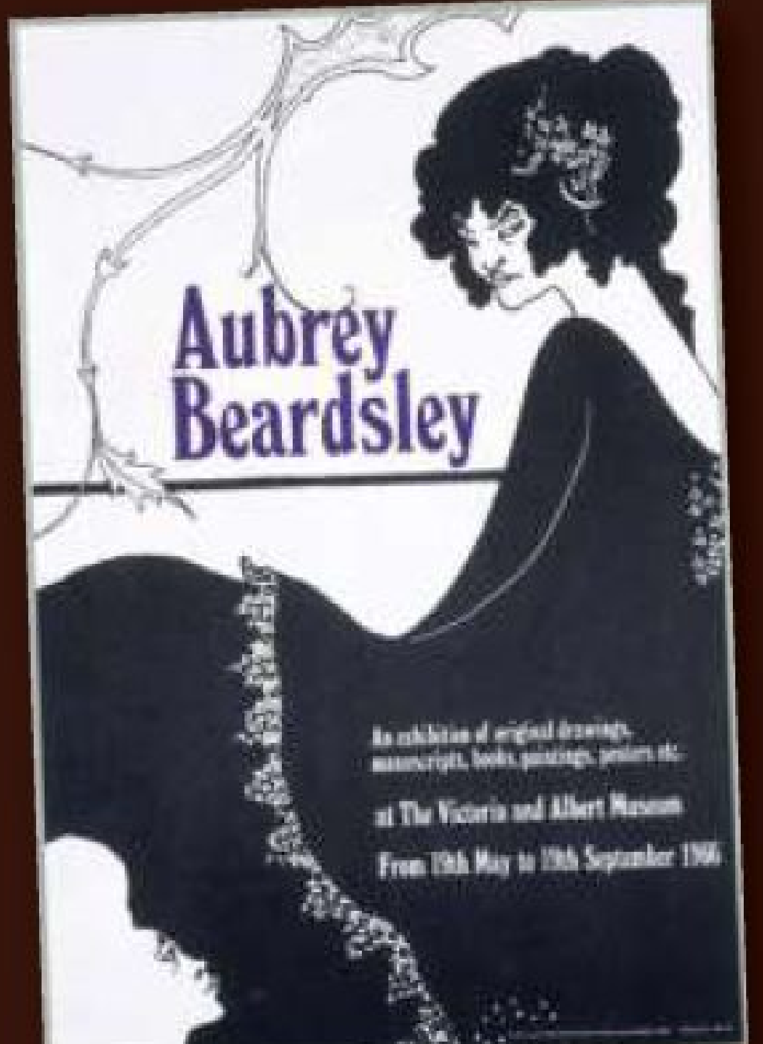
"We loved their music," opines Glen Matlock, underlining the Small Faces' big early influence on the Sex Pistols. "And they also looked amazing in their mod gear. Not that we were into their trousers quite as much as Paul Weller…"

Famed as one of rock's sharpest-dressed and stylistically important bands, the Small Faces began life as genuine East End Mods who'd been kitting themselves out in natty clothes since their early teens. Scruffy, for them, was never an option. "We'd grown up in the postwar era when everything in the East End was black and white," explains Kenney Jones. "When I was 12 I went out and bought a bright jumper and pink jeans and, bang, I was a mod. Hush Puppy shoes, short trousers to show your socks, backcombed hair, mod macs… wonderful."

Their first manager, Don Arden, conveniently had his offices at 52-55 Carnaby Street, above the pioneering mod clothing Mecca that was John Stephen's teen store. When Hounslow art student Ian McLagan joined the band in November 1965, he was initiated into the rite of grabbing piles of clobber (on account) from there, John Michael, Lord John, shoe emporium Topper's, and other hip shops on the street. According to Tony Calder, Ronnie would often buy up all the items in a particular range so no one else could dress like him. Soon, the band were having their own stuff made in crushed velvet and other exotic fabrics by Soho style guru Michael Fish, later credited with that '70s masterstroke, the kipper tie.

As Britain went psychedelic in 1967, the band began roaming west to Granny Takes A Trip in Chelsea, whose late Victorian and belle époque-style gear had become voguish after the Aubrey Beardsley exhibition at the Victoria & Albert Museum in '66. "Granny was started by two English people [Nigel Waymouth and Sheila Cohen]," explained Mac. "The clothes were really interesting, with collars that stuck up and a curved end to them. The jackets were patterned with William Morris designs."

The SW3 experience didn't stop there. Mac: "There were these fantastic shoe shops in the Kings Road, just past Beaufort Street. Keith, Mick, John, George and I went there for these great red suede boots with a white stripe and crepe soles, based on an American golf shoe. We went from very trendy to hippy to casual to smarty-pants very quickly."


Aubrey Beardsley
at The Victoria and Albert Museum

LF/Photoshot

The Art Of Island

The Island Records label is set to be the subject of a mammoth 12-volume history, telling the story of such '60s giants as Traffic, Nirvana and Fairport Convention through artwork and artefacts. Here's a sneak preview.

NEIL STOREY, THE BRAINS BEHIND THE ISLAND BOOK OF Records fell in love with the label as a teenage record collector in the '60s. "I spent every penny on Island records and filed them by catalogue number. I *did* have girlfriends, but they thought it a bit odd," he adds, laughing. Now, Neil's planned 12-volume history of the label aims to tell the Island story through every LP sleeve and a host of rare, historical artefacts.

Storey was Island Records' head of press from 1974 to 1985, before co-founding the music PR company Partridge & Storey. The inspiration for the book came in 2003, while watching a late-night TV pop programme. "There was something about a band I knew well, and the 'facts' were wrong," he says. "It really annoyed me."

That night he wrote a two-page outline for what became The Island Book Of Records. Storey has spent years amassing the source material – albums, artwork, adverts and flyers – and interviewing musicians, producers and designers to compile the ultimate factual document. The Island story encompasses ska, reggae, folk, prog rock, psychedelia, punk and pop. It's the tale of Traffic, Bob Marley, U2, Grace Jones and the original '60s Nirvana.

"The only way to tell this story is by talking to the people that were there," he says. "There hasn't been an accurate record of this stuff – until now." Storey plans to produce 12 hardback, vinyl LP-sized volumes with 100 record sleeves and assorted artefacts per volume. "The first 10 volumes will cover Island the label," he explains. "Eleven and twelve will cover the subsidiary labels. Volume two is currently coming in at just under 700 pages."

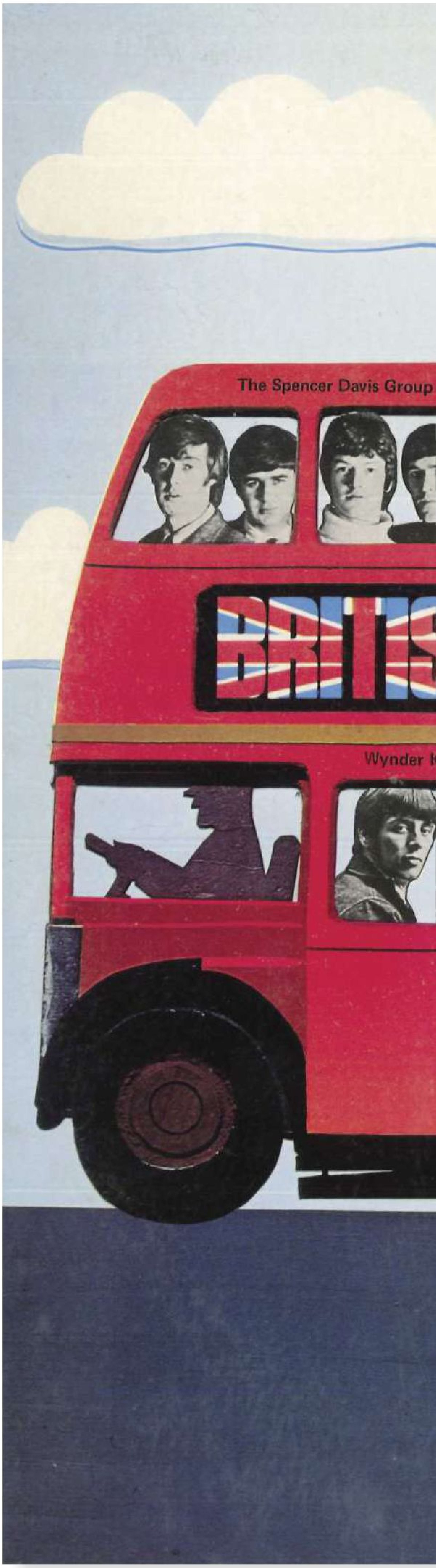
It's been a journey of discovery – and it's not over yet. "There are still around 25 albums we're missing," he says. "One of which is by [ska and calypso group] Byron Lee And The Dragonaires. I know of at least one copy which is in Jamaica."

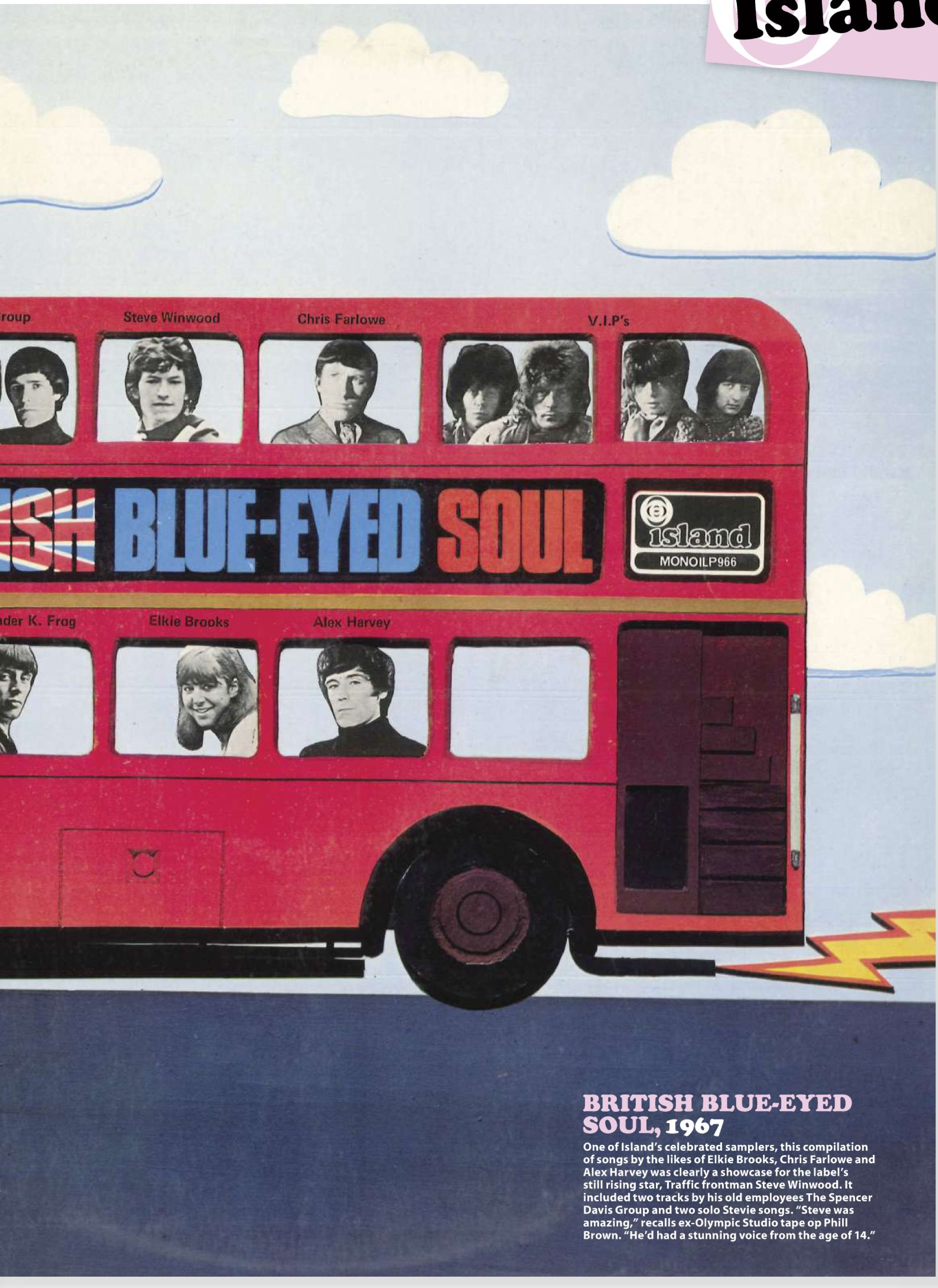
At present, volumes one to five and number 11 are underway. "There isn't a publisher at the moment," says Storey. "But the plan is to collect all the information and then worry about what we do with it. It might be an idealistic view, but I don't want to compromise, and I can't imagine another way of doing it." ➢

Read more and register your interest at hiddenmasters.net/the-island-book-of-records/

The Island Book Of Records
Volume 1

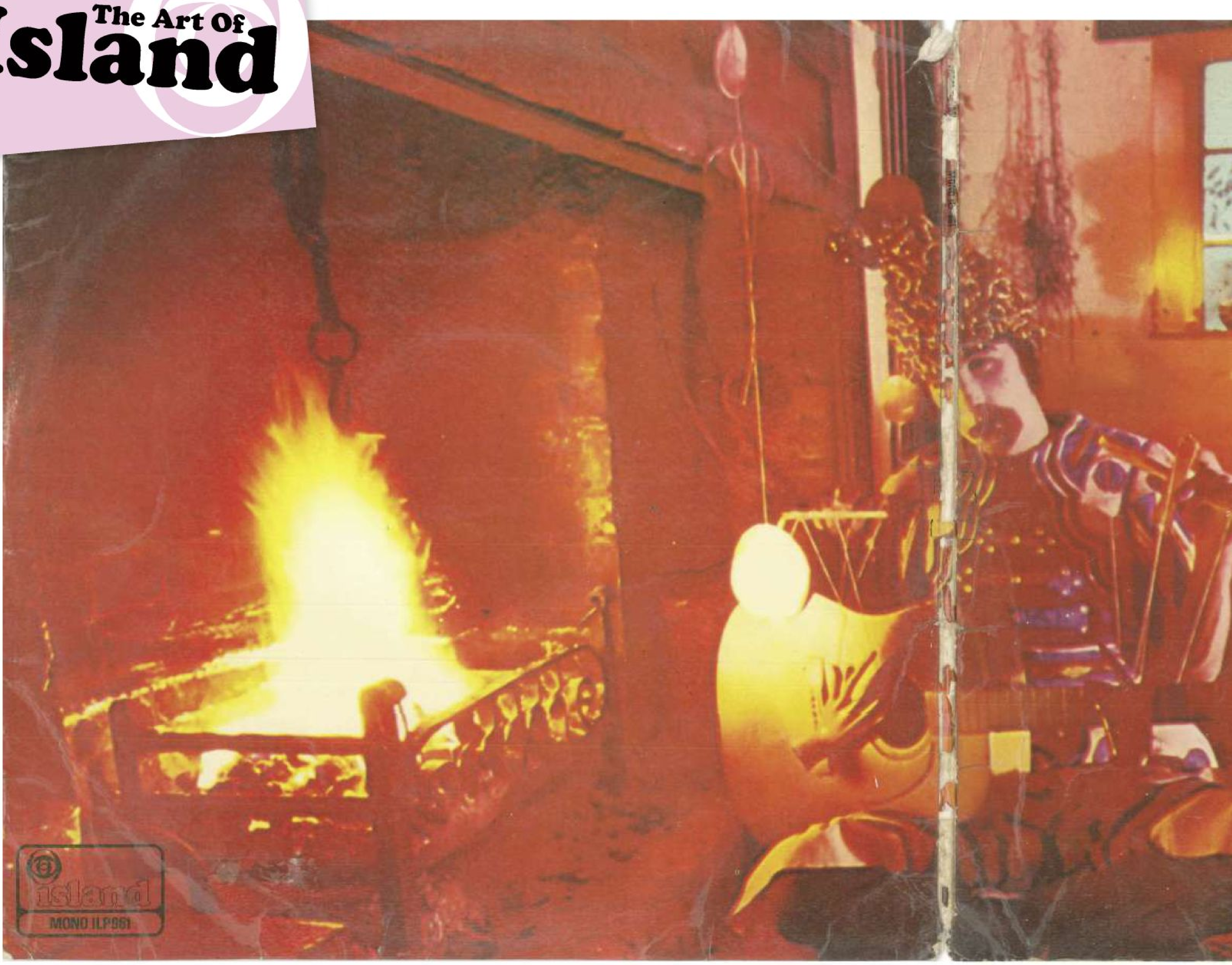
The planned cover for The Island Book Of Records, Volume 1; artwork from Alex Waugh's 1956 novel, Island In The Sun.




roup
Steve Winwood
Chris Farlowe
V.I.P's
SH BLUE-EYED SOUL
island
MONOILP966
nder K. Frog
Elkie Brooks
Alex Harvey

BRITISH BLUE-EYED SOUL, 1967

One of Island's celebrated samplers, this compilation of songs by the likes of Elkie Brooks, Chris Farlowe and Alex Harvey was clearly a showcase for the label's still rising star, Traffic frontman Steve Winwood. It included two tracks by his old employees The Spencer Davis Group and two solo Stevie songs. "Steve was amazing," recalls ex-Olympic Studio tape op Phill Brown. "He'd had a stunning voice from the age of 14."



TRAFFIC

MR FANTASY, 1967

TRAFFIC FORMED IN SPRING 1967 AROUND EX-SPENCER Davis Group vocalist and former teen prodigy Steve Winwood. The line-up was completed by drummer and lyricist Jim Capaldi, guitarist Dave Mason and woodwind player Chris Wood. After signing to Island, Traffic scored two psychedelic pop hits, Paper Sun and Hole In My Shoe, in summer ’67.

By then, Traffic were, in the parlance of the times, “getting their heads together” in a supposedly haunted cottage near the village of Aston Tirrold in Berkshire. They were there to write their debut album and smoked dope, burned incense and worked late into the night. “I went out there to see them,” remembers David Betteridge, Island founder Chris Blackwell’s business partner. “But I didn’t stay for any of those now legendary midnight and beyond jam sessions.” The atmosphere at the cottage immediately fed into the whole sound – and look – of *Mr Fantasy*.

“That place... the cottage had some fuckin’ ridiculous vibes,” claimed Jim Capaldi, who died in 2005. “There were some fuckin’ heavy vibes.”

“They painted the floor, shut the door, and put a notice outside saying, ‘Do Not Enter – Wet Paint!’,” remembers frequent visitor Gordon Jackson, who’d played in the pre-Traffic groups, The Hellions and Deep Feeling, with Mason and Capaldi. “The next day, when they went back there were footprints all across the floor. But the footprints went from the door to the far corner... and didn’t come back.”

“There was a ghost at the cottage,” Jackson continues. “Things did happen, people hearing noises in the next bedroom, running up to the rooms, finding nothing there, and then hearing noises on the other side. It moved from one room to the other where there was no door. Albert [Heaton, Traffic roadie] used to stand in the downstairs room by the fireplace shouting at it.”

When they weren’t chasing ghosts, Traffic played music – day after day, night after night. “We’d jam whenever we felt like it,” recalled Capaldi. “And out of that jamming came a lot of riffs, a lot of stuff. Then, in the early days, I would write something down.”

“Jamming was the rule of the day. When you were with Traffic you had to jam,” adds Jackson. “Sometimes it would go on for days. You’d go to bed, and someone would be playing, then someone else would go to bed, and someone else would sit in. It would just be like people changing places, but the thing had a life of its own.”

> “For the cover we got a friend and dressed him up in a costume as though he’s playing guitar puppet fashion.”
>
> *Jim Capaldi*

Traffic strove to replicate the cottage’s unique vibe wherever they recorded. “I was the tape-op at Olympic [studios] from 1967,” says engineer Phill Brown. “Traffic liked to recreate the atmosphere of their Berkshire cottage in the studio – they would burn incense and work in almost total darkness.

Steve Winwood picks up the story

behind *Mr Fantasy*'s cover image: "Chris and I found this scrap of paper on which Jim had drawn this strange sort of cartoon puppet figure besides which he'd written this short poem, like a letter to this character which began 'Dear Mr Fantasy, play us a tune, something to make us all happy...'

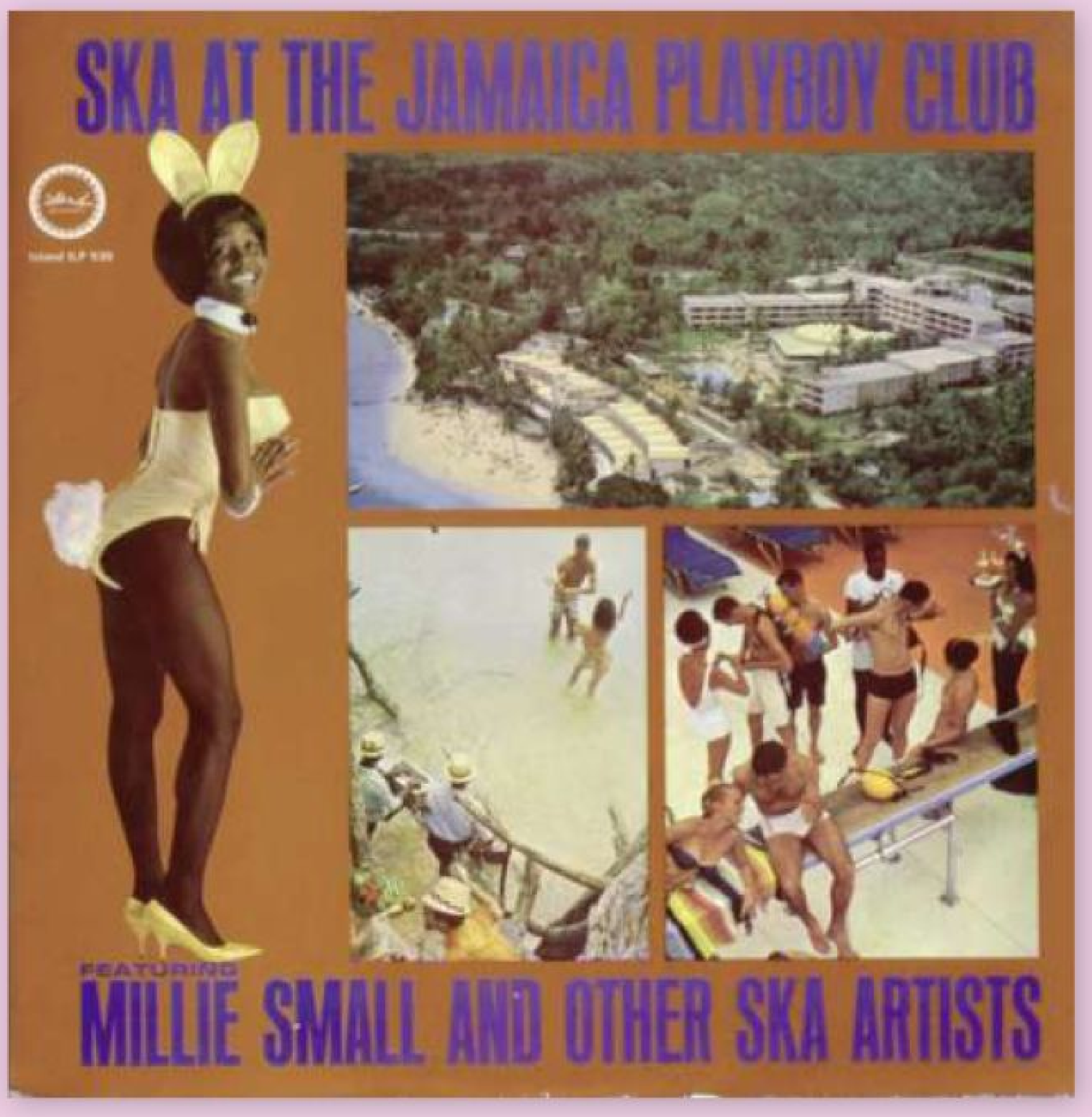
Interviewed in Record Mirror in December '67, Capaldi said the cover was a reaction against the trippy images and kaleidoscopic colours seen on many album sleeves: "We don't much care for all that psychedelic art work – there seems only to be a few good albums in that style. We've tried, for better or worse, to do something original that couldn't be confused with the work of any other group. For the front cover, we got a friend and dressed him up in a costume making him look as though he's playing a guitar puppet fashion."

"The Mr Fantasy figure was Paul Medcalf," Winwood continues. "He was a friend of mine and Chris's from Birmingham, an artist. Paul had a basement flat just off the Harrow Road and I used to go down there a lot, use it as an artist/student crash pad, and that was where I wrote the lyrics to [The Spencer David Group's] Gimme Some Lovin'. Paul used to travel with me when we were on the road, just for the fun of it. Don't think he had a proper job. He died a few years ago, sadly."

"I was the mug who happened to be there," said Medcalf. "We went to Monty Berman's, the famous London costumiers who had all this wonderful stuff. Jim got the Mr Fantasy costume. I had these mannnequin's hands, we spray-painted an old guitar and just sort of set the cover shot up. To get the glow from the fire was an old trick – you'd throw the odd candle on it and it would roar up."

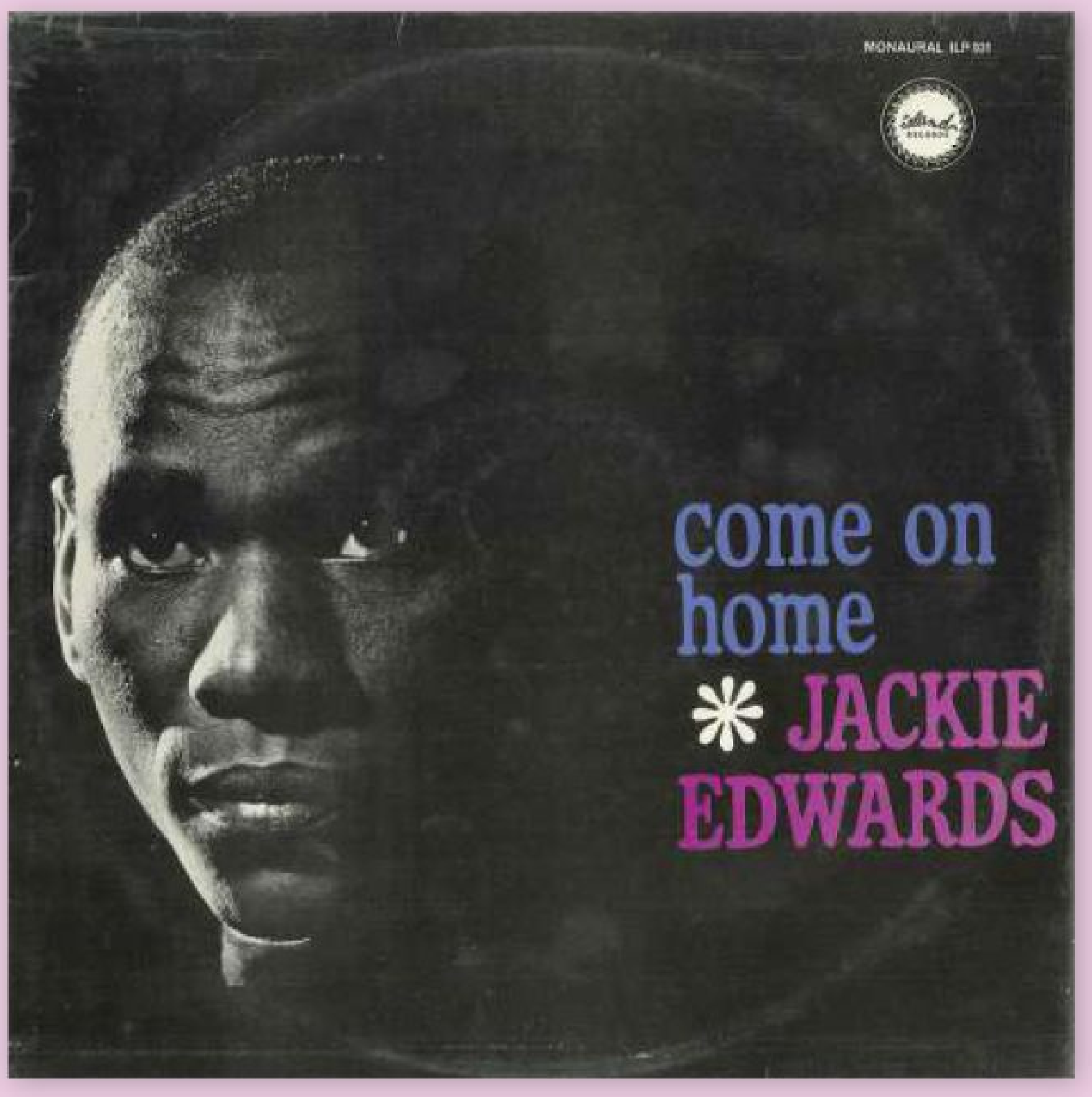
"It's a great sleeve," says David Betteridge, finally. "We wanted to create a piece of art."

➢


SKA AT THE JAMAICA PLAYBOY CLUB
Island ILP 930
FEATURING
MILLIE SMALL AND OTHER SKA ARTISTS

SKA AT THE JAMAICA PLAYBOY CLUB, 1965

The Jamaica Playboy club began life as The Marrakesh Beach Hotel & Cabana Club in Ochos Rio in 1960, becoming the Playboy Club and hotel in 1965. This LP is now something of a rarity, especially as cover star Millie Small was never signed to Island. "How the hell did we get Millie on there?" says David Betteridge. "Because Millie was on Phillips. I would suspect we might have manufactured this, and then had an injunction slapped on us by Phillips."

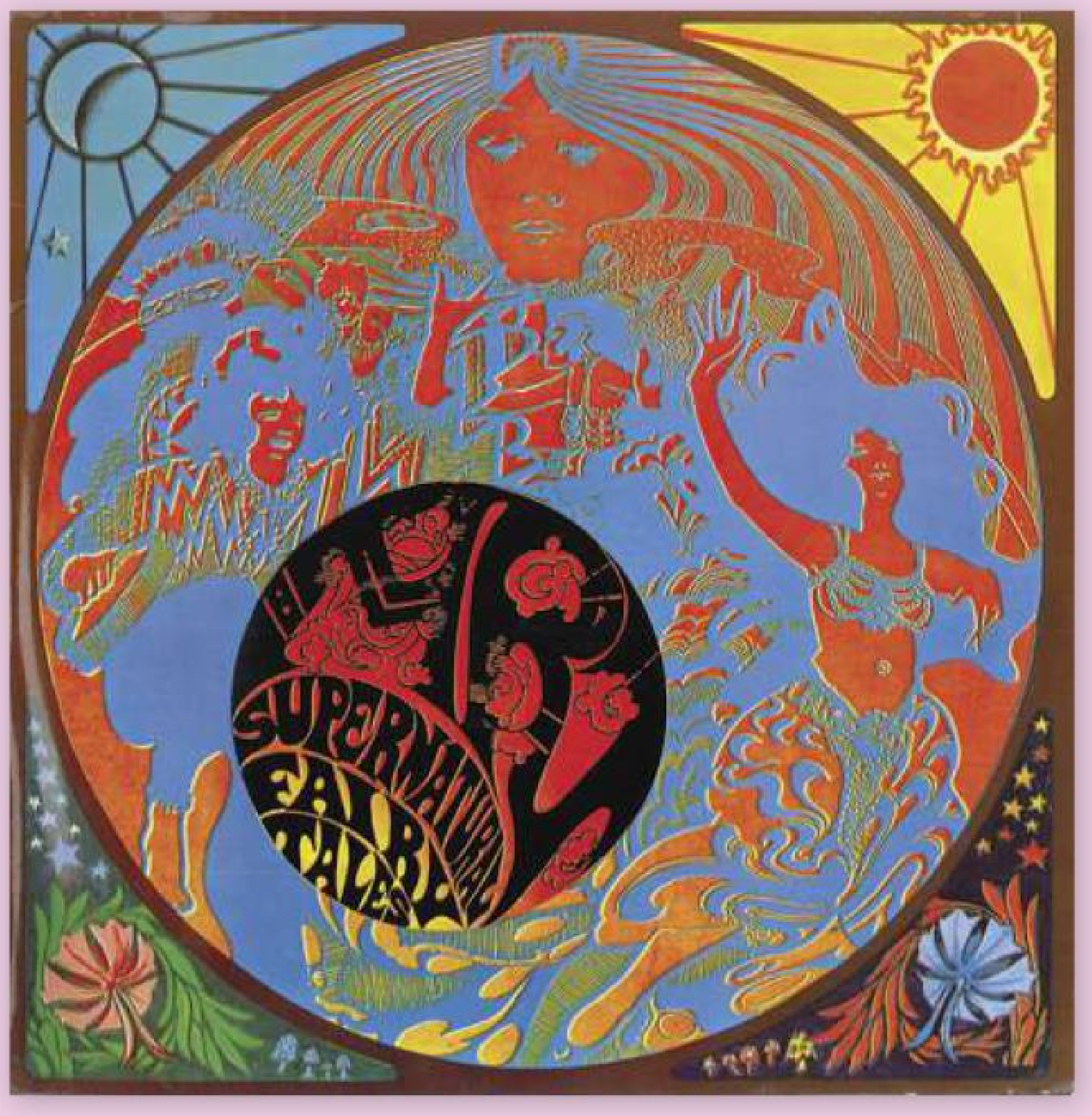


JACKIE EDWARDS, COME ON HOME, 1965

The Jamaican singer/songwriter recorded several Jamaican Number 1 hits in the early '60s and wrote Keep On Running, a 1965 hit for The Spencer Davis Group.

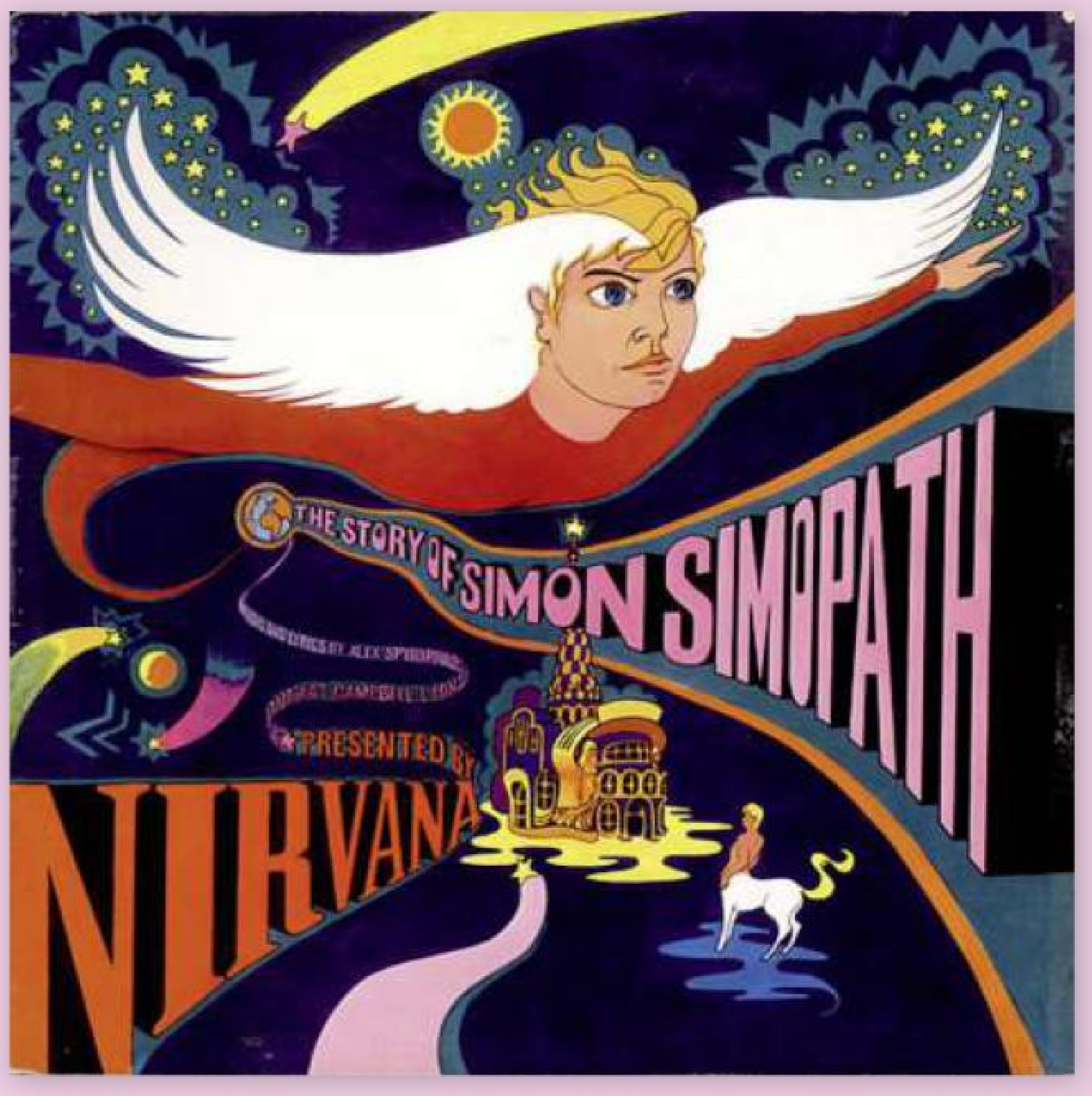
"I last met Jackie in the early '90s, when he was with PP Arnold, not long before he died [in 1992]," says *Come On Home* sleeve photographer Gered Mankowitz. "He remembered much more about this session that I did. Jackie was cool: pretty charming, quite shy. I shot that in my studio which was at 9 Mason's Yard. Same studio where I shot the Hendrix pictures, the Stones, Free, Traffic... Images from the session got used on quite a few sleeves and also for publicity purposes – multi-tasking before the word was properly invented."

"This looked so strikingly modern when it came out," recalls ex-Island Records man Rob Bell. "The typography is beautiful. It's a really good portrait of Jackie, because, truthfully, he wasn't all that photogenic. I mean, if you catch him in profile, his nose didn't look so good, but shot like that, he looks really, really good."



ART SUPERNATURAL FAIRYTALES, 1967

The members of Art later became Spooky Tooth. Their only album was overseen by their mentor, DJ and producer Guy Stevens and the striking artwork was created by Hapshash And The Coloured Coat (Granny Takes A Trip founder Nigel Waymouth and designer Michael English). "It was one of the first true psychedelic covers we ever put out," explains David Betteridge. "The album didn't sell particularly well, and it's probably fair to say the cover was better than the music."

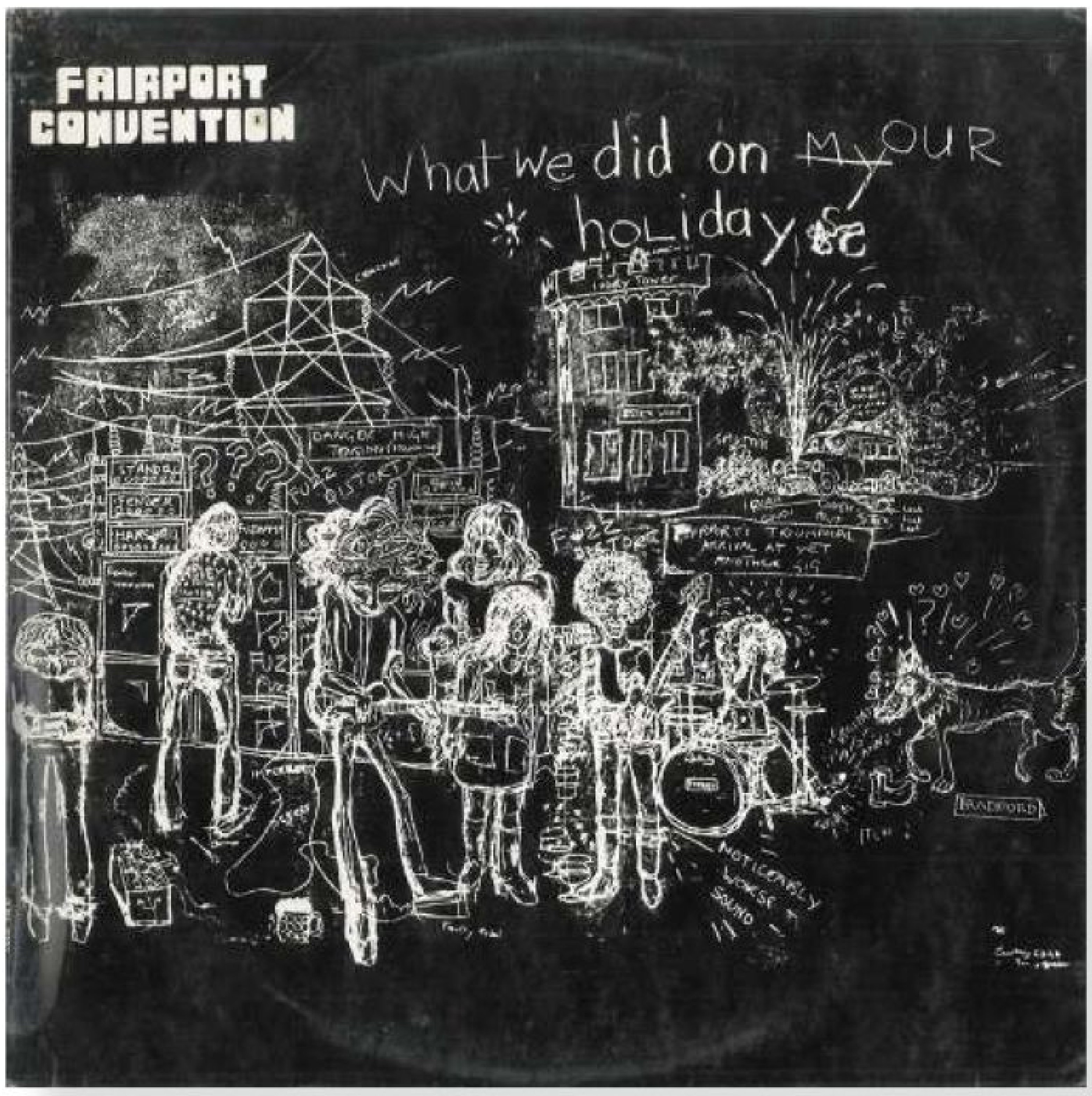

THE STORY OF SIMON SIMOPATH
PRESENTED BY
NIRVANA

NIRVANA THE STORY OF SIMON SIMOPATH, 1967

The original Nirvana's debut was arguably the first rock concept album. Pre-dating The Pretty Things' *S.F. Sorrow* and The Who's *Tommy*, it touched on mental illness, space travel and Greek mythology, and came in Island's first gatefold sleeve. Nirvana were the brainchild of Irish songwriter Patrick Campbell-Lyons and Greek composer Alex Spyropoulos.

"They were the odd couple," recalls David Betteridge. "Patrick was the bluff Irishman and Alex was very, er… Greek." "They were intense and serious, Alex especially, but we got on well," confirms Gered Mankowitz, who shot the group for the LP's back cover.

Nirvana made one more album, 1968's *All Of Us*, and enjoyed a minor hit single with Rainbow Chaser before splitting up. "When the other Nirvana arrived on the scene, I was at CBS or somewhere at the time," says Betteridge. "And I spoke to Alex, and he was outraged. I had to gently remind him that he and Patrick had split up probably before Kurt Cobain had been born."


FAIRPORT CONVENTION
What we did on ~~MY~~ OUR holidays

FAIRPORT CONVENTION WHAT WE DID ON OUR HOLIDAYS, 1969

WHAT WE DID ON OUR HOLIDAYS WAS THE SECOND ALBUM by British folk-rockers Fairport Convention, their first for Island and the first to feature vocalist Sandy Denny. Its distinctive DIY cover illustration was described in the album credits as "from a blackboard assaulted by Fairport Convention".

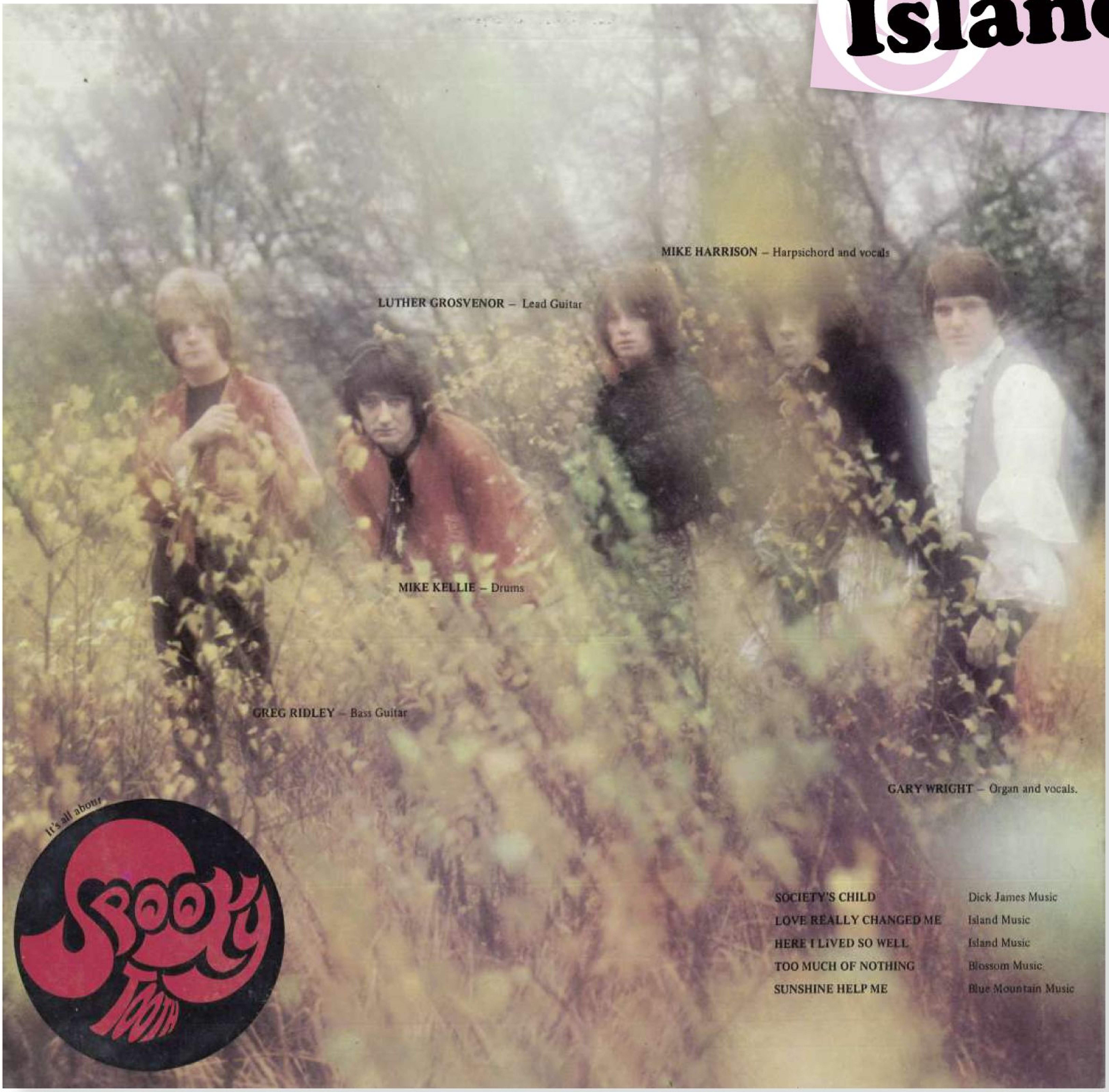
Bassist Ashley Hutchings tells the story behind the cover picture: "We were playing one of our many university gigs at Essex University and were given a classroom as a dressing room. While we were waiting to go on some of the band – probably Sandy and [drummer] Martin [Lamble] – started to do a caricature of the band on a blackboard and then it grew and grew. It's quite elaborate. All the knobs on the amps, the names, the voltage wires. So, we must've been waiting to go on stage for some time. Eventually, we left it and went on stage, did the gig and that was that. Not long after, we were talking about the need to come up with a cover for the album and someone said, 'Why don't we have that thing on the blackboard?'

> "Ashley Hutchins, ever the puritan, took the blackboard rubber and erased the dog turds."
>
> *Simon Nicol, Fairport Convention*

"So, hastily, someone rang the people at Essex University. 'Is that blackboard drawing still in place? Has anyone wiped it yet? We were told no and so [band manager and producer] Joe Boyd dispatched a photographer sharpish. Although you'd think it was planned by a committee, it was an organic creation, done on the spur of quite a long moment, waiting to go on stage."

Hutchings, however, made one change to the original illustration. "Ashley, ever the puritan, took the blackboard rubber and erased the dog turds," claims guitarist Simon Nicol.

Fairport Convention remained on Island until the late 1970s. "It was remarkable, really, that Island did stick by us," says Nicol. "They actually cobbled together the idea of a kind of long-service award gold medal. Such was the high regard in which the band as individuals were held by the upper levels of the organisation at that time. There wasn't anybody like Chris Blackwell. Blackwell was a one off."


MIKE HARRISON – Harpsichord and vocals
LUTHER GROSVENOR – Lead Guitar
MIKE KELLIE – Drums
GREG RIDLEY – Bass Guitar
GARY WRIGHT – Organ and vocals.
It's all about
Spooky
Tooth
SOCIETY'S CHILD Dick James Music
LOVE REALLY CHANGED ME Island Music
HERE I LIVED SO WELL Island Music
TOO MUCH OF NOTHING Blossom Music
SUNSHINE HELP ME Blue Mountain Music

SPOOKY TOOTH

IT'S ALL ABOUT, 1968

SPOOKY TOOTH STARTED LIFE IN 1967 AS PSYCHEDELIC English rockers Art. When Art failed to sell, Chris Blackwell hooked the group up with New Jersey-born Gary Wright. "On the warm-up Traffic tour in Scandinavia, the support band were called The New York Tymes and their organ player and singer was a guy called Gary Wright," ex-Spooky Tooth drummer Mike Kellie tells The Island Book Of Records. "So Blackwell brought them over to London, fired the band but kept Gary. Then he brought us all in to the office and said, 'You're going to get together with him, he's going to get together with you. It's the last chance.'

The next thing Blackwell did was change Art's name to Spooky Tooth. "We hated it," says Kellie. "Doesn't matter why we hated it because we were wrong. What Blackwell liked about it was the marketing thing. We did Midem [the annual music exhibition] in France. The Four Tops, Georgie Fame And The Blue Flames, The Moody Blues and us. And every table we sat at, Chris had got these Spooky Tooth umbrella stickers – like there is on the album cover – they were everywhere."

The cover for Spooky Tooth's 1968 debut, *It's All About*, was shot on Hampstead Heath, says Mike Kellie – or else at Chris Blackwell's Woolwich Green Farm in Theale, Berkshire, according to photographer Gered Mankowitz.

"He's completely wrong," insists Kellie. "We shot that on Hampstead Heath. Chris bought the farm at Theale in '67, and we moved in at the end of the year. Cost him eight grand at auction."

"The Heath or Berkshire – they're wearing their King's Road finery," says Mankowitz. "Gary [Wright] is wearing a buccaneer's shirt and a jacket that looks as if it began life in an Afghani market. [Guitarist] Luther [Grosvenor's] trousers look like they're camouflage but they're probably Granny Takes A Trip – the height of fashion then."

"The clothes!" continues Mike Kellie. "My top is that horrible Afghan embroidered thing with little mirrors in the middle. And the orange top Greg [Ridley, bassist] is wearing is velvet; his girlfriend then – that was hers... Gary was new in the band then. [Mike] Harrison [keyboard player] was still back-combing his hair too. We were on twelve quid a week as a retainer."

Spooky Tooth remained on Island until 1974, but went through various line-up changes. "Gary [Wright] was always difficult, where as the other guys were more amenable," admits David Betteridge. Spooky Tooth split and re-formed several times, and performed at the Island Records' 50th anniversary concerts. "They were lovely," says Mankowitz, finally, "and a rather good band."

HEAVY

Weary of pastiche pop, bored with blues rock and backed by a dress-maker, in 1968 a bunch of Brit musos went in search of a new sound mixing classical, Jimi Hendrix and funky soul. **Pete Makowski** charts the mad, messed-up road to **Deep Purple** Mark 1's brief flush of fame.

Rex Features

DUTY

In colour: Deep Purple on Frost On Sunday, 1968.

ON OCTOBER 7, 1966, NICK Simper found himself on the road again. A former trainee draughtsman, the 21-year-old bassist had spent the past two years crisscrossing the UK in his old Bedford van, playing with various beat hopefuls such as The Delta 5, The Regents and the Simon Raven Cult. Now, though, he was enjoying a new job with one of his schoolboy heroes, Johnny Kidd of Shakin' All Over fame.

In 1960 Johnny Kidd & The Pirates had galvanised pre-Beatles Britain with their sulphurous proto-rock. But six years on, the hits had dried up, and the singer was attempting a comeback with a younger, hungrier backing group. Then fate intervened.

As Kidd and The Pirates were travelling through Lancashire, their car lost control and ploughed into an oncoming vehicle. Kidd died instantly; Simper walked away from the wreckage with a broken nose, damage to his left arm and "a couple of dents" in the back of his head.

"WE WERE TIRED OF THE RESTRICTIONS OF THE THREE MINUTE SINGLE."
JON LORD

"I was lucky to get out alive," he reflects. "The driver in the car we hit was pretty badly damaged and his girlfriend was killed. It was a real tragedy. We weren't even coming back from a gig. It was just a night out for us."

Once recovered, Simper made an unsuccessful attempt at re-forming The Pirates, before making the Top 20 with The Flower Pot Men, an outfit put together by songwriters John Carter and Ken Lewis to promote their hippy pastiche Let's Go To San Francisco.

Still in thrall to Kidd's untamed live performances, Simper quickly tired of playing "sub-standard Beach Boys music" in a manufactured group. His ears pricked up when drummer Carlo Little suggested putting a new band together with a talented, temperamental guitarist they both knew from another of their old groups, Screaming Lord Sutch's Savages.

Ritchie Blackmore had already acquired a reputation as one of the most versatile guitarists on the circuit, having played with Sutch, The Outlaws (backing Gene Vincent and Jerry Lee Lewis) and Neil Christian And The Crusaders, who, following Blackmore's departure, recruited the young Jimmy Page. As with Simper, Blackmore had also worked with visionary producer Joe Meek and had reputedly played on over 300 sessions.

SHADES OF DEEP PURPLE
EMI
PARLOPHONE

Alamy (5)

Frustrated by his lack of commercial success in Britain, Blackmore moved to Hamburg, Germany, where he jammed in the local clubs for a year. He was by nature a notorious outsider, and with a background in classical music and rock'n'roll felt alienated from the '60s British blues scene. With the exception of Jeff Beck, he didn't think much of the up-and-coming guitar talent.

However, Blackmore was painfully aware his peers were starting to get the recognition he craved, and moreover were starting to make money. A chance to join a band back in Britain came in autumn '67, when he received a call from another member of The Flower Pot Men, organist Jon Lord, who as with his bandmates was finding the group's artistic horizons limited.

Lord had previously been a member of The Artwoods, the Brit R&B act featuring Ronnie Wood's elder brother Art. But when that band folded he relocated to a flat in Chelsea's Gunter Grove where his income from The Flower Pot Men was supplemented by additional session work, his CV having included playing keyboards on The Kinks' You Really Got Me.

In summer 1967, Lord ran into drummer Chris Curtis, whose eccentric behaviour in Mersey beat mainstays The Searchers had earned him the nickname 'Mad Henry' from George Harrison, and precipitated his departure from the group in April 1966. Curtis had moved to London in an attempt to revive his career and befriended Vicki Wickham, producer of pop show Ready Steady Go! It was at one of her soirées that Curtis met Tony Edwards, a wealthy businessman who had made his fortune running his mother's dress-making factory.

"Tony's dream was to become another Brian Epstein," said Lord, who died after a long battle with pancreatic cancer in July 2012, "and he was taken in by Chris's grandiose schemes."

Curtis's original idea was to put together a loose collective called Roundabout. Lord explained, "He, Ritchie and I would be the nucleus. He was going to play drums, sing and be the Svengali of it all. And then other musicians would come and go."

Curtis began staying at Lord's flat, where it's rumoured he ingested copious amounts of acid. "He was only meant to stay a couple of weeks and he ended up staying a couple of months and covered the entire apartment in silver paper," said Lord. "It was a disaster. Every time you turned a light on, the fusebox would blow up."

Playing down his flatmate's quirks, Lord convinced Blackmore to come over from Hamburg to meet his prospective bandmates. Blackmore asked for a return ticket to Germany before he would travel to London, having been disappointed more than once in the past.

Blackmore: "I asked Chris who else was going to be in the group and it turned out he would be playing all the instruments and I would be the second guitarist. He said, 'I will always be number one and you will be number two.' Strange fellow."

A nonplussed Blackmore made full use of his return ticket, but asked Lord to keep in touch. Shortly after, Curtis vanished. "I found out he had checked into some clinic," Lord revealed. "I don't think it was for alcohol or drugs, I think he was mentally quite fragile."

A few weeks later Lord was preparing to leave for a tour of Germany with The Flower Pot Men when Tony Edwards called, asking if he was still interested in putting a new band together. Lord said yes, and promptly called Blackmore who flew back to London. The duo started writing together at the flat in Gunter Grove.

"Ritchie was tired of the constrictions imposed by the three-minute single," recalled Lord. "With Screaming Lord Sutch he'd learned you didn't have to just stand there, and so he learned how to improvise. We both wanted to stretch out. I wanted what I had in the early days of The Artwoods, which was complete freedom."

Lord approached Simper, who needed no persuading to join the duo. Their first choice of vocalist was teen wonder Terry Reid; but convinced that he was making headway as a solo artist, he turned them down (just as he'd done with Led Zeppelin). Lord and Simper then contacted one-time male model Rod Evans, who'd cut his ➢

Shading it: Deep Purple Mk I (clockwise from top left, Ian Paice, Ritchie Blackmore, Nick Simper, Jon Lord, Rod Evans (centre), September 24, 1968; (inset, left) their debut album from the same year.

≺ teeth in Maze, an outfit Blackmore had seen performing in Hamburg. It was suggested that Evans bring along Maze's 19-year-old drummer Ian Paice to the audition. Both were immediately recruited.

The next task was choosing a name. With Orpheus, Concrete God and Fire dismissed, they settled on Deep Purple, inspired by Blackmore's grandmother's favourite tune, as popularised by MOR brother-and-sister duo Nino Tempo & April Stevens.

"We were slightly embarrassed about the name until we saw it in the charts," admits Simper.

DEEP PURPLE MARK 1 (AS THEY became known) made their debut on April 20, 1968 in Taastrup, Denmark, the first stop on a 17-date tour of Scandinavia secured on the back of their reputation with The Artwoods and The Flower Pot Men. Without any established songwriters in the group, they relied on cover versions and an outlandish stage performance to wow the audiences.

Simper: "Ritchie and I used to practise in front of a big mirror doing all the gyrations, which is what we had learnt with Lord Sutch. The image was more important than the music; we just concentrated on pirouetting and looking groovy. The audience was gobsmacked and were probably thinking, 'What's the matter with these guys?'"

Gradually, Purple started to tone down the theatrics and develop a progressive style a world away from their simple 12-bar origins.

"It became important for us to play better than anyone else," says Simper. "And we felt we could do it because we had Ritchie Blackmore, who was the best guitarist in the country along with Albert Lee. We were proud of that."

A month after their Scandinavian trek the band, now signed to EMI subsidiary Parlophone, started work on their debut album, *Shades Of Deep Purple* – recorded in two days and produced by Meek's ex-engineer Derek Lawrence. A shortage of original material meant the band had to resort to covers including Hey Joe, Skip James' I'm So Glad and Help! (a version endorsed by Paul McCartney). Almost finished, they still needed one more track.

It's not clear who in the Purple camp first heard Hush, but it was undoubtedly Blackmore and Simper who spotted the track's hit potential after hearing a version by a former Joe Meek cohort, Rod Freeman, who visited the band's rehearsal space and taught them the song.

Lord: "Initially we thought it's a bit too disco, or whatever the word was back then. But Ritchie said it would work if we toughened it up a bit."

Hush was written by country artist Joe South, and adapted from an old spiritual that included the line, "Hush, I thoughtI heard Jesus calling my name".

South gave the song to Billy Joe Royal who took a fairly innocuous pop tune – its catchy "na-na-na-na" chorus stolen from The Beatles' A Day In The Life – sped it up, stripped it down and transformed it into a hypnotic R&B guitar groove.

Deep Purple's version is tougher still, and stands out as the most assured piece of work on a debut that, Mandrake Root aside, is low on highlights. With its Hammer Horror wolf howl and slashing chord intro, Purple's Hush erupts into a fiesta of stuttering Hammond organ atop a bouncing bassline.

"The 'whacka-whacka' thing on the organ was something I started doing in The Artwoods," revealed Lord. "I played it almost like a set of conga drums. The rhythm of Hush is like a samba."

Hush is undoubtedly Purple's first truly classic moment. Yet on its release almost everyone around the band was convinced it wasn't hit single material. Artie Mogull, the boss of Purple's US record label, Tetragrammaton, disagreed and ensured it got a release. Funded by comedian Bill Cosby, the label had high hopes for their new signing.

Mogull was proved right. Both *Shades Of Deep Purple* and Hush hit the US charts; the album peaked at 24, the single at Number 4, selling 600,000 copies in one week. Purple were quickly shepherded back into the studios to record a follow-up album. Once again reliant on outside material, they worked up an unlikely cover of Neil Diamond's Kentucky Woman and a 10-minute version of Ike & Tina Turner's River Deep, Mountain High.

But with its pompous title and art school cover, Deep Purple's second album, *The Book Of Taliesyn*, was a noted progression for Purple with a smattering of harder-edged originals. "Vanilla Fudge were a huge influence, and when Ritchie heard Hendrix, that changed his life," reflected Lord. "On the second album it got a bit more psychedelic. *The Book Of Taliesyn*? I mean, 'Hello?' In our defence, it was 1968."

In the meantime, Deep Purple received a heroes' welcome in the US. "The label put on a reception for us at the Playboy Club when [the first album] entered the US Top 100," says Simper. "They gave everybody three albums: *Shades*…, Cream's *Disraeli Gears* and a Hendrix album, which I thought was a bit ambitious."

In October '68 they embarked on a trek across the US supporting Cream, opening with two nights at the Los Angeles Forum. "We got thrown off after three dates," Simper recalls, smiling. "Apparently we were going down too well."

It was a different story in Britain, though, where neither Hush nor *Shades Of Deep Purple* had taken off. On Purple's first UK tour there was none of the adulation they'd received in the US, as a disastrous performance at the Sunbury National Jazz Festival showed.

"It was a nasty experience," Lord winced. "There were boos, so Ritchie reacted by smashing his guitar. That's the first time we'd seen him do that. We were very much prophets without honour in our own country. Hush was regarded as too poppy and most people thought we were American. It took a couple of years to achieve any credibility in the UK."

Purple returned to the studio in January '69 to record their self-titled third LP (complete with its striking Hieronymous Bosch cover image), and once again the powers-that-be insisted on a single.

HEAVY EXTRA!

Four more "raw, dirty" Brit rock albums from the late '60s.

TRUTH

Jeff Beck Group

EMI, 1968

Recently fired by The Yardbirds, guitarist Beck took their sense of power and dynamics and multiplied it times 10 on his group's debut album. As their cover of the Willie Dixon co-write You Shook Me proves, the newly formed Led Zeppelin were listening.

SF SORROW

The Pretty Things

Columbia, 1968

Garage rock riffs and saucer-eyed post-LSD soul searching coalesced on this story of a post-war kid's journey of spiritual discovery. Beat The Who's similarly minded *Tommy* into UK record shops by five months. The intro to the Pretties' Old Man Going even sounds like Pinball Wizard.

WASA WASA

Edgar Broughton Band

Harvest, 1969

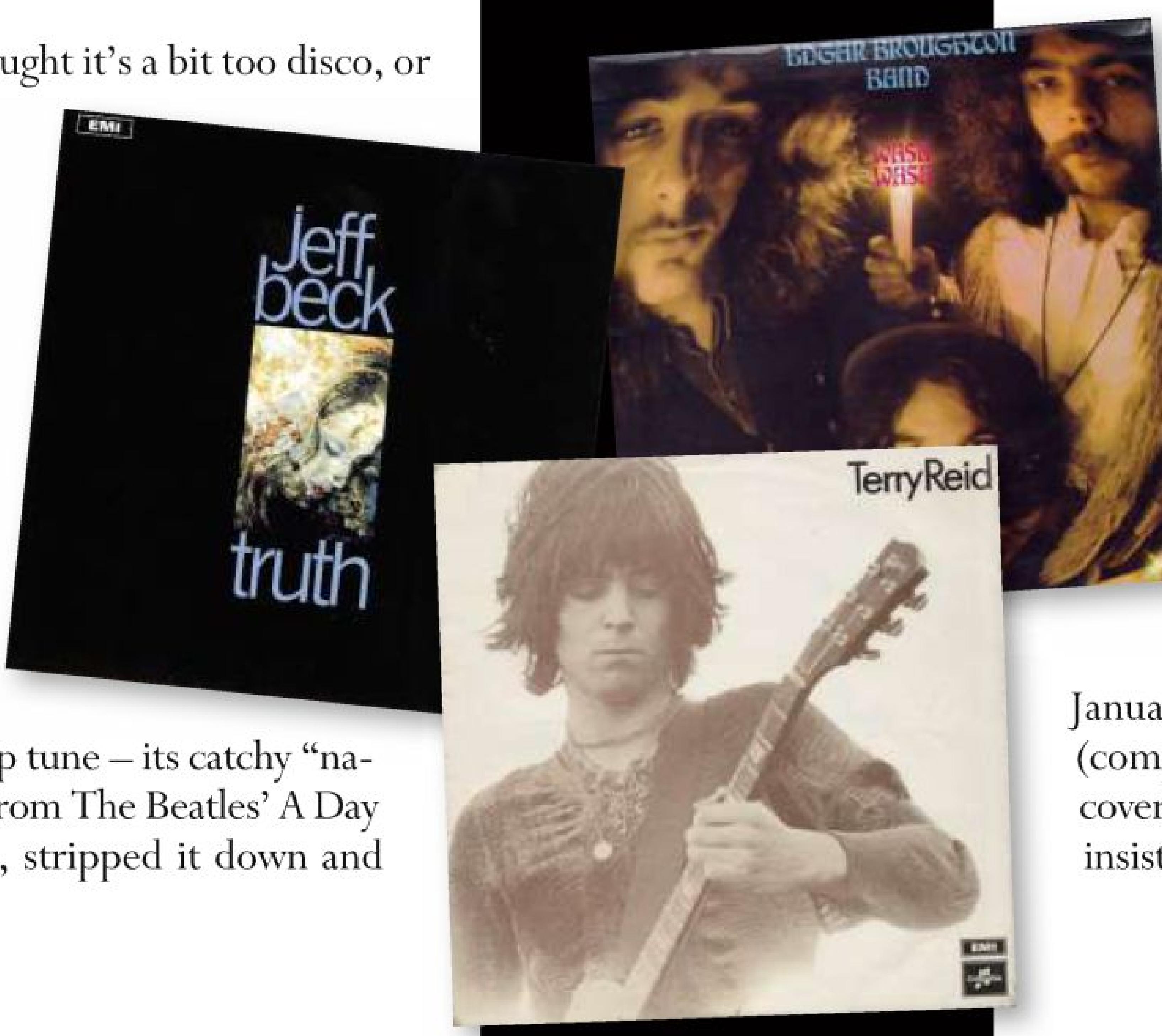
Sneering anti-Vietnam War lyrics, savage, slashing guitar and a harsh punk rock simplicity make the Broughtons' debut the ultimate Brit acid-rock experience. Try the closing 14-minute Dawn Crept Away for the perfect bad trip.

TERRY REID

Terry Reid

Epic, 1969

He turned down the singer's job in Led Zeppelin *and* Deep Purple, but Reid's sublime third LP is a reminder of why. Over nine heavy blues and folk-rock songs, Reid's extraordinary voice swoops, soars and pummels anything that dares get in its way.



Fringe benefits: a heavily coiffeured Deep Purple on the roof of London's Dorchester Hotel, January 3, 1969.

Material came from an unlikely source when Artie Mogull, having published Dylan's early songs, came up with the as-yet-unreleased Lay Lady Lay. Purple's attempt was rejected, resulting in an album that – with the exception of Donovan's Laléna – featured all original material and continued Purple's evolution from coiffured dandies into what Blackmore describes as "a raw and dirty proposition".

> "WE WERE VERY MUCH PROPHETS WITHOUT HONOUR IN OUR OWN COUNTRY."
> JON LORD

AS 1969 DAWNED, BLACKMORE WAS aware of the band's need to progress into heavier territory and felt increasingly overshadowed by Led Zeppelin. The guitarist now regarded the success of Hush as a burden: "It was more of a hindrance than a help; heavy groups don't have hit singles."

Songwriting also appeared to be an issue within Purple; Blackmore realising its financial benefits and smarting when Evans received a writing credit for Hush B-side One More Rainy Day. Evans, according to Blackmore, "only wrote the words", to which Simper replied, "You try writing the lyrics. That's the hardest part."

As internal divisions appeared, Simper claimed the band's "music lacked direction" and laid the blame at Lord's door, stating that the keyboardist had "fucked everything up with his classical ideas".

Lord, unsurprisingly, had a different take: "Nicky has a very strong opinion that all I wanted to do is play classical music, which is utter bullshit. I believe that by the spring of '69 Ritchie, Ian Paice and I felt that Rod wasn't the right singer, and Nick was a very good bass player but he was of the old school. He wasn't heavy enough."

Evans, it seems, had lost interest in the band and, having married an American heiress, decided he wanted to become an actor.

Simper now feels his dismissal was down to personality and management problems rather than musical differences. "If there were any arguments Lord would side with Blackmore, and Paice would keep his head down, which wasn't much help to anybody. Also, we were exhausted. How many bands nowadays make three albums a year? The people at Tetragrammaton were hard-nosed businessmen and we realised we were just products and as soon as it all went pear-shaped, they didn't give a monkey's about us."

Tetragrammaton had offices in Beverly Hills, and were spending beyond their means despite Purple's success. The label went bankrupt after investing in a movie, 1969's The Picasso Summer, which failed to receive a US theatrical release.

In this climate of discontent, the decision to fire Evans and Simper was taken in a ruthless fashion that would be repeated often during Deep Purple's fractious career. The new Mark 2 line-up of Blackmore, Lord, Paice plus new singer Ian Gillan and bassist Roger Glover (both from West London pop-rockers Episode Six) were in the studio recording a new single, Hallelujah, before Evans and Simper had been told that their services were no longer required.

This new line-up would record *Concerto For Group And Orchestra* at the Royal Albert Hall on September 24, 1969 prior to beginning work on *Deep Purple In Rock*, the album many fans consider Deep Purple's Year Zero.

Ironically, in 1988 both Gillan and Glover appeared on a 20th anniversary re-make of Purple's first hit, Hush. In truth, this later version underlines the evergreen nature of the original, with Evans's rich voice easily outshining Gillan's blues wail.

Even Lord agreed diplomatically: "I don't think it needed to be re-recorded." He also admitted to having long overcome any misgivings he had about Purple's early days: "In the pomp of '72 or '73 I might've looked back on the first year-and-a-half with a slightly snooty attitude. Now I look back at that era with great fondness.

"If you play the first three albums you can hear where *In Rock* came from; it was just an album waiting to be written. They were necessary, formative years. We were five musicians in search of a style."

THE BOSS

Forty-eight years ago a soul star died but a legend was born. Even today, no one can fix a broken heart like **Otis Redding**. By **Geoff Brown**.

IT'S DIFFICULT TO visualise Purley, in the depths of dormitory Surrey, as the hub of the universe. But in the mid-'60s the town's Orchid Ballroom was a solid gold Modtastic hot spot.

There the South London and suburban faces would gather on Monday's R&B night, in their three-button Mohair suits, 14-inch bottoms, optional turn-ups, loafers and button-down collar shirts. So fastidious were they, in fact, that they declined to be called Mods. These happening kids were 'stylists'. Cathy McGowan and the production team of Ready Steady Go! regularly drove to the Orchid to select dancers for their show while Ike & Tina Turner and Stevie Wonder played. And if one week the promoter couldn't get a real draw, five guys would be hauled in and put on as The Fantastic Impressions, and the soul connoisseurs would demand, "Oi, which one's Curtis Mayfield then?"

The pinnacle in autumn 1966, though, was Otis Redding.

"It was like God coming into your back garden," says writer Mick Brown. "A deity landing among us. He was fantastic. He was big, physically large, and expended a lot of energy stomping around the stage – but not energetic or mercurial, like James Brown. Otis, in terms of emotional performance, went off the Richter scale. Mr Pitiful, Pain In My Heart, Satisfaction – the purists were upset he'd covered a Rolling Stones song – and he got down on his knees in I've Been Loving You Too Long, the emotional climax of the show."

Barry Dickins, the founder of International Talent Booking, was at the time a gofer on Redding's tour. He remembers the Orchid date as "one of the worst deals I ever did. The Orchid's manager said, 'I'll either give you £300 a night against a percentage or I'll give you £650.' I took the £650. If I'd taken the percentage Otis would have walked out with about £1,500." The mistake was further aggravated by Dickins's hero worship: "He was the only bloke I've ever asked for an autograph. And still is."

Otis Redding's impact in Britain and the rest of Europe had gained unstoppable momentum a year earlier with the release of his third album, 1965's *Otis Blue*, which, with James Brown's *Live At The Apollo*, was the essential vinyl accessory to '60s grooviness. Now Redding's first European tour, a week of British ballroom dates acting as a ➢

Alamy

"He had a positive aggression." Otis Redding, live 1967.

Getty (2)

"OTIS WAS MAGICAL. HE EXUDED HAPPINESS. HE WAS A HAPPY MAN." WAYNE JACKSON

≺ warm-up for his appearance on Ready Steady Go!, had proved enough of a success for his manager, Phil Walden, to put together a Hit The Road Stax package tour of the Memphis label's top acts – Sam & Dave, Booker T. & The M.G.'s, Eddie Floyd, Carla Thomas, Arthur Conley – for a spring 1967 tour to ride the wave of Redding's popularity. After that, Otis was to star at the first Monterey Pop Festival that June. The potential was limitless…

MEMPHIS, TENNESSEE, 1997: WAYNE JACKSON'S sporty car turns left off McLemore Avenue into College Road and almost immediately swings left again, across the sidewalk, to park on a deserted concrete square at the back of the derelict corner lot. It's all that remains of the converted Capitol Theater movie house that became the Stax Studios.

"We'll stand where Otis stood," the former Mar-Key and present Memphis Horns trumpeter says, leading the way, in wintry sun, over barren dirt to a small rise of earth. "This is Otis's spot." Here, he says, is where Otis stomped those big ol' feet and sang Respect, Satisfaction, These Arms Of Mine, Pain In My Heart, Mr Pitiful, I've Been Loving You Too Long, (Sittin' On) The Dock Of The Bay and all the other dancers and ballads which defined the Southern soul sound. "He was magical from the beginning," Jackson recalls. "His personality was so magnetic. He exuded happiness, he was a happy man. He was havin' a good time and he was climbin' to the top and he took us with him. Fast ride too…

"I sometimes wonder what it would have been like had [Otis] lived," he adds. "What direction it would have all taken, because he was just starting to kick. He was real smart."

It's hard to find anyone with a harsh word to say about Otis Redding. Some rock critics complain, with a degree of justification, that by his premature death at the age of 26 his style had become a caricature of its earlier, greater self. In a career as brief and meteoric as any white rock star's, Redding toured at an unrelenting pace, recorded in a ferocious vocal style, wrote prolifically and had begun to assume a leadership role to rival James Brown's. At the time of his death he was amending a singing style that demanded too much of his voice, emerging a more mature singer. Even so, his vocal attack would always owe more to Little Richard, his prime model, than to Sam Cooke, his second great influence as a singer and as a music businessman.

Back at the Memphis street corner, the bulldozed lot seems too small to hold so much cultural history. But the city's like that. Sun Studios? Tiny. Beale Street? No more than a couple of no-rise blocks. At least those sites are preserved. Stax? "Very tragic," says David Porter, half of Stax's (Isaac) Hayes-Porter songwriting team. "It makes for not such a good statement about the people who were in charge of the city of Memphis at that time." "They tore it down to the ground," adds Jackson, "and never built anything there."

Jackson continues his guided tour of the bombsite. "On the corner of College and McLemore this was one long building, kinda

like a little plaza. Jack's Number Two was a grocery store on the very corner." Next to it the theatre began. "It had two sets of swinging doors. The ticket booth's in the middle. The right-hand swinging doors went to the popcorn stand, which became Miss Axton's record shop. She [Stax co-founder Estelle Axton] called it The Satellite Records Studio Shop. The left-hand doors went into the studio. You'd go down to the bathrooms [which became] the echo chamber. And then you'd go through the theatre door into the back where the slanted floor went down [to the screen]. And that was where we'd taken the chairs out and put all the microphones up."

An electronic repair shop was next to the Capitol and then Slim Jenkins' Joint, "an old greasy hamburger place". As Stax bought out the surrounding businesses, the electronics store became East Memphis Music Publishing and Jenkins' Joint was turned into more offices. Finally, they bought Jack's Number Two and the whole block was Stax Records.

"The Mad Lads had their shoeshine stand in front of Jack's Number Two," says Jackson. "They were little boys then, singing and doing dance steps out here to try to get us to put them on a record. And that went on until they finally got a record that was a hit. That's the way it was – if you had nerve enough to walk in the studio and say, 'I wanna be a singer', in two more hours you might be the singer. David Porter worked at that grocery store (*he points to a long, one-storey building*) and he'd come over here with a song, every day – 'I got me a song, I got me a song'." Eventually, Porter became a staff songwriter and Axton's record shop became a focal point for wannabes.

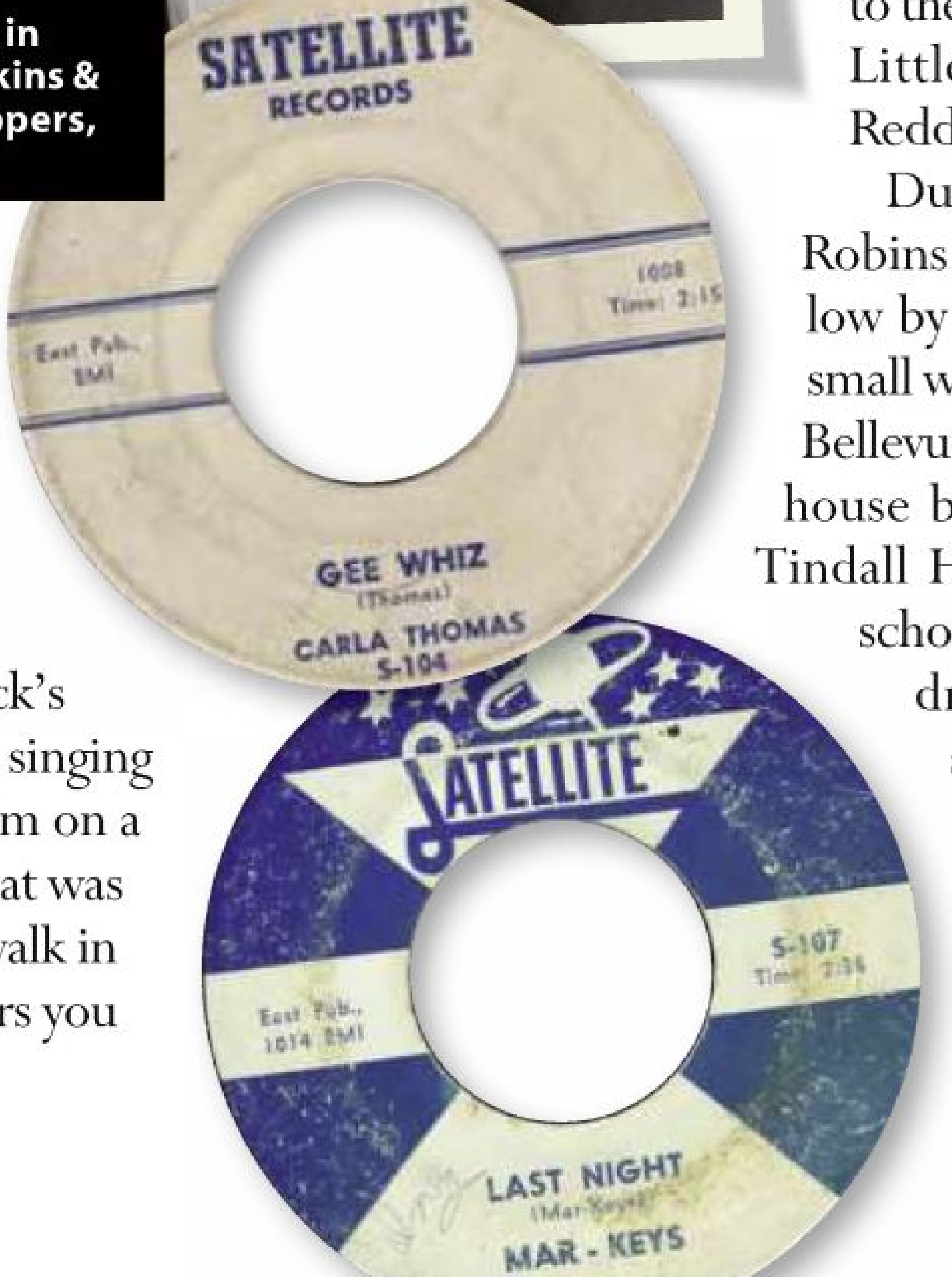
"I had three auditions with Stax," Isaac Hayes told MOJO in 1997. "And we was turned down each time. I mean, everybody wanted to be at Stax, because Stax was happening with Rufus and Carla [Thomas], Rufus doin' The Dog and Booker T. & The M.G.'s with Green Onions. Everybody wanted to be there."

Indeed, by the time Otis Redding parked outside the studios in the rented station wagon in which he was driving Johnny Jenkins And The Pinetoppers, the label had built a strong reputation which alerted Jerry Wexler of Atlantic Records. The New York label paid for Jenkins, who'd just had a Southern hit with Love Twist, to audition at Stax. Joe Galkin, Atlantic's man in the mid-South, and Phil Walden, Jenkins's manager, had agreed that the Pinetoppers' singer, Redding, could use any spare studio time.

Stax's founder, Jim Stewart, was persuaded with the promise of 50 per cent of the publishing on any tracks released from the session. Jenkins's session disintegrated disastrously, and Redding recorded Hey Hey Baby, a perfunctory Little Richard impersonation, and his self-penned ballad These Arms Of Mine. The sole releasable recording from the session, it was placed with Stax's subsidiary, Volt. Stewart assigned his publisher's share to DJ John R [Richbourg], ensuring steady airplay on his popular show booming out of Nashville's WLAC station. The exposure worked, and by March 1963 Otis Redding had a Top 20 R&B hit which crept to 85 on the Billboard pop charts.

Would Stax have succeeded without Otis? "When Otis came on the scene, he brought such energy," replies David Porter. "I can remember when he recorded These Arms Of Mine. When you listened through the walls, because they were cutting everything at once, the rhythm, horns and vocals, you knew a great session was going on. So that was exciting, and it also created great competition for the other writers and singers to go and do better. He was a stimulus for Stax. He had a kind of positive aggression in his singing and the way he approached his music."

Young Otis: in Johnny Jenkins & The Pinetoppers, circa 1962.



DAWSON, GEORGIA. A SMALL town on Route 82, about 100 miles south of Macon, it features little to distinguish it from dozens of others in the south-east of the state. Here, Otis Redding Senior had been a church minister and with his wife Fannie had six children. Otis Redding Junior, born on September 9, 1941, was the eldest of their two sons. When he was three the family moved to the Tindall Heights Housing Project in Macon, Georgia. What Clarksdale, Mississippi came to mean to the Delta blues, Macon, Georgia is to soul. Little Richard, James Brown and Otis Redding all started their careers in Macon.

During the week, Otis Sr worked at the Robins Air Force Base, but when he was laid low by tuberculosis the family moved into a small wooden house in the west Macon area of Bellevue, known to the locals as Hellview. The house burnt down and they moved back to Tindall Heights. Otis Jr dropped out of high school to help feed the family and worked drilling wells. He'd played drums in school and was a regular in the gospel choir and developed his word perfect impersonation of Little Richard.

Like mandatory service in the gospel choir, conspicuous success ➢

⮜ at a talent contest is one of the signposts in the early years of a soul star's career, and Redding conformed to the archetype by dominating the Southern DJ Hamp Swain's Teenage Party, winning for 15 consecutive weeks (on the 16th he was banned from entering). These successes got him known locally. After one show he met 15-year-old Zelma, his wife to be. Sitting outside, listening to the act he managed get another pasting from Redding, was student Phil Walden. Walden's act was young Johnny Jenkins, a flashy R&B guitarist and moderate singer with obvious good looks.

Come 1958, Otis got his first job on the road as singer with Little Richard's band The Upsetters, who were soldiering on without Macon's greatest star. Redding also spent a few months in 1960 in Los Angeles, working at a gas station, and recording for two local labels, Finer Arts and Alshire.

AT THIS TIME, OVER IN TENNESSEE, STAX Records was taking shape. Country music fiddler and bank employee Jim Stewart had gone into partnership with Estelle Axton, a bank teller who mortgaged her house to set up Stewart with an Ampex recorder and spartan premises, later moving to the Capitol. Estelle's sax-playing son, Charles 'Packy' Axton, convinced a guitarist schoolfriend at Messick High that his basic guitars, bass and drums line-up needed horns. The friend was Steve Cropper, the band was The Royal Spades, with bassist Donald 'Duck' Dunn. Eventually, the R&B band's name evolved to The Mar-Keys; their 1961 Number 3 pop hit Last Night surpassed Carla Thomas's Gee Whiz, Stax's debut Top 10 pop hit earlier that year.

On The Mar-Keys' first national tour, the battle for control of the group which had been simmering between Cropper and 'Packy' Axton spilled over and coincided with Stewart's major falling out with Stax's first engineer, Chips Moman. Stewart invited Cropper to become a studio musician. "That's why Steve was always writing with Otis, writing with Wilson Pickett, writing with everybody," says Wayne Jackson. "That was his deal with Jim. Worked out well for him."

otis
redding
pain
in my heart
security • lucille
hey hey baby

"OTIS WAS CHARISMATIC, HE LIT THE ROOM UP."
ISAAC HAYES

New singers, musicians and writers arrived at Stax in a flow as steady as the Mississippi's. Moman brought William Bell to the label and straight off the bat he wrote You Don't Miss Your Water, a perfect collision of the pain of blues and grandeur of gospel that constituted Southern soul. Those initial US Top 10 hits by Carla Thomas and The Mar-Keys in 1961 had been followed in 1962 by Booker T. & The M.G.'s' Green Onions, another Number 3 sparking interest in the studio band from Atlantic's Jerry Wexler.

Otis Redding (third right) with Atlantic mogul Ahmet Ertegun (second left), and label acts Don Covay (far left) and Percy Sledge (far right) 1967.

Getty (2)

So by 1963, when Otis went on the road to promote These Arms Of Mine with a band that included guitarist Eddie Kirkland, a graduate of John Lee Hooker's Detroit band, Macon friend Oscar Mack and, from New Orleans, Bobby Marchan, all of whom Stax later recorded, the label was primed for expansion. Otis's second single flopped but the third, Pain In My Heart, did better. 'Adapted' from Ruler Of My Heart a little too closely for the liking of its composer, Allen Toussaint, Pain In My Heart was originally credited as a Redding composition. A lawsuit from Toussaint quickly stopped the subterfuge.

Redding's performance in September 1963, almost a full year after his first Stax session, is another matter. No copyright problem here as his tone, phrasing and attack are full-out Georgia, not Louisiana. The country has been leached out; the mixture is blues, gospel and soul ballad. The M.G.'s' drummer, the late Al Jackson Jr, admitted that they all worked hard to minimise the country in Redding's voice because the band knew R&B better. On Pain In My Heart, the horns participate from the start, braying a mournful refrain. The modulated swell of horns in the middle-eight formed a framework arrangement that many Stax soul ballads followed.

"We did define that [Southern soul horn] style but we didn't know what we were doing," says trumpeter Wayne Jackson. "We were just playing what we could. Simple stuff. And Otis was a real genius. He had all the songs in his head when he came into the studio. He had most of the horn lines, the whole song – bass line, guitar, everything. We learned a lot from him.

"Otis didn't know any music outside of what he could hum you. He played barre chords on the guitar, tuned to open E, with his index finger, and he'd strum on it and move up and down the neck, but he couldn't even make a C chord. So he would just thump the guitar and sing his words and hum the horn lines and pat out the drum thing. He was really intuitive, he was just born that way."

While working as a keyboard player with Stax's staff reeds player Floyd Newman's band, Isaac Hayes at last got the call. "Jim Stewart offered me a staff position as one of the musicians," he said. "I was thrilled to death. Booker T. was off at Indiana University and they needed a keyboard player. The first session was an Otis Redding album session. I would have been around 21 or 22, and Otis, when I first saw him, he was a tall guy, a statue of a man. He had a natural hair style, those were just beginning to come in. And he dressed well, silk mohair suit and a big grin on his face. Everybody knew him but me, of course, and I was a bit shy.

"I went on down to the piano and was introduced to him as the new keyboard player. He was very charismatic, he just lit up the environment wherever he was. Everybody was looking forward to it. Al Jackson would sometimes tease him about the way he talked and some of his grammar but it didn't bother him at all. Yeah, he was country. Georgia. And he'd say, *(Isaac begins to stamp his feet)* 'Yeah, ah got this idea, 'bout this thing,' seemed like he'd stomp a hole in the floor with his feet when he'd get started. Then he'd get hold of the guitar and start running the groove down, what he wanted, and everybody would kinda catch on to what he was doin'. And eventually we'd have a groove goin', then he'd have the horns come on – Wayne and Andrew and Gene ['Bowlegs' Miller], 'Daddle-daddle-daddle-dah-duh-laa!', running the horn lines down to 'em 'til they started workin' on that and the next thing you know we'd pretty much have the arrangement in hand. ➢

Mr Pitful: on
Ready Steady Go!,
September 16, 1966.

TOM RUSH
THE BAROQUE BEATLES BOOK
BAND

Window shopping in London's Charing Cross Road, 1966.

"I WANT TO FILL THE SILENT VOID LEFT BY SAM COOKE'S DEATH." OTIS REDDING

≺ "Then everybody would go into their cubby holes, 'cos we only had a one-track machine," continued Hayes. "Jim Stewart was called The King Of The One-Track. And Otis wouldn't have all of his lyrics down on a lot of them songs. He was very spontaneous. And he would go back behind the mike, he could ad-lib his ass off. And the tune would kick off and sometimes we didn't have headsets but you could hear him. He would be behind the mike just stompin', like he was marchin', and just making things up as he went along.

"Jim Stewart would play it back, and Otis'd say, 'Well, y'all, we can do it again. We can do better.' And if somebody screwed up everybody had to start all over again. But he attacked it with the same enthusiasm if it was the tenth take or the first. Of course, he hardly ever needed ten takes, but if we did it, he'd be right there, right on top of it."

In just one year as a recording artist, Otis had transformed the soul scene. Amused by the pattern of emotional scrapes into which lyrics would plunge the hapless singer, and the piteous pleading, testifying, get-down-on-mah-knees-and-beg-to-you-darlin' heartbreak that resulted, the DJ A.C. 'Moohah' Williams had started calling Otis 'Mr Pitiful'. That's a song title if ever I heard one, thought Steve Cropper, and he and Otis wrote the song in less than 15 minutes. The spirit of fun in which it was written is plain to hear. Superficially, the subject – a man laid low by repeated exposure to an inconstant woman – is a sobering one but the skittish pace, the jaunty arrangement, Otis's "Can I explain to you?" uttered without rancour, all point to a very joyful kind of piteousness. Released as the flipside of That's How Strong My Love Is, Mr Pitiful outperformed the A-side.

Among other early delights, Home In Your Heart is notable for one of the first 'sightings' of the "gotta gotta gotta" phrase which would become Otis's signature, then a crutch, then a millstone. The highlights of the first album, *Pain In My Heart*, are all to be found in the originals, specifically Your One And Only Man and the incandescent Mr Pitiful.

Alamy, Getty

His second album, *The Great Otis Redding Sings Soul Ballads*, released in 1965, was, as the title cunningly suggests, dominated by the slower songs which sparked his first swathe of R&B hits. But it was his second album of that year that got the Redding train really rolling. Fifty years after its release, *Otis Blue* still regularly features in "Best Ever Album" polls. Released in September, it was the artistic and commercial pinnacle of Southern soul. The balance between uptempo soul blasts, mid-tempo stomps and ballads, and the way in which they're sequenced is perfect. The ghost of Sam Cooke throws a reverential shadow over the album. "I want to fill the silent void left by [Cooke's] death," Redding admitted.

OTIS STARTED RECORDING *OTIS BLUE* IN APRIL 1965, four months after Cooke was shot dead. He covered three Sam Cooke songs (Shake, A Change Is Gonna Come and Wonderful World), three originals including one co-written with Jerry Butler, William Bell's You Don't Miss Your Water, a B.B. King blues, a Solomon Burke soul hit, a Motown cover (The Temptations' My Girl) and, in an moment of inspiration, a version of The Rolling Stones' Satisfaction, a US hit in June that year. This broadening of material made Redding more accessible to the white, album-buying rock market, a new force in the wider marketplace.

Considering its stature in soul music's history, the album's participants make its creation sound much like a happy accident. Wayne Jackson's view of all Redding sessions was that "Otis came in the studio and started making songs, putting songs together out of the top of his head. They came together and whoever packaged them, I guess, put 'em together. Otis never thought, 'I'll do an album called

Otis Blue.' He was just cutting complete songs." Most of it, in fact, was put together in two hectic days of long sessions. Of Stax's fabled marathons, saxophonist Andrew Love, who died in 2012, said: "I was having trouble keeping going, and Wayne gave me something, and after the session I went straight home, got out the ladders and brushes and I painted my home from top to bottom! In 1965-67 we was working just seven days a week non-stop."

Redding's third album started where *Soul Ballads* left off – in the guise of Mr Pitiful. Ole Man Trouble, an Otis original with uncredited lyrics from his Macon buddy Sylvester Huckaby, is a blues with Steve Cropper's choking sob of a guitar break announcing the horns' opening fanfare. When Otis arrived in Memphis for a session he usually had an album's worth of ideas which he and Cropper would work on before presenting them to the house band.

The inspiration for some compositions was less clear – the classic Respect, for example. "I'd be going out on a limb," said Isaac Hayes, when asked what he thought was its provenance, "but I think he lived the tunes he wrote." It was certainly one of Redding's favourite songs – he liked the groove and the lyric and said it took him a day to write, about 20 minutes to arrange and one take to record. His close friend and road manager, Earl 'Speedo' Simms, told Sweet Soul Music author Peter Guralnick that it had been brought along by his group for their session at Stax. Simms's voice did not record well so Otis, who had turned the ballad into an uptempo stomp, recorded it and took the writer's credit too. However, drummer Al Jackson had yet another take on the song's genesis, recalling a conversation with Otis about the vicissitudes of life during which he said: "What are you griping about? You're on the road all the time, all you can look for is a little respect when you come home."

The idea for the Stones cover version came from Cropper and Booker T., Otis told writer Jim Delehant. Later, the story distilled down to Cropper, searching for material during a break in the sessions, coming up with the notion that Otis could make something of Satisfaction. While the singer was out of the studio, Cropper played it to the band and they started to work on it. Otis hadn't heard the Stones song and when he did, he didn't like it: "I use a lot of words different from the Stones' version – that's because I made them up." Which led to the rumours that he'd written the song first. As Al Jackson pointed out: "He wrote his version."

"There were no planning sessions," says Wayne Jackson. "Otis and Steve spent a lot of time talking about stuff. We just went in and did it. All the really great stuff at Stax was done quick, a big group effort. Everybody just jumped in and stood around the piano while Isaac, say, would play the song, Duck would learn the bassline, Al would find out what he was gonna do, and we'd fix the horn lines and it would just build up. It would start with bones that somebody brought and the muscle and sinew and flesh and skin would be put on it while we were standing there, and the monster would rise and live!"

Otis's six R&B chart entries and two Top 40 pop hits in the US in 1965 were mirrored by the impression *Otis Blue* made abroad. But the Stax sound was now being heard on Atlantic hits. Wilson Pickett had only two R&B hit singles for the New York label that year, but the second, Don't Fight It, reached as high as Otis's best effort, Respect; and Pickett had the Stax Studio's only Number 1 of the year with In The Midnight Hour, both co-written by Steve Cropper and Eddie Floyd.

B 1966, REDDING'S STAGE SET HAD become a genuinely dynamic revue thanks to his hard work on the chitlin' circuit in the first half of the decade. Not released until after his death, the recordings of his show at the Whisky A Go-Go on Los Angeles' Sunset Strip in April 1966 are typical of contemporary performances. Otis's stage presence didn't rely on athleticism; he did not have the suppleness of former boxers like Jackie Wilson or James Brown. "No, no," said Hayes. "But when he came out, he commanded the audience's attention and I would not want to be on the show after him. 'Cos there was nothing left – he would destroy an audience."

Unlike *Otis Blue*, his fourth album, *The Soul Album*, sounded as though it was flung together, despite a few standout tracks like Cigarettes And Coffee. At the start of 1967 two tracks on his fifth album, *Dictionary Of Soul*, added to the number of songs based on self-referential humour that showed Redding's warm character: to Mr Pitiful add Fa-Fa-Fa-Fa-Fa (Sad Song) and I'm Sick Y'All.

Fa-Fa-Fa… was written by Redding and Cropper as a play on the singer's penchant for ballads. "I keep singing them sad sad songs," he sings, "sad songs is all I know." David Porter was brought in to lend vocal support: "Few people ever got the chance to sing with Otis on his records but he wanted a second voice to shadow him, which I was happy to do. His rhythm was unbelievable. The song is consumed by a feeling so unique to him."

The "fa-fa" vocal refrain is mimicked by the horn section and in the vamp they moan in a mock tearful bray. "When he was in the studio," Wayne Jackson says, "he'd be stompin' around and when he'd hear a horn part he'd come stompin' over and sing it 'fa-fa-fa–fa' right in your face. And we'd be…" Jackson assumes the bug-eyed, tight-lipped look of a stunned Tex Avery cartoon character. Suitably motivated, the horns would replicate Redding's voiced horn lines pretty much note for note.

By now, Hayes and Porter had been put to work with Sam Moore and Dave Prater, a partnership which would soon dominate gritty Southern soul with a series of blistering Stax-recorded tracks. Sam & Dave also reaped the benefits of Otis's development of the Stax horn style. "Otis sang gospel so I think those horns could have substituted the vocal backing he never had," said Hayes. "As a result it brought the horns to the forefront. And those lines *(he hums Mr Pitiful)* were rhythmic. When he sang 'Fa fa-fa fa-fa fa fa fa fa' the horns went 'da da-da da-da da da da da', that slurring little thing. It was an image, pure image. When it came to music, he was totally uninhibited. He knew he couldn't sometimes pronounce a word grammatically correct or enunciate it properly but he got the feel across, and that's the most important thing. To get emotion, and that's what he did and he did it by way of his performance, by way of the rhythm that drove it, and by way of the horn line. It's like an extension of one's personality, when you create a mood."

The second outstanding piece on *Dictionary*… is his rearrangement of the Tin Pan Alley standard Try A Little Tenderness. This was Otis's attempt to do with a standard what Sam Cooke had done. According to Isaac Hayes it was all down to "[drummer] Al Jackson's genius, 'chick-ticka-chick-ticka', keep that rhythm going throughout. ➢

Redding '67: "He lived the tunes he wrote."

≺ It was a jazz ballad. See, Otis was a Sam Cooke fan. And Sam Cooke did this thing, *At The Copa*. I think Sam did Try A Little Tenderness too." (In fact, *Sam Cooke At The Copa* includes a medley of You Send Me and For Sentimental Reasons into which he interpolates a couple of verses of Tenderness.) "Al Jackson actually made a mistake," recalls Wayne Jackson. "He went to the double-time too soon while we were recording and it felt good so he kept it."

Hayes and Porter were Otis's co-writers on Love Have Mercy, the final track on *Dictionary*.... "He'd hang out with us," said Isaac. "We'd go down the Four Way Grill, a soul food place. We were hustlin', strugglin' songwriters and the damn car David had was barely making it. I didn't even own a car. I thought David was coming to pick me up but when I come down to the car Otis was sitting in the car with a guitar sittin' in his lap. I said, Man, I got this tune, and we pulled over and started to work out this tune right there at the side of the street. I think it was Love Have Mercy. We wrote the song right there in the car."

Otis was also keen to help others in business, as Sam Cooke had done by setting up his SAR label. In 1965, Otis had set up two companies: the Jotis Records production company and the Redwall Music publishing house. Jotis recorded four singles – two by Otis's protégé Arthur Conley. All flopped. After another two failures, Conley switched to Atco and immediately found a smash. Based none too subtly on Sam Cooke's Say Yeah, Sweet Soul Music, written and produced by Otis, was a bigger hit than Redding had managed in his lifetime, reaching Number 2 on the US pop charts in April 1967, and 7 in the UK a month later. Redding also tried to talk James Brown into setting up a musicians' union for black artists, so bad was the deal struggling musicians got from the local MU chapter, and was in the process of forming the 'Soul Clan' with Solomon Burke, Joe Tex, Ben E. King, Wilson Pickett and Don Covay, a project which didn't reach fruition until after his death.

"OTIS WAS NICE, BUT HE FRIGHTENED THE LIFE OUT OF ME." BARRY DICKINS

IN BRITAIN, OTIS COULD DO NO WRONG. ON THE September 1966 tour, when he'd appeared on Ready Steady Go! singing My Girl, Satisfaction, Respect, Pain In My Heart, I Can't Turn You Loose, Shake and Land Of A 1,000 Dances with Eric Burdon and Chris Farlowe, he'd brought his own band. Although not a strict disciplinarian, he demanded a high level of organisation.

"Otis Redding used to fine the band if they were late," recalls Barry Dickins. "They were making very little money, all travelling in a basic bus. He used to wear a very powerful deodorant, the equivalent of Brut in those days. Used to slap it all over him. Horrible. To this day I can remember that. Like I say, I was in awe of the guy. I was always, 'What do you want? I'll get you three of those, sir.' He was always very nice to me, but at the same time he frightened the life out of me."

When he returned in March 1967 for a tour that started off at the Finsbury Park Astoria, expectation was indeed like that of a second coming. "I was at art college and had a Saturday job in a record shop in Croydon a couple of hundred yards away from the Fairfield Halls," magazine art director Peter Green remembers. "I got tickets as soon as we heard about the tour. I had seats in the front row right at the side of the stage. Bloody amazing!"

Following Eddie Floyd and Arthur Conley in the first half, came Sam & Dave after the interval "by which time the whole place was berserk. And then Otis. He started off at a fierce pace, then slowed it for These Arms Of Mine and another number and then a fast and furious finale. He was amazing. When he sang I've Been Loving You Too Long the place was silent. He made James Brown look slow – sweated buckets, they all did."

The musicians remember the tour with great pleasure. "We were a bunch of kids having a great time with new movie cameras, not being able to believe we were going over so big with all the audiences," smiles Wayne Jackson. "The Beatles sent limos to pick us up from the airport and the reception we got was just... *(gapes)*. We went from session musicians making a hundred, two hundred dollars a week to screaming, superstar treatment." One immediate result of the European tours was Otis's elevation to Top Male Singer in the Melody Maker Readers' Poll, the first time Elvis Presley had been dislodged from the Number 1 position for a decade.

Back in the US, Otis held the Redding Bar-B-Q at his 400-acre spread, The Big O Ranch, just outside Macon, Georgia, which he lovingly referred to as his "farm". He raised cattle and hog there and enjoyed hunting on horseback. "His ranch had a round swimming pool, the whole bit," recalled Isaac Hayes. "And a lot of the DJs and some of the artists went down to the party."

On June 30, Otis's version of Billy Hill's much covered Glory Of Love, was released. A month later came Otis and Carla Thomas's duet on Eddie Floyd's Knock On Wood, which became the second Top 30 hit from their duets album *King & Queen*.

Shortly before those releases, Otis played the Monterey Pop Festival, opening the floodgates to American crossover success on a scale that equalled the triumph of the European tour. "I don't even remember who we followed at Monterey," says Wayne Jackson. "It didn't matter. When Otis went on-stage it was all over." Redding tore the place up, a performance which transformed him from Stax's greatest star to a genuine crossover artist.

But Redding's hyper-aggressive vocal style and the strain of constant touring and recording eventually exacted a toll on his larynx when polyps – small tumour-like growths – developed on the mucous membrane of his throat. He had a successful operation to remove them and returned to recuperate on the Big O Ranch.

After six weeks of hoarse whispering, Otis went back into the studio to cut new tracks and revisit songs he'd recorded before but had been dissatisfied with. In a prolific spurt lasting three weeks at the end of November and beginning of December '67, he recorded the tracks which would provide the bulk of three posthumous albums and the caravan of outtakes and alternative versions which have kept repackagers gainfully employed. It's evident from the new recordings that his voice is in better shape than for many years, and that during his enforced holiday he'd been giving serious thought to his future musical direction. There is no greater evidence of this than his biggest hit, (Sittin' On) The Dock Of The Bay.

Written in California in the afterglow of his Monterey success, the ruminative ballad has become his epitaph, a more potent memento than any of the great ballads which established him in the R&B market. Dock Of The Bay signalled a fundamental change in Redding's style. Its more accessible melody did not require him to stretch high or reach low for notes. The ballad's lyrics offered a contemplation on the universal subject of longing – for a better, brighter tomorrow – coupled with an acceptance of fate. In this, there's an eerie echo of his idol Sam Cooke's A Change Is Gonna Come, recorded shortly before his murder, and which also suggests a new, more philosophical, ruminative turn to his music.

Many of those who heard the song were doubtful about it. "I remember (Sittin' On) The Dock Of The Bay," says David Porter. "Otis was in town to record and he asked me to hear this new song he'd written; he came into my office and strummed it to me. I was able to offer some advice, which he took, and that was to make the first verse the last verse and the last verse the first."

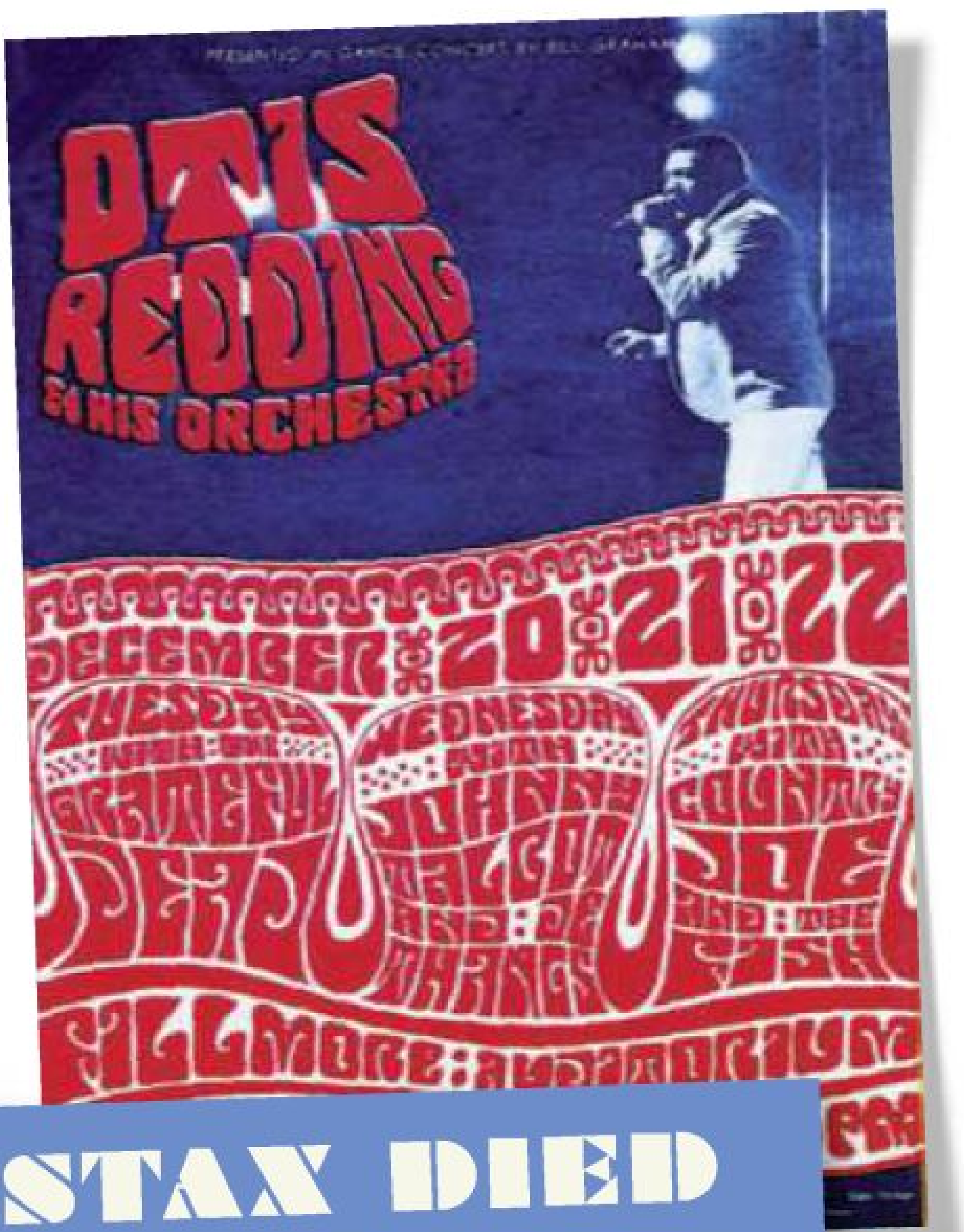
The song wrapped up the three-week recording binge, and Otis and The Bar-Kays got ready to leave on a short tour starting the weekend of December 8-10. Booker T. & The M.G.'s, with David Porter singing, went off to play some college dates. It was back to business as usual. ➢

Getty

Say a little prayer: Otis reaches an emotional climax, on stage, 1966.

"I can recall that last trip he made," said Isaac Hayes. "We was all hanging out in the lobby, not the studio, and his pilot Dick said to me, 'Man, why don't y'all come go with us?' But Sam & Dave were in town for a concert so we said, No, we can't go man 'cos Sam & Dave are here and we got to go see 'em, 'cos they were our artists and we got to be supportive."

At one time, Otis had used a 10-piece band on the road but the line-up was cut to eight – two trumpets, two tenors, organ, guitar, bass and drums – and sometimes less. Trumpeter Ben Cauley had lately joined The Bar-Kays. "I had been in the studio cuttin' with The Memphis Horns first," said Cauley, who died in September 2015. "Then I went out on the road with Otis. He was a groovy cat, like an older brother. He looked after us all." The young Bar-Kays from River Arrows had been in the Memphis area since 1966 and in July 1967 had their first hit, Soul Finger. They were in their teens and being groomed as the MGs' successors. "We were very close together and it showed on-stage, very tight," Cauley said. "[Otis] was very spontaneous but we didn't change too much from how the songs had been recorded, the arrangements. But he got a really good groove, kept us together."

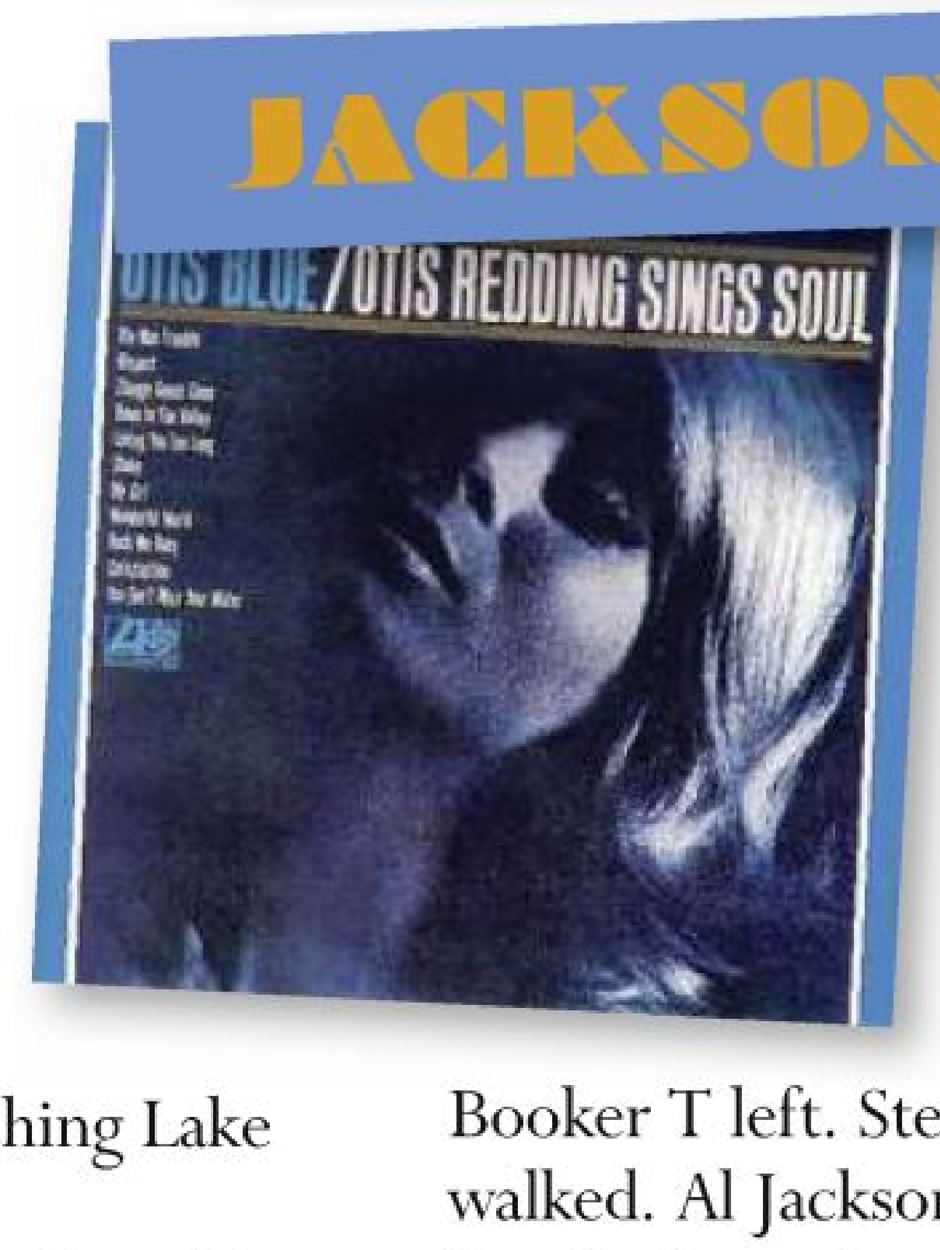

PRESENTED IN DANCE CONCERT BY BILL GRAHAM
OTIS REDDING & HIS ORCHESTRA
DECEMBER 20 21 22
TUESDAY WITH THE GRATEFUL DEAD
WEDNESDAY JOHNNY TALBOT AND DE THANGS
THURSDAY WITH COUNTRY JOE AND THE FISH
FILLMORE AUDITORIUM

After the Nashville show, the entourage flew up to Cleveland, Ohio for an appearance on a local TV show and later in the day played the second concert of the weekend. Redding called home early on the morning of the 10th and promised to ring when they arrived at Madison, Wisconsin for the final show of the short trip.

"STAX DIED WITH OTIS REDDING."
WAYNE JACKSON

AT 3:28 ON THE AFTERNOON OF Sunday, December 10, 1967, Redding's private Beechcraft plunged into the dark, freezing waters of Lake Monona, four miles from Madison Municipal Airport. The plane hit the lake with tremendous force, scattering debris wildly. Ben Cauley was the only survivor: "At first it was really hard to talk about… We had just woke up. The airplane started shakin' and I can remember the sax player was sittin' in front of me and he said, 'What's that?' and then, 'Oh no!'"

The Beechcraft split open on impact. Cauley was flung out, in his seat, and as he couldn't swim held on to a cushion and floated while all around him the stunned group members and Otis, who had been sitting up front with the pilot, drowned. Of the rest of the passengers, Bar-Kays guitarist Jimmy King, keyboard-player Ronnie Caldwell, saxophonist Phalon Jones, drummer Carl Cunningham, and Otis's 17-year-old valet Matthew Kelly all died. (Bassist James Alexander was not on the flight, the small Beechcraft couldn't hold all of The Bar-Kays.) Divers were still searching Lake Monona for bodies two days later.



"We cried," said Isaac Hayes, speaking for everyone at Stax. "It was such a shock. Because he was a person that represented so much life. When we got the news, everybody came to the studio. We just sat around. It was like, What do we do now? And, of course, along with him, the loss of The Bar-Kays too. It just stunned Memphis, so many lives lost at one time."

"I was with Booker T. & The M.G.'s at the time," adds Porter. "We were out of the city working on the college circuit when we heard, and I called home and spoke to my wife and she had heard on the radio that there had been a crash and some people thought it was us. But she said later they announced it was Otis. So I was the one who took it back to Steve and Booker and Duck. I was just numb on the plane back to Memphis. And then a little later, the funeral in Memphis…well, that was a very sad experience."

Otis's funeral was held on December 19, in Macon, Georgia. Six thousand mourners and many stars turned out. "I didn't go to the funeral," said Hayes. "I didn't want to remember them like that. And it was a fiasco anyway, people, fans… Joe Tex had to run for his life, because the fans were charging at the entertainers. It was just a tremendous loss. And nobody thought of it in terms of the monetary losses, the records that we weren't selling. It was this strong life-force, the energy that he gave off that warmed so many people."

Two days after Otis's death, Jim Stewart called the staff of Stax Records into the studio on McLemore and said that they had to try to forget the great tragedy and get on with recording hit records. "It was never the same without Otis," says Porter. "He was such an integral part of everything."

"Dock Of The Bay was a bittersweet success because it was almost prophetic," recalled Isaac Hayes. "He wrote about Dock Of The Bay and he died, crashed, in some kind of bay and lyrics like 'So many people try to tell me what to do, I guess I'll remain the same…'. I don't know what the real deal was but somebody might have been trying to tell him to change his image but he didn't want to, and I think that came out as Dock Of The Bay. Otis had some frustrations and was expressing them in the lyric."

"It took me a while to get it back together," said Ben Cauley with massive understatement. "But eventually the only thing was to put the group back together and press on with our lives and the music." This, The Bar-Kays did to good effect, forging new styles and sounds in keeping with the changing times. Steve Cropper felt that with such a monumental personality as Redding gone, everyone at Stax worked that bit harder to try and replace a little of what the company had lost, trying to help others take up the slack. And the likes of Johnnie Taylor, The Staple Singers and Isaac Hayes kept the flame alive for a while.

"Stax Records died with Otis," says Wayne Jackson. "We didn't realise that we were a fraternity, a little group all dedicated to having fun – and that fun was the music. Otis, Sam & Dave, all the artists up to 1967. Stax kept making records but it got more and more uncomfortable as the fame of it grew and Isaac Hayes became a big star and got into the big money, the pop money. Then the gangsters started hanging around, with guns, and it wasn't fun any more. So me and Andrew left. Booker T left. Steve Cropper left. Duck left. The bones got up and walked. Al Jackson was murdered, it was very mysterious. Stax was the shadow of a race car that used to really run good. People were selling the memory of it for big dollars.

"We still made good records for another year or two. After that, it began to break down. But what you liked about the records that we made, what we liked about the records that we made, died with Otis around about that time. The heart and soul was gone."

"He was our hero and he was not a pretentious person," said Isaac Hayes. "He didn't try to be more than what he was. You know when a person starts to reach fame and fortune they try to become a bit snooty and stuff like that? But he was always down-to-earth. He'd sit down and eat baloney and crackers with us or get some soul food.

"And he always liked to have an idea and sometimes we worked all night. I've slept under the piano many nights, on the floor. Nobody would refuse to work with him. He would be the driving force. Sometimes you'd be like, Phew (*wipes brow in weariness*) and he'd be, 'C'mon guys, let's go! Let's go!'"

PIN-UPS

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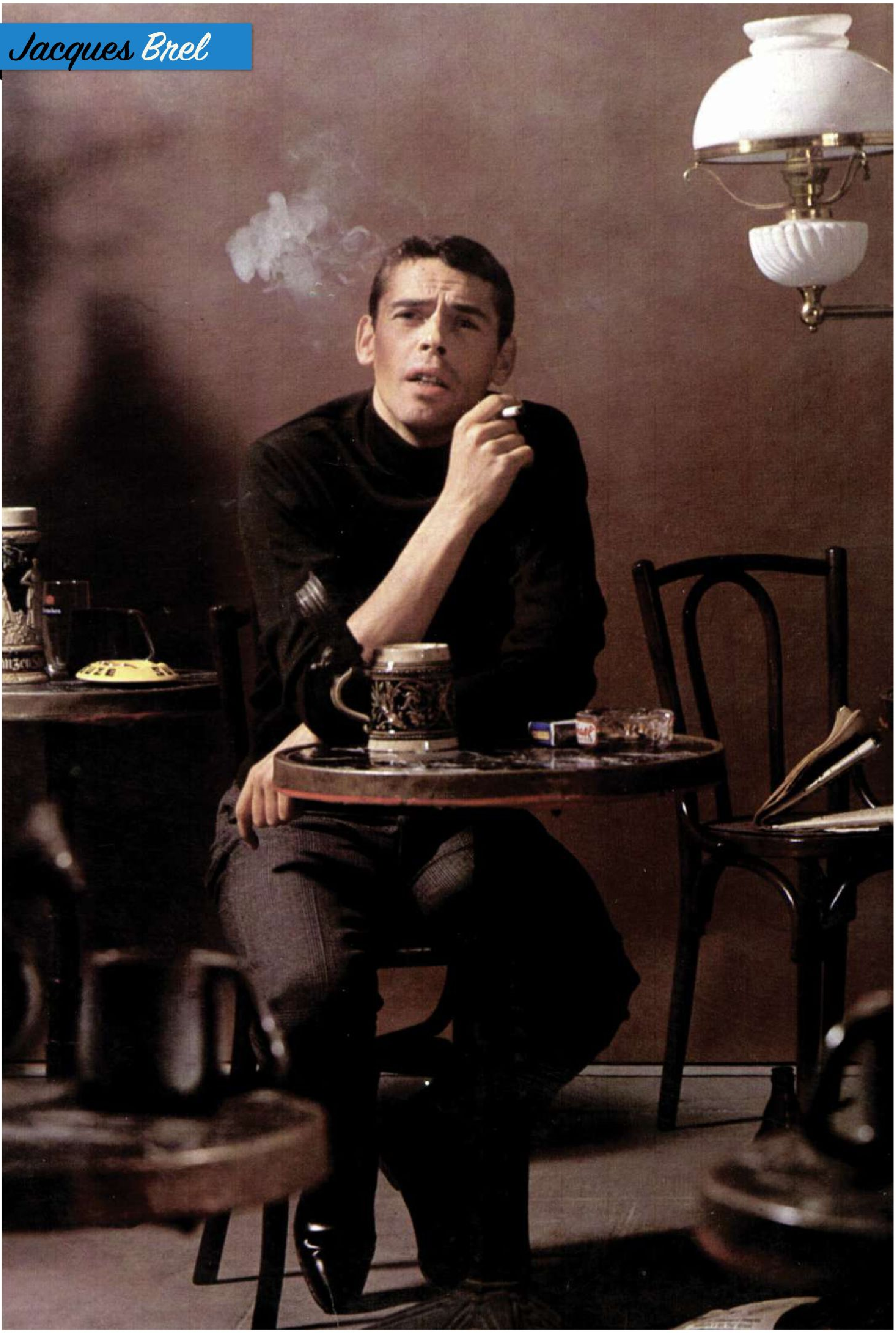

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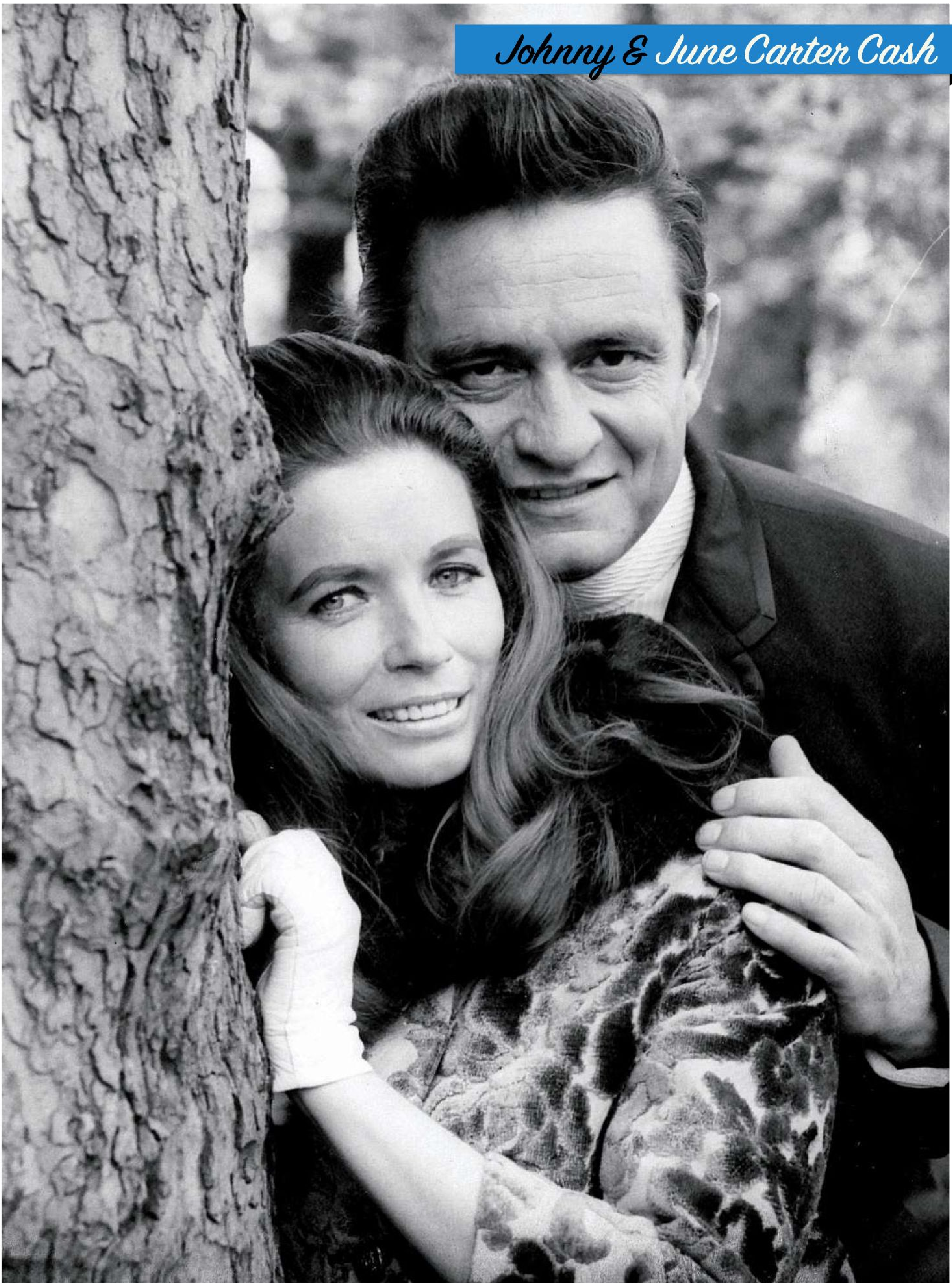
Johnny & June Carter Cash

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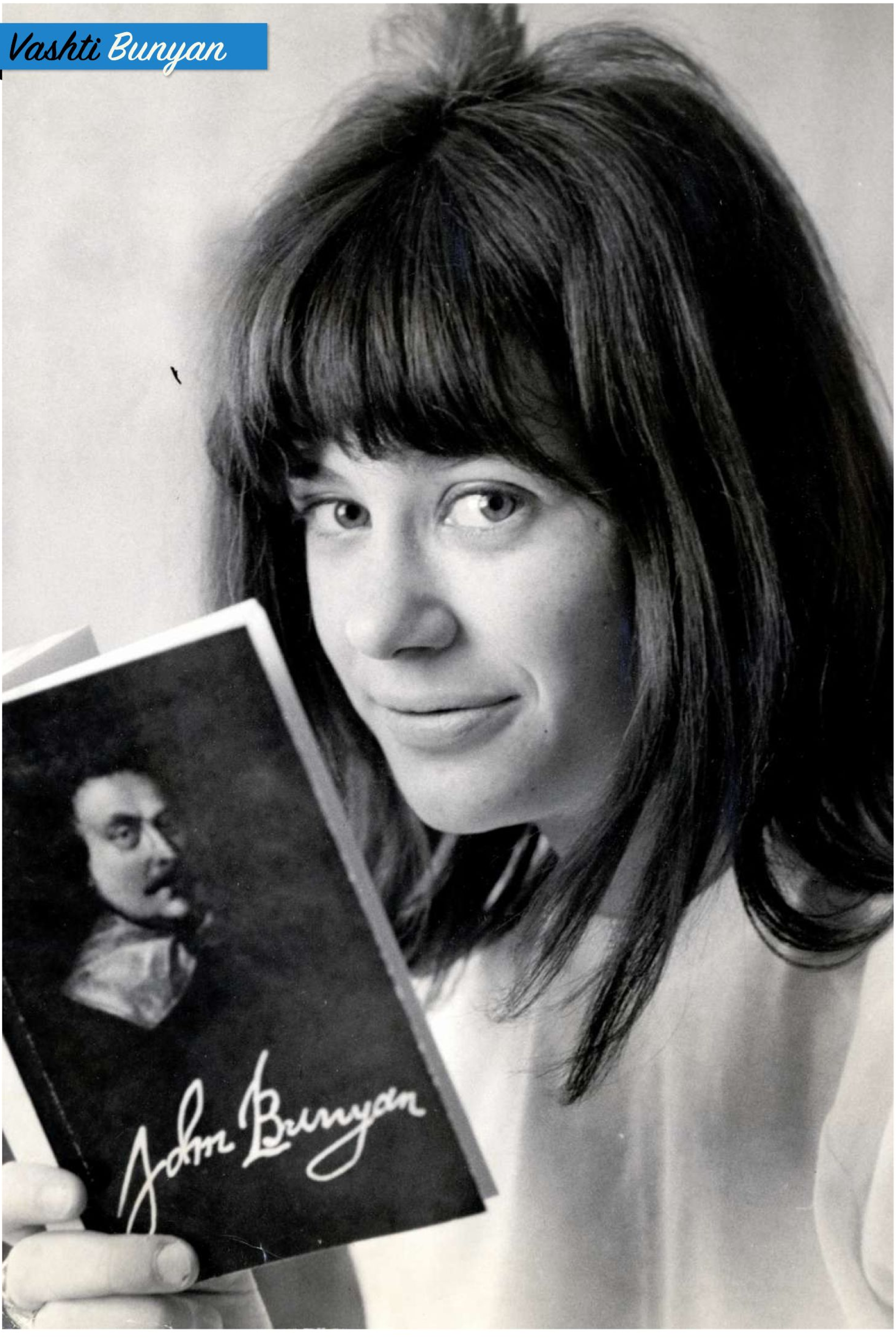
Vashti Bunyan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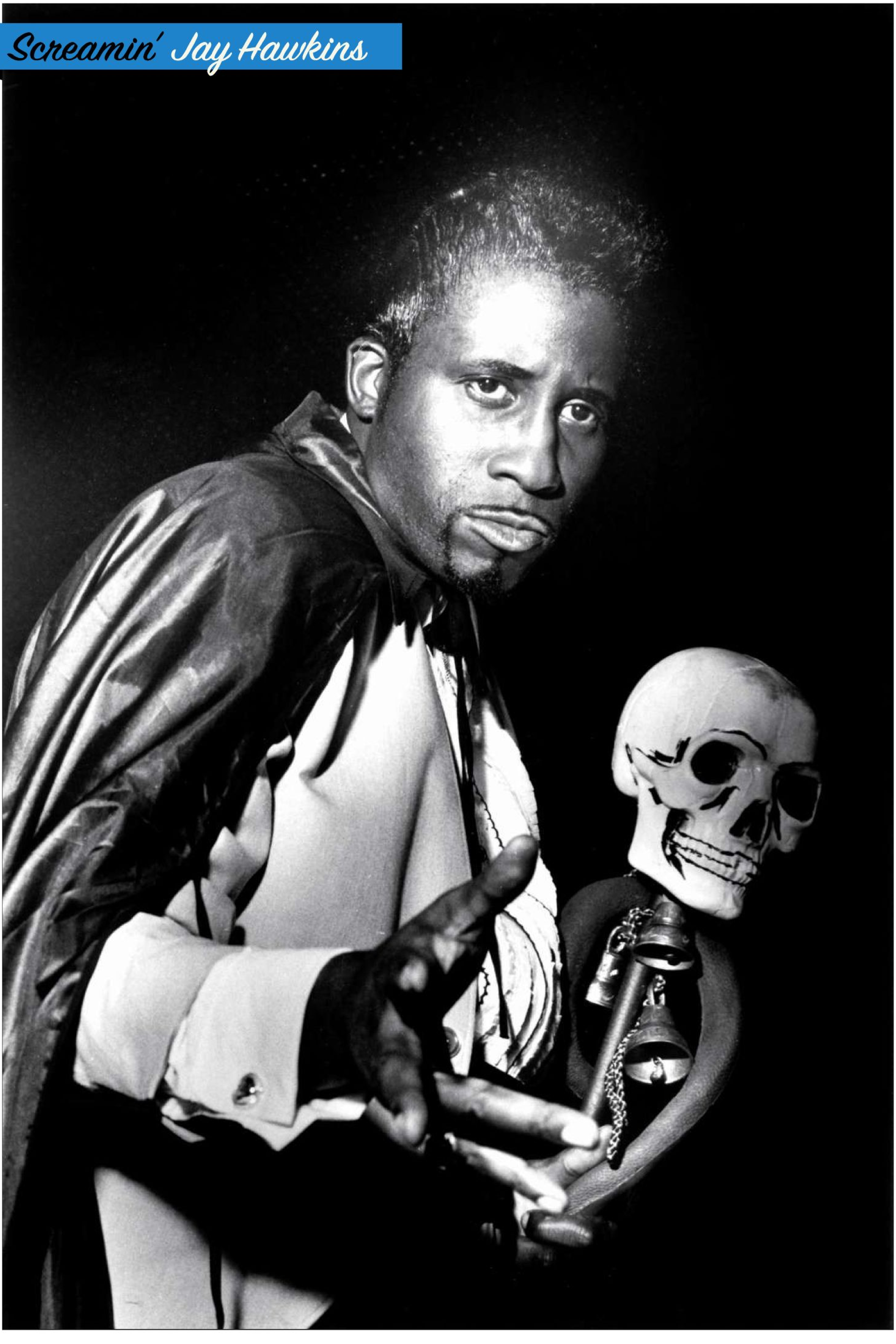
Screamin' Jay Hawkins



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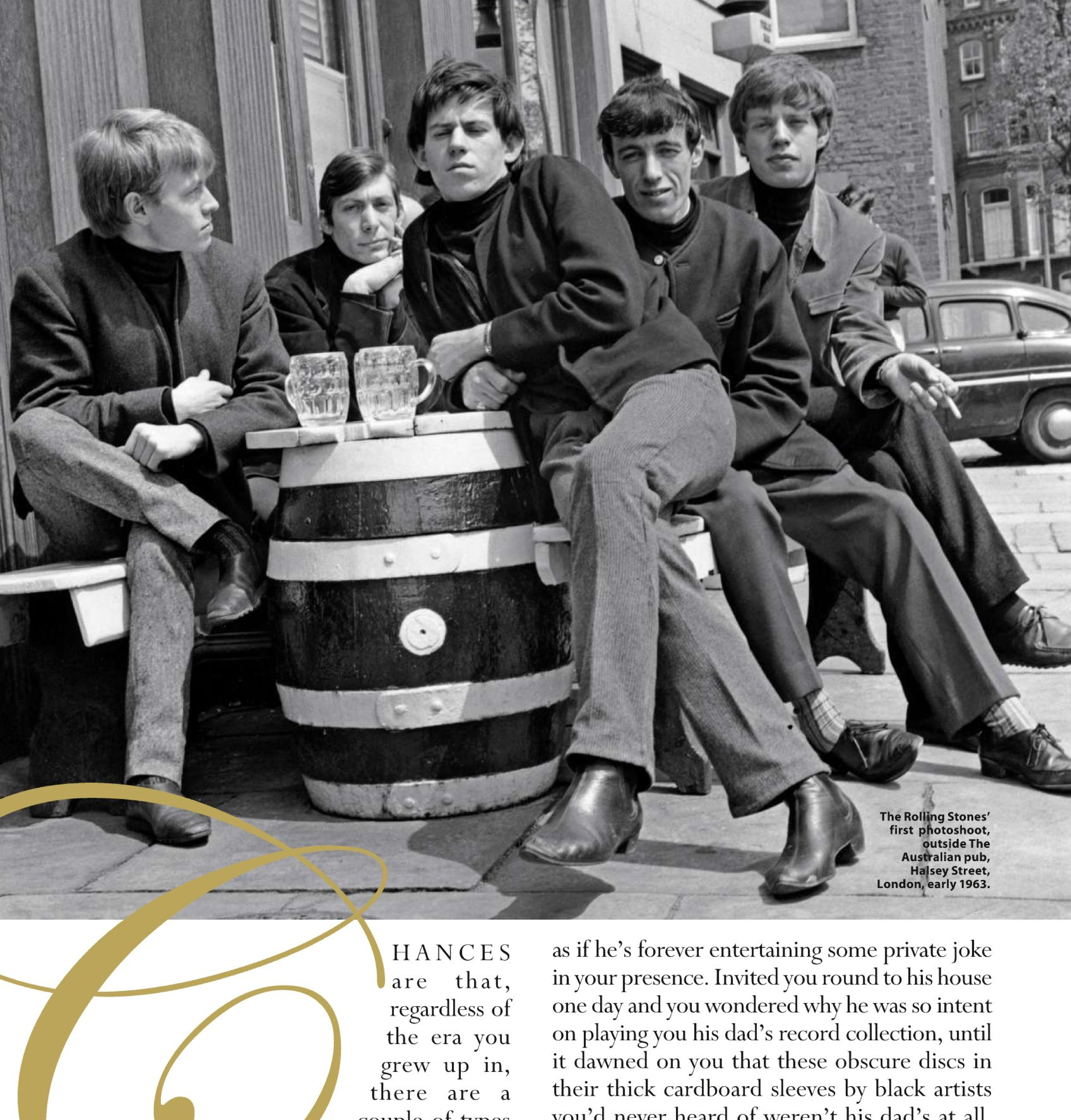
The Beautiful & The Damned

Rolling Stones founder and reject, ruthless controller, blues obsessive, dabbler in the exotic; countercultural networker, paranoid recluse, adored Prince Charming, vicious heartbreaker, '60s legend, real-life murder victim? Forty-six years after his death, the twisted saga of Brian Jones. By Rob Chapman.



The Rolling Stones' first photoshoot, outside The Australian pub, Halsey Street, London, early 1963.

CHANCES are that, regardless of the era you grew up in, there are a couple of types you've known at one time or another. Firstly, there's our resident Lothario – let's call him Vinnie – a little mad, bad and dangerous to know. The local tearaway. Vinnie's name often crops up in the same hushed breath as "back seat of a car", "knickers round her ankles", and "had to go away for a while until the heat died down".

Then there's this other guy. Let's call him Cedric. Quiet. Nervy rather than nerdy. Distant, as if he's forever entertaining some private joke in your presence. Invited you round to his house one day and you wondered why he was so intent on playing you his dad's record collection, until it dawned on you that these obscure discs in their thick cardboard sleeves by black artists you'd never heard of weren't his dad's at all. They were his and he seemed to know every note, every nuance.

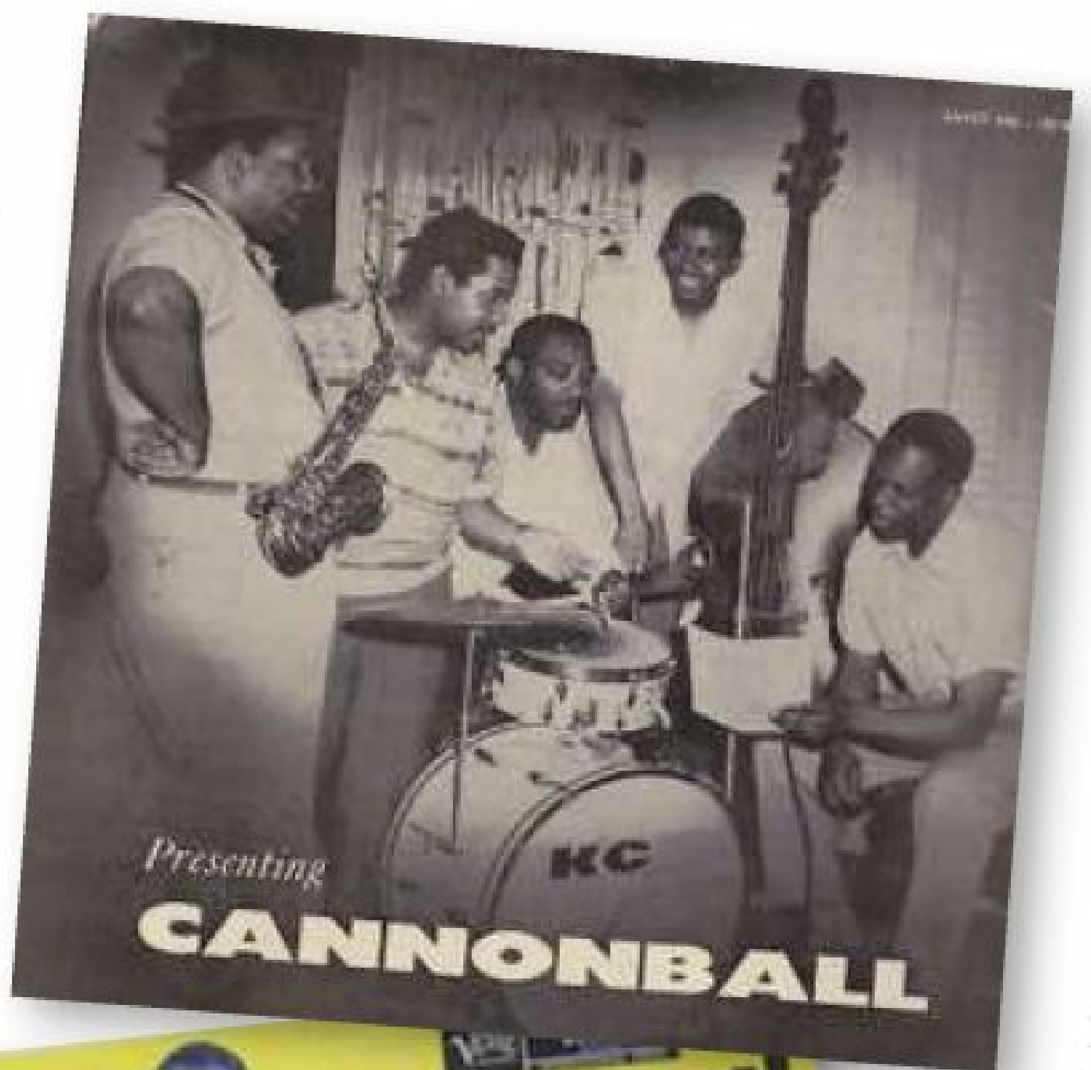
BRIAN JONES WAS BOTH OF THESE CHARACTERS and a few others besides, a complex and bewildering bunch of multiple personalities, a man who panhandled the Cheltenham Delta and then upped and left for London, where he founded the biggest rock'n'roll group of all time. A short guy with broad shoulders and a little-Welsh-bull chest that tapered down to a skinny waist, a bum like two boiled eggs in a handkerchief, drainpipe legs, and matching Achilles heels. How many contradictions can one frame take?

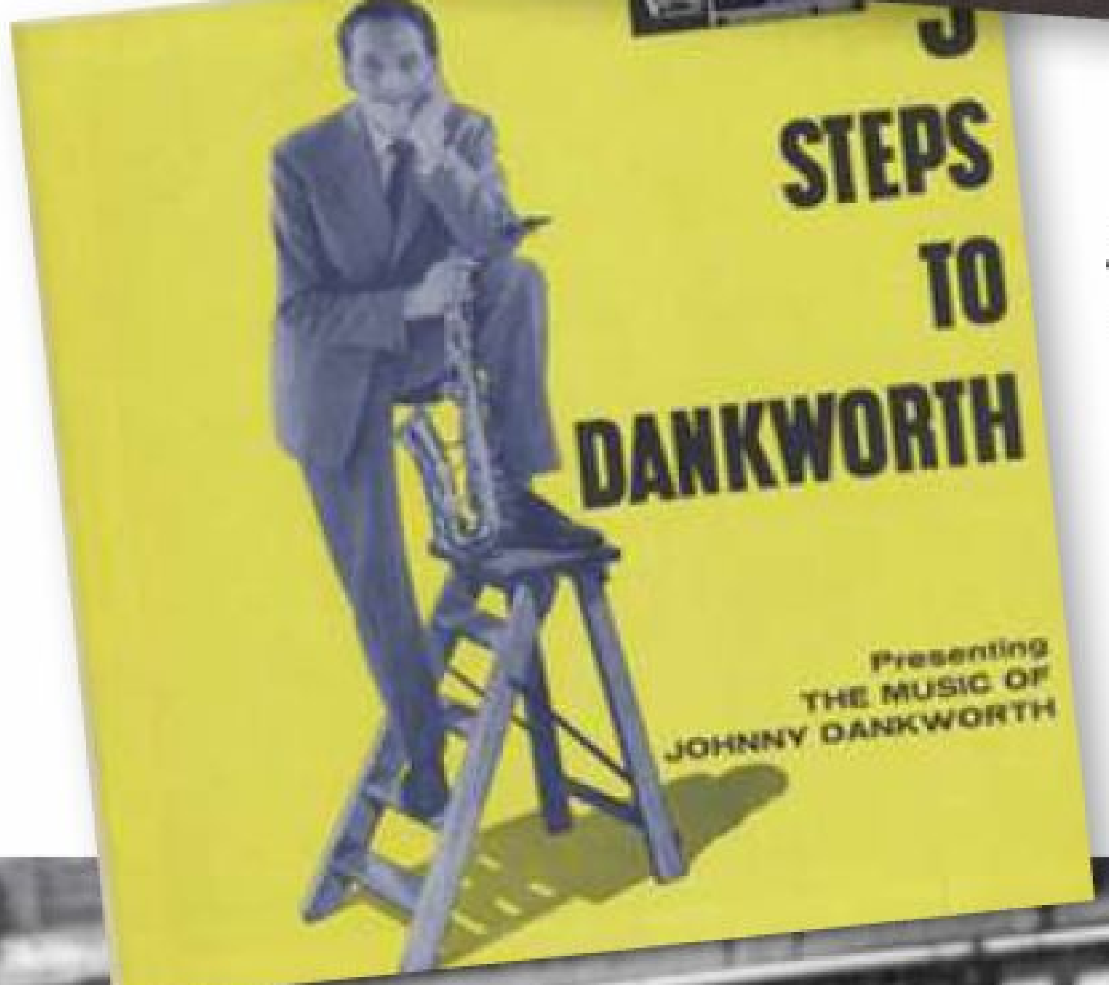
As a child he indulged in that most harmless of activities, bus-spotting. He also had a proclivity for staging car crashes with his Dinky toys and igniting them with lighter fuel. He carried those

Previous page: Rex Features; These pages: Getty

contradictions through into adult life. A softly spoken, drinking, smoking, womanising Narcissus with a psychosomatic condition (asthma). A strutting, intense egotist with a gentle, shy smile that played across his face whenever the TV camera lingered long enough. A musical purist blessed, or cursed, with pop-star looks.

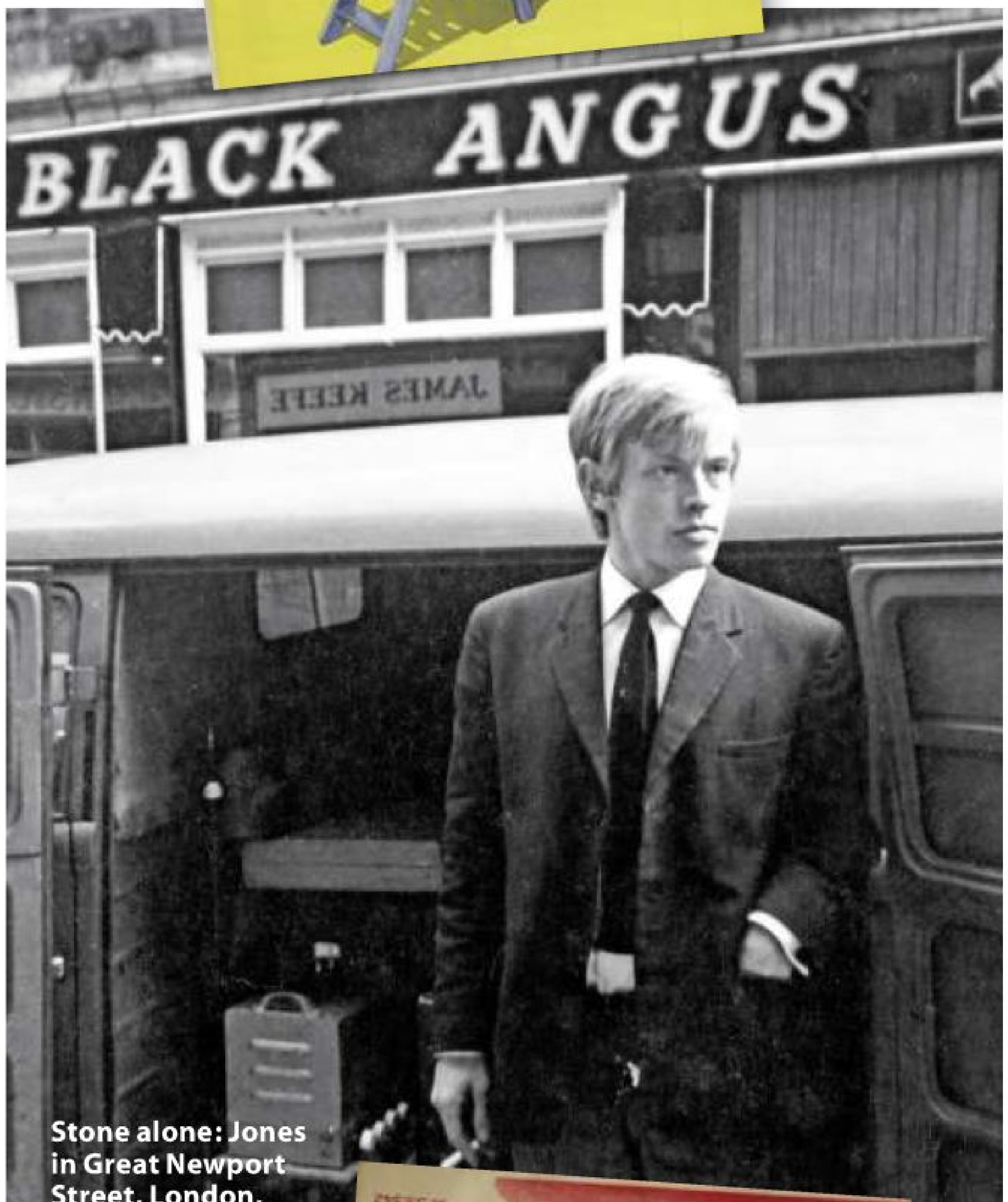
Eulogised by many. "Brian Jones, with his puffed-up Pisces, all-knowing, suffering fish eyes. Brian always ahead of style. Perfect Brian," as Lou Reed put it in Fallen Knights And Fallen Ladies, his elegiac 1972 essay on rock deaths. Demonised by just as many. "He was always nice to me," says Charlie Watts, "but he was not very liked, Brian. Stew [Ian Stewart, offstage Stones pianist] just couldn't stand him. Bill [Wyman] never got on with Brian. Not Bill's fault. Brian's fault entirely." And misunderstood and misrepresented, it seems, as often as he was maligned.





The whole 'Is it a boy or a girl?' thing starts with Brian Jones. He was the first heterosexual pop star to wear costume jewellery, offstage and on. At the first of several drug-bust trials in 1967 he wore a navy blue suit with bell-bottom trousers and flared jacket, large floppy blue-and-white spotted tie and Cuban-heeled shoes. As you do.

"He was the definitive, quintessential pop star," says ex-NME journalist and Stones acolyte Nick Kent. "He looked as good as any of the women in the '60s like Françoise Hardy or Nico. And he did it himself. He didn't get a bunch of designers. It wasn't 'Brian Jones dressed by…' It was self-presentation. That was his art."



Stone alone: Jones in Great Newport Street, London, April 1963.

And it all went so terribly wrong. In 1962 he had a head full of the blues and a heart full of hope. By 1967 he had a wardrobe full of Chelsea velvet and Marrakesh silk. But by summer 1969 the blues was merely a distant, fading bottleneck note, the dandy clothes were crumpled in unwashed heaps, and Brian Jones floated face down in a swimming pool.

THELONIOUS MONK
THELONIOUS MONK
M.33.542

KENNY BALL AND HIS JAZZMEN
MIDNIGHT IN MOSCOW
b/w
MY MOTHER'S EYES
7NJ 2049

Brian was a bright kid. Nine O-levels. Two A-levels. Obvious university material. But, with a perverse intransigence that would become a hallmark of his short life, he took a series of menial jobs instead – everything from coalman to clerk – which exasperated his parents beyond endurance. It annoyed them even more when he was sacked from most of these dead-end occupations for petty pilfering. But the thieving didn't upset them half as much as when Brian kissed the girls and made them cry. And got one of them pregnant; she was 14. And then another; she was married. Then they packed him off to Europe, until the heat died down.

"When I was 15 a bunch of us used to sneak into Sunday afternoon pictures at the Cheltenham Regal, when it was supposed to be adults only," says Pat Andrews, Brian's girlfriend from 1961 to 1963 and mother of his third child, Mark (whose other name, Julian, comes from one of Brian's heroes, saxophonist Julian 'Cannonball' Adderley). "One of the guys in our group said he had a friend who'd come back from Germany and Scandinavia. He said he'd lost track with his friends and had no girlfriend and seemed a bit low."

Pat agreed to meet Brian on a blind date in the Aztec coffee bar. "I'd arranged to meet him in this alcove," she recalls. "I didn't want my friends seeing him in case he was frumpy and looked like Abbott & Costello. He had beautiful golden shiny hair. When we talked he was so different from all of the other Cheltenham boys. You could have a conversation with him."

In the re-telling of the Brian Jones story his birthplace is constantly caricatured as a Regency rest home for retired majors and assorted nobility. Charlie Watts still subscribes to this view: "He was a pretentious little sod. He was from Cheltenham. Does that sum it up? An English boy from Cheltenham." "He started off by being a clarinet player in a trad band," affirms Mick Jagger. "In a provincial town. Very provincial."

That's not how Pat Andrews remembers it. "There were plenty of dancehalls. Five cinemas, including the Gaumont where the Stones played. During the war there'd been two airforce bases nearby. There was always a big jazz following in Cheltenham. In the '40s it was all bebop: Thelonious Monk would come and play. At the town hall it was Kenny Ball and Johnny Dankworth. Then they opened up a place called the Barbecue, and it was always full of beatniks from the art college."

Brian was already proficient on saxophone, clarinet, guitar and piano when Pat met him. He had played trad jazz in local bars in the Cheltone Six, and had now progressed to an R&B combo called The Ramrods. "He was very modest at that time," says Pat. "He said he played a couple of musical instruments, tinkered around – he made it sound more like a hobby – but he didn't push it. He didn't start playing properly 'til he met Alexis."

WHEN ALEXIS KORNER'S Blues Incorporated came to town, Jones immediately bonded with its talismanic leader. Seeking out the right people was a hallmark of his intuitive enthusiasm right from the start. "We all went back to the coffee bar after the gig and Brian plonked himself down in front of Alexis," recalls Pat Andrews. "Brian started telling him how much he loved the blues. He went home, got his guitar and went back and played for Alexis. Alexis was so taken by him that he gave him his address in London and said 'Come up and stay.'" ➢

“Brian just wanted to be in a blues band.” Jones and Jagger, 1964.

Alamy

≺Paul Jones, a fellow blues obsessive, was at that time playing parties around Oxford with Thunder Odin’s Big Secret. “I met Brian at an Alexis Korner gig in the Ealing Jazz Club in 1962,” he recalls. “We jammed together at a few parties in Oxford. I asked Brian if he would play guitar in my band but he said, ‘I don’t want to be in a band unless I’m the leader.’ Brian wasn’t so good at that stage, so I got another guitarist. A few months later Brian said he was moving to London and forming a band and would I like to be in it? I told him, I don’t think we will ever be able to make enough money playing this kind of music to make a living from it! Brian was more enthusiastic about the immediate future than I was – and a bit more perceptive, too.”

Brian moved to London permanently in early 1962. Pat, with six-month-old son Mark in tow, followed soon afterwards. Dingy flats and dead-end jobs came and went as Brian pursued his mission. Alexis Korner was busy building a Trojan horse for R&B within the trad jazz enclave; just about anybody who would ever be anybody would sit in with his band, Blues Incorporated, including Mick Jagger, Keith Richards and Charlie Watts.

“Alexis introduced me to Brian and we went off back to his flat,” recalls Watts. “Bloody ’orrible thing, with one of the girls he was living with and was pregnant by him. He used to have short hair like Gerry Mulligan, blond, pushed forward, and he used to wear thick-fur crew-necked sweaters. He played bottleneck guitar and loved soprano saxophone. He used to play harp quite well too, which not many people did then.”

Brian, with Alexis Korner’s blessing, eventually convinced Charlie Watts to join his fledgling outfit, The Rollin’ Stones (as they were first billed). It was Brian who placed a Musicians Wanted ad in Jazz News. It was Brian who auditioned future members, named the band after a Muddy Waters song, and assertively defended his callow crew when the purists gathered round to sneer. Not that Brian wasn’t a fundamentalist himself. His R&B was Muddy Waters, Sonny Boy Williamson, Howlin’ Wolf, Elmore James, John Lee Hooker. He had to be convinced, by Keith Richards, that Chuck Berry wasn’t just pop. In fact, potential Stones guitarist Geoff Bradford walked out over this very issue.

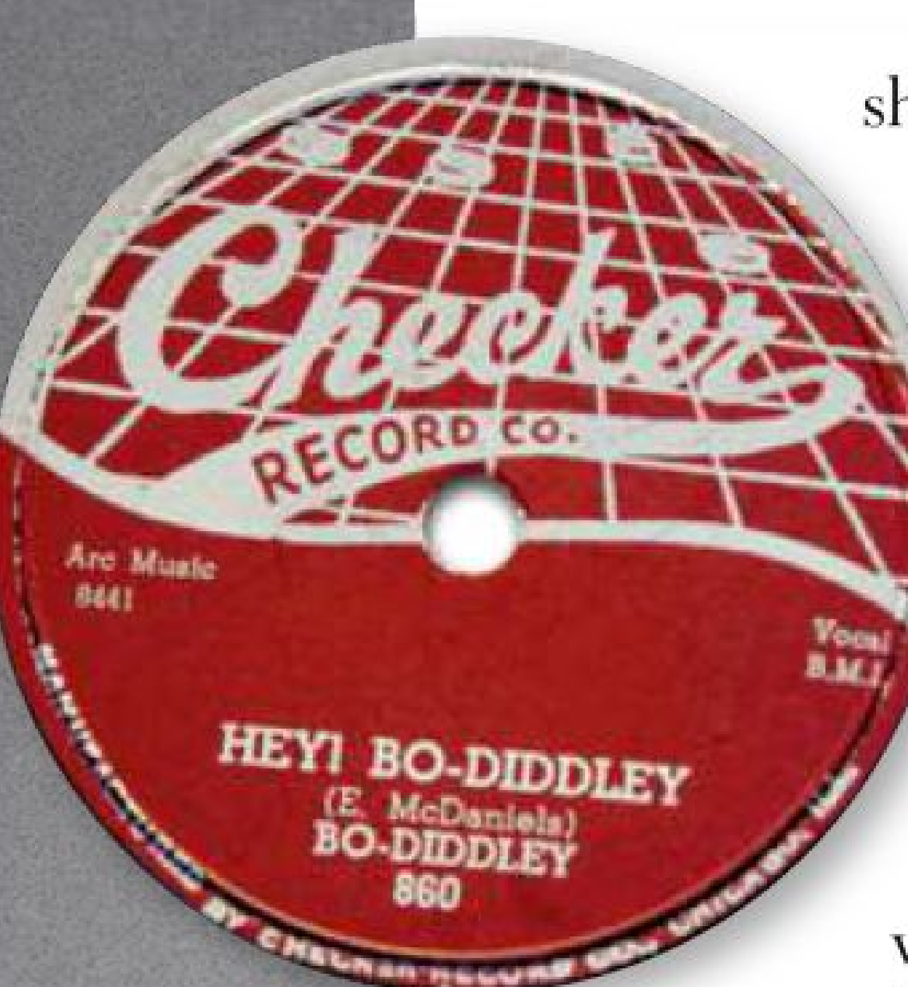
“I first saw Brian at the Ealing club playing with Paul Jones as interval guest with Alexis Korner,” says early Stones member and Pretty Things founder Dick Taylor. “I was with Mick and Keith and we were most impressed. It didn’t take long to get talking with him and it wasn’t long before he heard Jagger sing and poached him for his band. Mick took Keith along which prompted [guitarists] Geoff Bradford and Brian Knight to walk and myself to get drafted in.”

WHEN THE STONES TOURED WITH BO DIDDLEY the following year, such was Brian’s reverence that the band dropped their Bo Diddley covers. Like The Beatles, the Stones occasionally had to pretend they played trad just to get a gig. Indeed, at their first big showcase, the Third National Jazz And Blues Festival in Reading in August 1963, they played bottom of the bill to the likes of Acker Bilk. But within a year

the Stones' brand of raw R&B had blown trad out of the water, and much else besides.

"A schoolfriend's father was the promoter of gigs at the Sophia Gardens in Cardiff," remembers Nick Kent of his Damascene conversion as a 12-year-old in February 1964. "He got me backstage to meet [the Stones]. Johnny Leyton was topping the bill. Jet Harris was on there. Their day was done. It was the changing of the guard culturally; the Stones just took that place. We had front-row seats and girls in the third row were threatening us with their stilettos. Backstage Brian was clearly the leader. The others were sulking around but Brian was smiling and talking to all the girls."

The Rolling Stones' self-appointed leader had the musical acumen to back up his promotional skills. He 'worked out' blues harp, 'worked out' slide, 'worked out' the Bo Diddley beat, and later the dulcimer and sitar like they were mere maths equations. Pat Andrews witnessed this early musical maturity first hand: "They were rehearsing in the Bricklayers Arms. They were doing this song and Mick was playing the harmonica. Brian was never the kind of person who would turn round and say, 'You're rubbish.' He just pulled his harmonica out of his pocket and said, 'Mick, I think you should play it this way.' I'll never forget the look on Mick's face. It was like, 'Oh, shit. What else can this guy do?'"



Working out instruments like they were logic puzzles was one thing. But Charlie Watts, versed in the ways of jazz, doesn't necessarily think this made him a great musician. "Brian was one of these people – Ronnie [Wood] is the same – if you left him in a room with an accordion, he'd play you a song in about two hours flat. He has a natural ability with an instrument. But they get fed up with it half-way through."

"Brian did have the ability to pick up things," agrees Jagger. "He was a clarinet player, then he played the guitar, and then he liked to dabble on the piano, then George Harrison played the sitar, so he had to try and learn, and so on."

So was this multi-instrumentalism worthy of the plaudits? "No, not really," says Charlie Watts. "He's eulogised but he's not John Coltrane. He was not what people thought he was, and he was not a wonderful player." Watts view is that he is remembered more for being "the first one on a lot of things. And that is special, you know." But even this comes with qualifiers: "He wasn't the first one on slide. But he was the first one that people saw on TV." Watts also claims that, despite the way that Brian's slide toughened up their version of I Wanna Be Your Man ("We played it like an Elmore James song instead of like the bloody Beatles"), Jones's ex-associate Geoff Bradford was actually a better slide player.

"Geoff was marvellous," agrees Paul Jones, "but he would not have been right for the Stones. Brian's playing on I Wanna Be Your Man may have been rudimentary. But the thing for me, and always will be with the Stones, was Rooster Blues [Little Red Rooster]. Of all the wonderful things that they did, to get a slow blues to Number 1 on the UK chart was the most astonishing achievement of all."

Jagger is equally unequivocal in his assessment: "He picked up this Elmore James guitar thing which really knocked me out when I first heard him play it, because I'd never heard anyone play it live before. And it was really good. And that translated all the way up to I Wanna Be Your Man – on this really not very good pop song... I mean, you can play that stuff and it can sound like crap. It's all to do with getting the right tone out of the guitar and the amp, which in those days was difficult – you didn't have all these boxes to make it up for you. He was good at that, he definitely was."

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THE ROLLING STONES

"Mick and Keith absolutely idolised Brian at the beginning," says Pat Andrews. "They'd never met anybody like him, but I also think from a teenage point of view there was animosity because they thought they were streetwise. I think it was to do with Mick and Keith being from Dartford, trying to be London lads, and then there's this hick from Cheltenham, charming, good-looking, talented – I think it put their noses out of joint."

In December 1962 Bill Wyman enlisted in what he referred to in his autobiography Stone Alone as "this itinerant unit of starving, sullen, lapsed scholars and amateur music makers", and the classic Stones line-up was complete. By this time Brian, Mick, and Keith were sharing a flat together in Edith Grove, Chelsea, and concentrating full time on their music. Charlie Watts was a regular visitor: "We used to get up at about three in the afternoon, just ➢

"Mick and Keith idolised Brian at the beginning."

Ex-girlfriend Pat Andrews

Je Suis Un Rock Star: the band with "leader" Brian in Paris, April 1965.

"He had mood swings, But that was due to his insecurity." Pat Andrews

With “spin doctor par excellence” Andrew Loog Oldham, 1965.

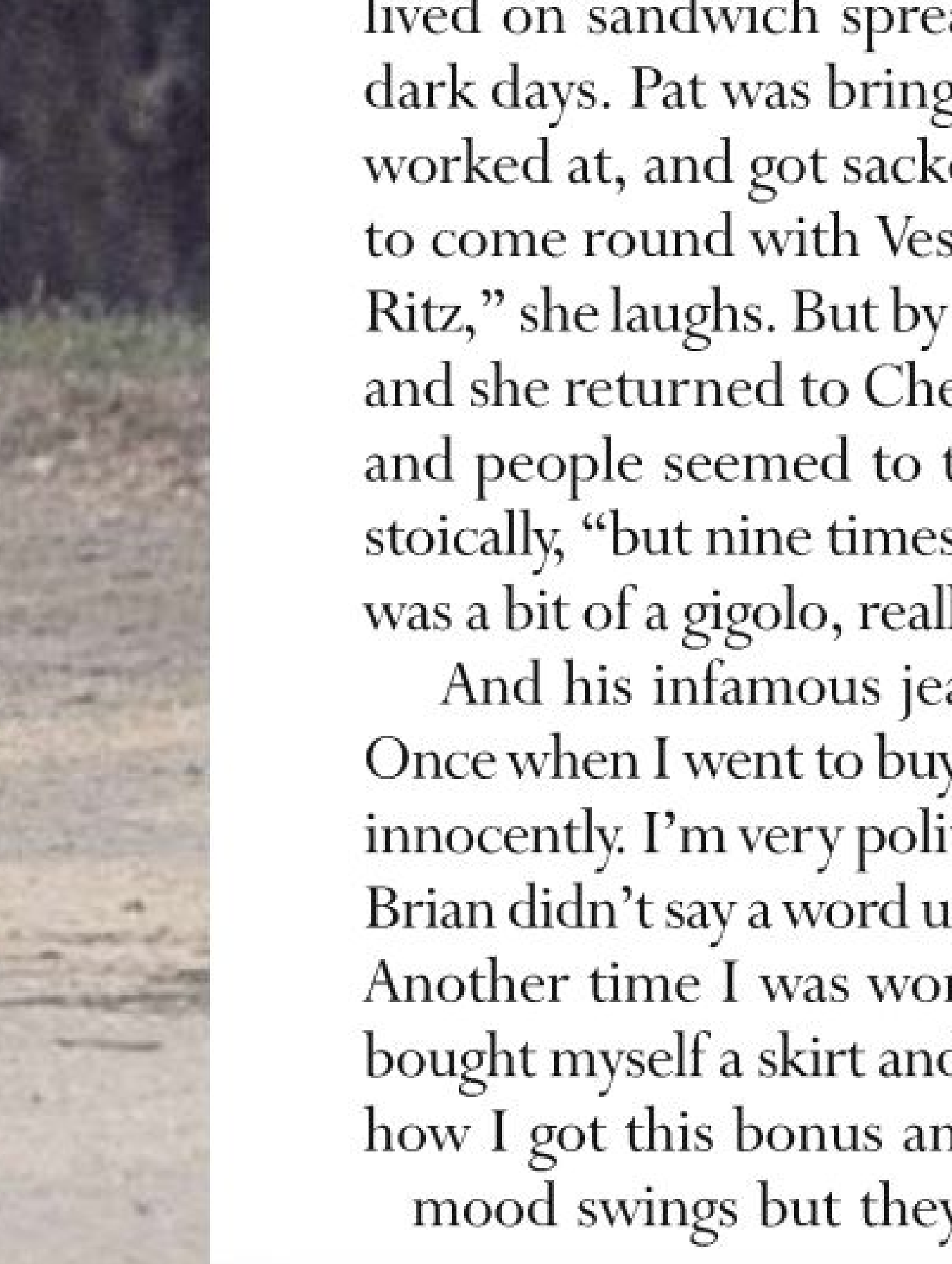
◄ play records all day. And Brian used to be really funny in those days. Obsessed with R&B and promoting The Rolling Stones.” Brian dipped his hand into cash registers and stole food to pay for band rehearsals and equipment during this crucial period. He would later elicit resentment when the other Stones discovered that he was paying himself an extra £5 as ‘leader of the band’.

KATHY ETCHINGHAM, LATER JIMI HENDRIX’S girlfriend met Brian in 1963 in Peter Cook’s Establishment Club and hung out with him at all the regular London watering holes: The Cromwellian, The Bag O’ Nails, The Speakeasy. “A group of us used to go down to The Scene Club off Windmill Street and watch The Who when they were still The High Numbers – Brian, me, Angie Burdon, Georgie Fame…. We used to drop purple hearts and dance around like nobody’s business. Brian never danced, of course. Too cool.”

“Most of the time Brian was pretty cool,” Pat Andrews agrees. “But he was a liar and an opportunist as well.” She and Brian had lived on sandwich spread and steak-and-kidney pies through the dark days. Pat was bringing up their baby in damp flats while Brian worked at, and got sacked from, a series of grotty jobs. “Mick used to come round with Vesta packet meals. That was like eating at the Ritz,” she laughs. But by early ’63 their relationship had deteriorated and she returned to Cheltenham. “He got involved with a lot of girls and people seemed to think I didn’t know about them,” she says stoically, “but nine times out of 10 he would tell me about them. He was a bit of a gigolo, really.”

And his infamous jealousy? “I only really witnessed that twice. Once when I went to buy a drink and this guy spoke to me completely innocently. I’m very polite and if someone speaks to me I speak back. Brian didn’t say a word until we got outside and then he went berserk. Another time I was working at the laundry and I got a bonus and bought myself a skirt and a top. He went berserk again and asked me how I got this bonus and what did I do to earn it? I know he had mood swings but they were more to do with his insecurity than anything else. Where he was coming from. Demonstrative love was not the norm in his family.”

“He carries a lot of luggage, we used to say,” says Bill Wyman in Stone Alone, referring both to the bags that always appeared under Brian’s eyes at the merest hint of excess, and more metaphorically, to the emotional and psychological burdens that seemingly forever weighed him down. “He was always terribly paranoid,” agrees Kathy Etchingham. “Not as badly as later on but it was always a ➤



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I WANNA BE YOUR MAN
(Lennon, McCartney)

Rex Features

≺ trait." Charlie Watts also subscribes to the view that Jones's problems were deep-rooted, and that fame merely accelerated their growth: "He got worse. He drank more. He took loads of drugs, when nobody knew in those days what they'd do to you. He was young. He got very big-headed."

At one point Jones borrowed some gold cufflinks from photographer Dezo Hoffman and gave them to Bo Diddley. He also borrowed a bunch of rare blues singles from Long John Baldry. Baldry never saw them again; Brian had given them to photographer Nicky Wright. "He thrust this bag into my hand," he recalled. "Inside were these wonderful records – Howlin' Wolf, Lightnin' Hopkins, John Lee Hooker. Twenty years later I realised they belonged to Baldry when I read a magazine interview where he mentioned he'd lent a stash of Chess records to Brian, and never got them back! By then someone had stolen them from me.

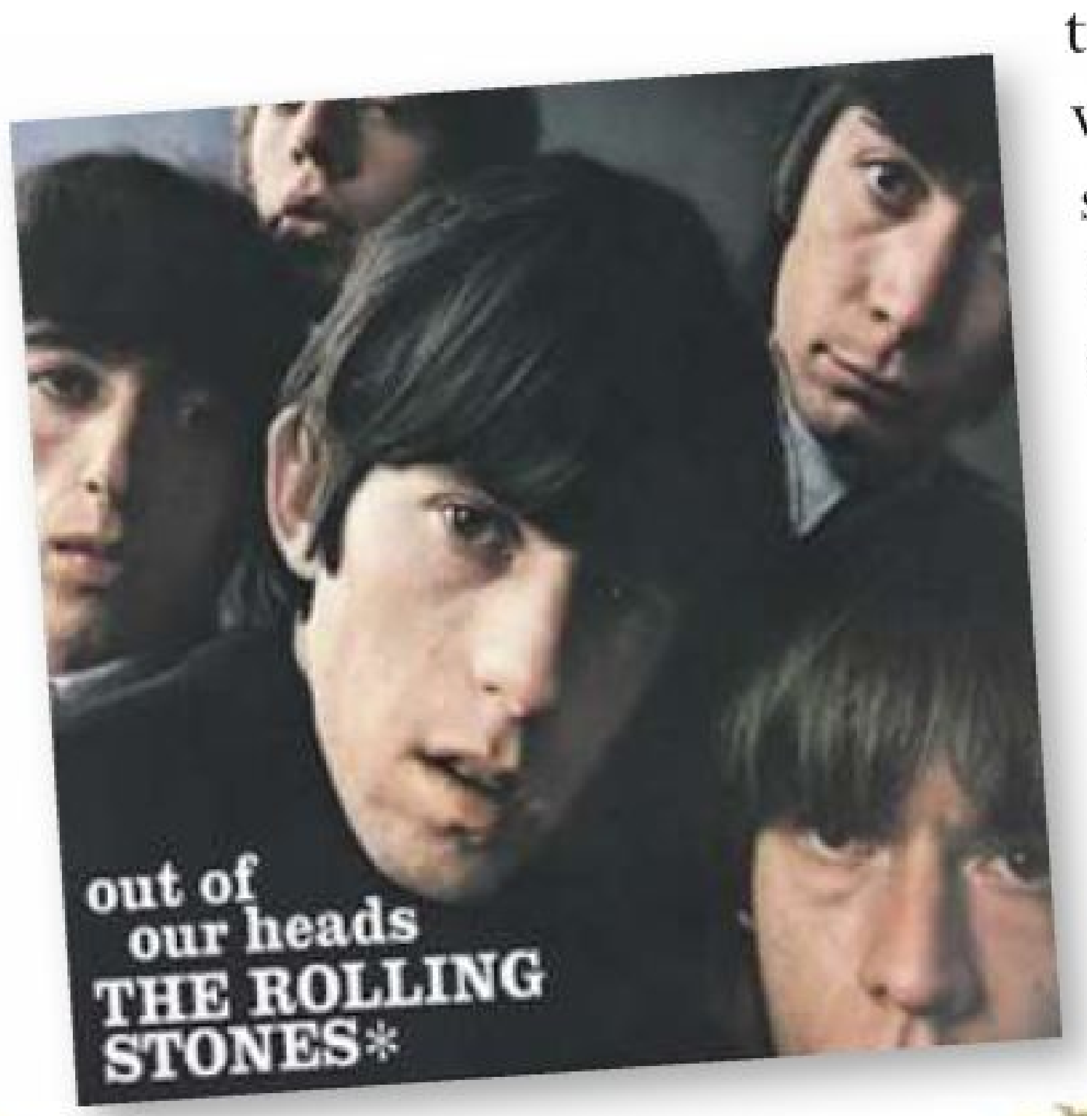
"Brian could be sweet, would listen to your conversation carefully and was very charming," Nicky continued. "He could also seem totally psychotic and schizophrenic. We were coming back from Folkestone one night, some time in 1963, and had stopped to look for something to eat. We found a fish shop, but it was closed. We banged on the door and this chap came to the door and told us, 'We've switched everything off, we're closed.' No one argued until I shouted, 'This is The Rolling Stones!' This husband and wife were really sweet, and said, 'Come in and sit down while we see what we can do.'

"So everybody's ordered their fish and chips, and it takes quite a long time while they heat up the fat. Finally they bring it to the table. Keith's happily eating away, so are the others, then Brian tries a forkful, and starts complaining: 'I don't like this! It's soggy! I can't eat this!' He stands up, takes this bottle, and squirts ketchup over the table and knocks his food onto the floor. It was heartbreaking – there's this couple thinking, 'Great, it's The Rolling Stones', then this happens."

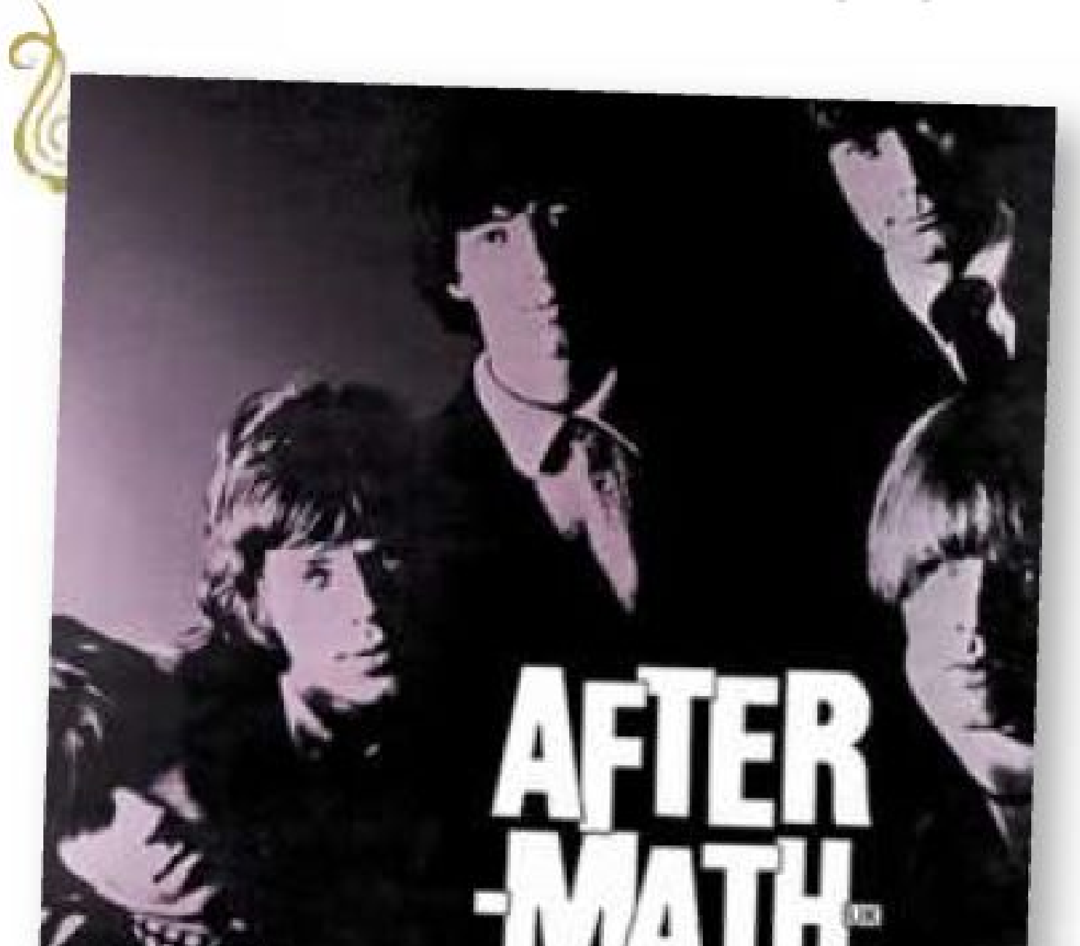
"My best friend hated him, could've killed him," says Charlie Watts. "He was a scheming little bugger. And then as we got more famous he became more conscious of himself. He became sadder and more obnoxious at the same time. But to be fair to Brian, a lot of his problems with people might have been because he wasn't that healthy. He was a great catalyst, though, especially at the beginning."

The Rolling Stones fan club secretary Shirley Arnold offers only positive testimony. Rooting through drawers and cupboards in her south London flat she shows me mementos of her past association with the band: one of Brian's stage outfits, a red velvet frock coat, a blue Dinky toy and a wooden cutlery holder that Brian brought back from Morocco – a thank you for all the fry-ups Shirley had cooked him when he'd been up all night getting wasted. "It's probably the only thing that came out of [his last home] Cotchford that got to the person it was meant to," she says poignantly.

Shirley used to see the Stones at Ken Colyer's Studio 51 on Sunday afternoons in early '63. "They were doing all the old rhythm and blues stuff like Cops And Robbers and Roll Over Beethoven," she recalls. One day, down at the front in the crush and the heat, she fainted and was passed over the heads of all the punters and into the dressing room.



> *"Brian wanted to be the leader of the band, and was jealous of everybody else."*
> *Mick Jagger*



"Bill said the fan club's not that together. Would I like to run it?" It was a chance encounter that brought Shirley Arnold into the inner sanctum. "I was working in the city for a fiver a week. They offered me seven. I said I'd have done it for free. There was never any bitchiness back then," she claims, "never anything that I thought was nasty."

CAST YOUR EYES OVER THOSE EARLY PUBLICITY shots. They look remarkably prescient: Bill, the shrewd, slightly older guy; Charlie, looking like what he always was and forever will be, a jazzer who thought he'd give this pop lark a go; Keith looks like he's got potential, as soon as he grows into that demeanour; Mick, undeniably enthusiastic and undeniably gauche, too. And who's this one on the end? Dressed in white slacks and black polo neck, and already sporting a hairstyle that every band from The Byrds to The Yardbirds will aspire to over the next three years: there's yer pop star, mate.

"Brian, I'd met socially in 1964, before I met the Stones," says group photographer Gered Mankowitz. "At that time he was very charming, very polite and well-mannered. [Stones co-manager] Andrew Oldham liked the photos I'd done of Marianne Faithfull and asked if I'd do The Rolling Stones. In visual terms Brian was the strongest. On that first session that became the *Out Of Our Heads* cover he is in the foreground with his blond hair glowing, while Mick is right at the back. Brian's hair was coiffured and pretty long, but he didn't just look shaggy like The Pretty Things or Them. It was groomed. Extraordinarily so for that time, when I think back."

"I don't think we'd have got where we are if he hadn't been at the helm at the beginning," says Charlie Watts. "But he wanted to be leader, and he wasn't a leader."

Gered Mankowitz saw the power struggles that were starting to develop within the band. "Remember that the lighting at concerts in those days was relatively crude, and there would just be a spotlight on the main singer. It might just manage to swing over if there was a guitar solo but otherwise the singer was the only one who was consistently lit."

The few surviving early Top Of The Pops clips bear this out. As the Stones mime their way through that month's hit, the camera focuses almost exclusively on Mick. On the rare occasions it picks out Brian, he often appears to be gazing up at the studio monitors, already disillusioned with the pop route. As if to say, How can you mime the blues?

"The thing about Brian is that he wanted so much to be the leader of the band," confirms Jagger, "and when you try too hard to do something you often fail. He was so jealous of everybody else, that was his personality failing." Did he feel threatened by you? "I guess so. The thing is that singers always get more attention than anyone else, even if they're not very good. And Brian really didn't like that. He thought he should get more attention.

"But," Jagger stresses, "he was quite fluid in the way he talked. He was quite a good communicator at the beginning, though it was in a slightly schoolmaster-ish way. But he did communicate, which ➤

Rex Features

The weekend starts here: on Ready Steady Go!, June 26, 1964.

“Brian had a succession of babies – he was like a tom cat.” Photographer Nicky Wright

< was needed then, because people didn’t quite understand what it was all about.” In the early days Brian was the self-appointed conscience of the band, the R&B evangelist writing earnest letters to the pop and trade press and to BBC producers. Within two years that entire raison d’être had been usurped by Top 10 singles, and light-entertainment impressionists doing Jagger’s monkey walk and big lips on prime-time TV. Keith, also with an initial awkwardness, visible on those early televised appearances where he is not averse to the odd self-conscious moptop shake of the head, gained confidence both through live performance and his burgeoning songwriting partnership with Jagger. It was this factor alone that irreversibly upset the subtle dynamic of the early Stones, edging Brian out of the limelight.

When Andrew Loog Oldham first came on the scene (becoming the band’s co-manager with Eric Easton in 1963), Brian passed him off as an old Cheltenham pal of Giorgio Gomelsky, who himself had designs on managing the group. “Brian stepped up and said he was the leader,” Oldham remembers. “When they came to the office first, it was Brian and Mick who appeared. Brian was an important power in the Stones while he could play. Once he’d stopped trying and decided to play rhythm guitar, that was it. Brian was basically the manager of the group until Eric and I were. Within a short time of Eric and I signing the Stones for everything, they were coming to us direct. He’d lost his power. In Charlie Is My Darling, the film I made, he said he wouldn’t be around at 27. That seemed to be a big age with him. He was self-destructive.”

Gomelsky was promptly erased from the picture. Fame isn’t so much fickle as ruthless, and its path, then as now, was littered with those whose faces simply didn’t fit. It was Oldham who decided six was too many band members and pushed Ian Stewart out. More

crucially it was the Stones manager who threw Jagger and Richards together as a songwriting team.

Jones, for his part, quickly decided that Oldham was an embarrassment. This manifested itself at an early recording session when it became clear that Oldham didn't even know what a mix was. But, unfortunately for Jones, he was the image spin doctor par excellence. It was Oldham who came up with Would You Let Your Daughter Marry A Rolling Stone? It didn't help that a Rolling Stone had kids of his own.

"They had done a photo shoot on the steps that led down to the river at Battersea Park," remembers Pat Andrews. "There was this crèche where you could leave kids and we'd left Mark there and gone on the water chute. When we came out of the park Brian was carrying Mark on his shoulders. He was so happy that day and he'd got some money, so he said, 'Let's go and buy Mark some clothes.' The next day Brian said Andrew had called him into the office and told him he mustn't be seen with Mark again. Brian got very upset by this. After all the hard work he'd gone through he wasn't going to be told that he couldn't walk through the park with his son."

"Oh yes, Andrew wouldn't have agreed with that," confirms Shirley Arnold. "The children were there but Brian couldn't acknowledge them. It wasn't the thing to be married or have children. Charlie and [his wife] Shirley had to keep their marriage quiet as well."

AT THE HEIGHT OF THEIR POP FAME IN 1965 the Stones appeared on the Christmas edition of Ready Steady Go! miming hilariously to Sonny & Cher's I Got You Babe. Brian in his pomp played Sonny to Cathy McGowan's Cher. By now he was well used to playing a part. But when they performed live on the programme it was Mick that the girls tried to mob, not Brian.

The onset of fan hysteria only heightened the tensions. Gered Mankowitz remembers the mayhem of the Stones' second tour of the US that year: "Travelling TWA Ambassador class. Allen Klein whisking us through customs. Girls screaming at Mick. Girls pounding on the limo roof." There was a fair bit of partying with the elite as well. "Dylan doing everything in reverse to us. Wearing a mohair suit and then putting on jeans to go onstage." It was on this tour that Mankowitz first saw signs of Brian's behavioural problems: "Signs of his disturbed personality were clearly manifesting themselves. At some point he disappeared. Just walked out of the limo and disappeared. It was announced that he was ill but he'd just vanished."

"At the time I left the Stones everyone was still getting along fine," recalls Dick Taylor. "But we didn't see much of each other 'til he lived in the basement flat of the house The Pretty Things had in Belgravia. By then Brian had changed: the paranoid side of his character was more evident. Which wasn't to say his humour didn't still come out; it was just darker, and the drugs emphasised his mood swings."

Nicky Wright photographed the Stones for the sleeve of their self-titled debut album, which knocked *With The Beatles* off the top spot in May 1964. Even as Brian's band were challenging the hitherto unassailable Moptops, the man himself was cracking.

Jones with A Degree Of Murder filmmaker Volker Schlöndorff and (inset) with the film's star, girlfriend Anita Pallenberg, '67.

Alamy

"I had a chalet in a little place called Whitehill in Hampshire," Nicky Wright recalled. "Brian used to come down there in his Humber Hawk for peace and quiet, often to escape these girls' fathers. We'd hide his car in the woods in case any of them came looking for him. He had a string of girlfriends and a succession of babies. He was like a tom cat, really. In the summer of 1964, he'd come down to my chalet, and seemed rather out of it on something or other. As the evening drew on and whatever it was wore off, he was getting more and more morose, complaining about how he wasn't being listened to. Suddenly, standing in this tiny kitchen, he said, 'I'm fed up – this will show all of them,' took a knife, and slashed it across one wrist. My brother Patrick was standing by the kitchen door, and as he saw Brian doing this punched him clean on the chin, and Brian went out like a light. His wrist was just scratched, there was no serious damage."

Brian's cry for help didn't end there. Patrick Wright: "He threw himself out of the groundfloor window in a futile attempt at committing suicide. We hadn't the faintest idea where he had gone. My brother rushed down to the police station and said rather apologetically to the policeman, 'Please don't tell anybody, but I've got Brian Jones staying at my house and he's fallen out of a window and we can't find him.' This roly-poly old-fashioned policeman came up, and we found this figure lying in the gorse bush beneath the window." Nicky: "My father, very much of the old school, came over to see what all the fuss was about. Ever so politely Brian said to him, 'I'm awfully sorry, Mr Wright; I've been such a cunt.'

"Next morning I went upstairs, rather apologetically, to take ➢

➤ Brian a cup of tea. He was all sweetness and light then, cheerful and happy."

Patrick Wright recalled another of Brian's visits to the Whitehill chalet: "He would come down with Linda [Lawrence, his girlfriend] and a box of fanmail. She was pregnant by him and he would sit there opening his fanmail from teenage girls who wanted to go to bed with him or meet him in Epping Forest. He would say, 'Do you think I should do this one, Linda?' She would sit there looking absolutely distraught. She obviously loved him a great deal but he was callous: a nasty little man, really vicious and unkind."

"I don't really want to pop psychoanalyse Brian," says Jagger before rendering as astute an account of his former colleague as he's ever given. "He wasn't good material to be in the pop business. He was too sensitive to every real slight and perceived slight; just over-sensitive to everything. And then when he started taking drugs that became more and more exaggerated. I think he was a shy person – and shy people in show business put themselves at risk. Shy actors have to drink before they can act. I've seen shy singers who take drugs before they go out.

"It's mostly to do with the fact that some people are born shy," continues Jagger. "You see children of the same age, of the same parents or similar background, and some children are very shy and won't come out. Remember when you were a kid? There was always the one that wouldn't go into the circle for Pass The Parcel or they wouldn't go in the Dancing Statues. Well, Brian was probably one of those children. Those people are very bad material for show business because they're not like some other people, like myself or the more extrovert people. We have a shy part, of course, and don't want to make a fool of ourselves, but it's completely overshadowed by an extrovert nature. You take the knocks and you can deal with it. And you're still out there doing it. But Brian wasn't like that, and there are a lot of other people like that, and they try and handle it by drinking, or being rude, and they suffer. They're basically in the wrong business. They have to alter their personalities to be what they perceive they want to be.

> *"Brian said, 'I've got two tabs of acid, maybe you'd like to share it with me.'"*
>
> *Gered Mankowitz*

"He just wanted to be in a blues band," summarises Jagger, "and didn't think it was gonna be show business. Perhaps the biggest ambition he thought of was playing the Marquee on Thursdays. That was the end of it."

At the end of the famous footage of rioting fans at the Royal Albert Hall in 1966, Mick and Keith are nearly torn limb from limb and are lucky to get off the stage. Jones suddenly lurches into the picture, teeth bared and bent double with laughter as Richards tries to hold onto his guitar. It's the same manic response you see at the end of the Have You Seen Your Mother Baby… promo film with the Stones in drag, all managing to keep a straight face except Brian, who dissolves into another unsettling cackle.

"There was a two-year period when the audience were louder than us, all screaming teenyboppers," Keith Richards remembers. ➤

Alamy

Star in stripes: outside West London Magistrates Court, June 2, 1967.

Unholy trinity: outside Inner London Crown Court, Southwark, September 26, 1968.

"Brian had this terrible joke of playing Popeye The Sailor Man in the middle of anything because it didn't matter, nobody could hear shit anyway. For Charlie I think that was the most frustrating time. He was a serious musician, a jazz drummer, and all of a sudden he's playing to 13-year-old girls wetting themselves and Brian's doing Popeye The Sailor Man and it was, 'Whatever happened to the blues?'"

What Brian was doing instead was schmoozing at Andy Warhol's Factory and bonding with Bob Dylan. "Because of the world he got into, he knew a lot of people long before we did," says Watts. "Jimi Hendrix was one, and Bob Dylan was a friend of his. A lot of people liked him and admired him. He became more of a celebrity than a great musician."

"He'd be on the phone to Dylan for hours from the office," remembers Shirley Arnold. Dylan would tease Brian about his paranoia, telling him that he was the Mr Jones of Ballad Of A Thin Man. "Look at how much cred McCartney gets now that history has put it straight that he was the most avant-garde Beatle, hanging out with artists on the London scene," says Jones's biographer Terry Rawlings. "Well, Brian was hanging out with Arthur C. Clarke, checking out the Spear Of Destiny and the Holy Grail and all that business. That's way out there as far as I'm concerned."

"Brian knew Kenneth Anger very well and lots of people like that," confirms Charlie Watts. "I was never interested in that world. A night out for me was going to the Flamingo. I'd see Georgie Fame more than I'd hang out with that lot. But you've only got to look at the bloody Palladium tape with us on there with him with the hat on. I mean that's how out there he was."

"He was ahead of the game in many ways," points out Gered Mankowitz. "He was experimenting more and earlier than the others with drugs, with instrumentation in music, and with the way he was living his life. I don't remember anyone else in the band getting visibly out of it, but Brian did. One time on tour he rang me, asking me to go up to his room. He said, 'I've got two tabs of acid, I thought maybe you'd like to share it with me.' I said, Brian, you know I don't do acid. He said, 'Oh right. OK, I tell you what I'll do. I'll take both of them and you write down everything I say.' I said, Er, no I don't think so."

Brian was also the first Stone to check out the burgeoning West Coast scene. Keith Altham, who interviewed Brian in 1966, remembers him playing experimental free-form tapes that he was working on. "We just sort of laid back and listened to what they were doing in Frisco, whereas Brian was making great tapes, overdubbing," Keith Richards told Rolling Stone in 1971. "He was much more into it than we were. We were digging what we were hearing for what it was, but that other thing in you is saying, Yeah, but where's Chuck Berry?"

As Brian's cultural antennae became more finely tuned than his bandmates', the darker side of his personality started to manifest itself. "It was always there, you just picked up on it more as time went by," says Mankowitz. "You dismissed a lot of things as vagaries of the moment but as I spent more time with him I started to note a pattern. On one or two occasions in clubs he just snapped when he considered some journalist or fan was pushing him too much. In one place he just put a glass in someone's face. Unhesitatingly. It made you wary of

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him. There was an instability to him. When he was on form he was an incredibly important, crucial part of the band. When he was off form he let everybody else down."

Much of the debate about the decline of Jones as a musical force within The Rolling Stones seems to hinge upon his role during the band's classic pop period from '65 to '67: that prolific purple patch spanning The Last Time, Satisfaction, Get Off Of My Cloud, 19th Nervous Breakdown, Paint It Black, Have You Seen Your Mother Baby, *Aftermath* and *Between The Buttons*, which culminated in the Sunday Night At The London Palladium performance of Let's Spend The Night Together – Brian replete with costume jewellery, frock coat and bipperty-bopperty hat – and the band's subsequent refusal to join the other acts on the podium for the show's showbiz finale. This was the period when what Marianne Faithfull calls their "blend of blues mythology and King's Road noblesse oblige" was at its most synchronised, and Jones the texturalist was at his peak.

BRIAN WAS A SENSITIVE PERSON AND THAT translated into his playing," says Jagger. His marimba on Under My Thumb, sitar on Mother's Little Helper and Paint It Black, dulcimer on Lady Jane and I Am Waiting are more than mere musical embroidery. Sometimes the contribution is simplicity itself, merely repeating the vocal melody on Lady Jane or running up and down the Eastern scale on Paint It Black, but Jones's multi-instrumental finery is integral; it is the making of all these songs. And for those who care about these things, it is possible that the haircut he had around the time of Paint It Black is the finest that ever adorned a pop star.

> "Keith and Brian had a very odd relationship. I didn't get involved. It wasn't healthy."
> Mick Jagger

In one of the most telling episodes in her autobiography Faithfull, Marianne describes the moment in the studio when Jones first plays on recorder the beautiful lilting melody that would eventually become Ruby Tuesday. Richards picks up on it and starts shaping it on the piano.

"Brian wanted everyone to say, 'That's great Brian, wonderful! Good work!'" says Faithfull. "But of course nobody did." When it was released, as the flip side to Let's Spend The Night Together, Ruby Tuesday carried the standard Jagger-Richards songwriting credit. When they performed it on TV, Jones and Richards were sat together at the same piano stool, accentuating their physical and musical closeness. They would never be that close again.

Rolling Stones
Beggars Banquet
DECCA
FULL FREQUENCY STEREOPHONIC SOUND
SKL 4955
THE ROLLING STONES

Swansong: Brian's final full Rolling Stones album, 1968's *Beggars Banquet*.

It was in autumn 1965 that model and actress Anita Pallenberg had first attached herself to Jones. They soon merged into one straw blond boy-girl; same hair, same clothes, same penchant for experimentation.

"He fell in love with someone who was just too tough to be broken by him. That's the secret of that relationship," surmises Nick Kent. "It was his misfortune to fall in love with someone as free-spirited as her. He found more than his match in Anita."

Ask Jagger if Pallenberg was a good influence on Brian and the Stones vocalist laughs uproariously. "No," he says. "No, she wasn't!" Jones and Pallenberg's intense affair burned itself out in Morocco. After one fight too many Anita ran into the consoling arms of Keith Richards. "Keith and Brian had this very odd relationship," says Jagger. "I didn't get involved because I was outside it, you know, I was in another place completely, and it wasn't particularly healthy." Jagger had Marianne Faithfull as soulmate, bedmate and fellow astral traveller during this period. Jones, on the other hand, started to come apart at the seams.

Bad karma was beckoning. Reality fades with every re-telling of a familiar story, and just as we occasionally have to be reminded how different the Stones looked or how raw they sounded in the early '60s, it's also worth re-emphasising how the establishment attempted to crush the band in 1967.

First came the systematic raids on symbolic targets, like the UFO club, and Dandie Fashions, a boutique frequented by both the Stones and Beatles. Then there was the News Of The World exposé of February 1967, where Mick Jagger allegedly told a reporter that he "had sampled LSD" but that he didn't "go much on it now that the cats have taken it up". The News Of The World got one minor detail wrong. They identified the wrong Stone. It was Brian being indiscreet in a nightclub, not Jagger. The Stones singer issued a writ. Too late. The machinery was in motion. Acting on a Fleet Street tip-off, the police decided to call in on Keith Richards' Redlands pad. And the rest is history: Wormwood Scrubs, Times editorials about butterflies being broken on wheels, and enduring urban myths about Mars bars.

Jones, of course, was the real butterfly broken on a wheel. After unsuccessfully pursuing Mick and Keith, the police turned their attention to Brian. Jagger and Richards seemed to add a further armadillo layer to their rebel armour after their bust; Brian visibly diminished after his. Alexis Korner, who saw him during the summer of 1967, was shocked at the decline: "He looked like a debauched version of Louis XIV." The promotional film for We Love You recorded in July that year was banned by the BBC, not for its allusions to the trial of Oscar Wilde, but because in the few brief glimpses of him Brian looks absolutely shit-faced. In fact, he had sneaked out of psychiatric hospital to attend the session.

His debilitated condition didn't stop him adding some inspired Moroccan brass at the tail-end of the track. Neither did it stop him contributing some deft orchestral touches on the mellotron to *Their Satanic Majesties Request*, most notably on 2,000 Light Years From Home. Brian's North African-influenced embellishments of woodwind and percussion are all over that most maligned of Rolling Stones albums. Not bad for a bloke rumoured by this time to be ingesting LSD by the bucket load and drinking brandy from a pint glass: "Even when he was in the most appalling state they could still prop him up, stick a recorder in his mouth and he could make music," notes Gered Mankowitz.

It might be fanciful to suggest that like Lenny Bruce, it was 'an overdose of police' and not a swimming pool that ultimately killed Brian Jones, but the man who appeared in the dock throughout 1967 and 1968, forced to listen to humiliating psychiatric reports about his 'condition', was now a shadow of his former self. At the June 1967 Monterey Pop Festival, Jones wandered about as the high priest of hip, introducing Hendrix onstage like some alternative toastmaster revelling in his patronage. But such appearances offered only brief respite from the drug busts, the paranoia and the liggers.

"I'd go round there when he was in a bad way and cook him breakfast," remembers Shirley Arnold. "He'd phone up and say, 'Get some money from the petty cash', and I'd go round with eggs and bacon. There'd be all these people in the flat, all these hangers-on, passed out. Then I'd cook breakfast and go to find ➢

"He wasn't showing up in the studio, and when people don't show up, you do without them."

Charlie Watts

◆

➤ Brian and he'd have passed out again. I'd sometimes think, 'Something will happen, he'll kill himself if he carries on like this.'"

At the second of his court appearances in October 1967, Brian wore a pin-striped charcoal-grey Savile Row suit with flared cuffs, a blue-and-white polka dot tie, and a white frilly lace shirt. This, in an era when high court judges routinely had to ask what a T-shirt was. Brian was given a custodial sentence for possession of a minuscule amount of hash, again reduced on appeal to a fine.

"He was regularly so stoned in the studio that he would just nod off," says Gered Mankowitz. "The band would send out for food about two o'clock in the morning and I saw Brian just fall head first into his duck à l'orange. It was very sad and it showed a weakness which began to get picked on. When they put him in the soundbooth at Olympic and he had to be propped up with cushions it was really sad and awful but in the control room we were all laughing and joking about it. I don't think we knew how else to deal with it. Nowadays there would be clinics and counsellors but nobody had written the textbook then on how to deal with a rock casualty."

WE WERE IN THE MADDOX STREET OFFICES. They'd left Andrew [Loog Oldham] by then and [Allen] Klein was on the scene," says Shirley Arnold. "Jo Bergman had been brought in from California to run the office. Brian was paranoid and he didn't take to Jo. He thought she was just catering for Mick, but Mick was the businessman. He was the one attending the board meetings. This was '68 and Brian wasn't even attending recording sessions."

"He wasn't showing up," confirms Charlie Watts. "And you know what happens when people don't show up – you do without them. And then when you do without them, suddenly they're not needed. And then it was a decision. Shall we get somebody else?"

"They wouldn't record anything that he'd written and he wanted to do other things," says Shirley Arnold. "I was never sure what it was but he wasn't keen on the way the music was going. He didn't think the Stones should be moving in that direction."

"People say because he wasn't writing songs he compensated by playing every musical instrument going – but he did write songs," claims Terry Rawlings. "There've been lyrics found since. I just don't think they got a chance to be heard."

Whatever the merits, or otherwise, of his lyrics, there's plenty of evidence to suggest that Brian has been written out of history in other ways. "There's a great scene in that Doors movie where they get taken into the inner sanctum of Andy Warhol's Factory," recalls Terry Rawlings. "Brian is in there at the time and he's the one who fucks them off! But they leave him out of the movie. He fucked all those bands off. This is the man who burped in Frank Zappa's face. Zappa is trying to be this far-out dude, trying to outgross Brian, and Brian just burps in his face and walks away."

"People who didn't feel threatened by him got on well with him," notes Kathy Etchingham. "Jimi didn't feel threatened by him and Brian adored Jimi, really respected him. Jimi got a copy of *John Wesley Harding* and wanted to cover I Dreamed I Saw St Augustine, but thought it was too personal to Dylan, so he decided to do All Along The Watchtower instead. Jimi phoned [Traffic's] Dave Mason and Brian Jones and asked them if they'd like to come and play on it. They came round when we lived in Upper Berkeley Street. Brian could hardly get through the door with this huge sitar. We all piled into this taxi to go over to Olympic Studios – Jimi, me, Dave Mason and Brian and this enormous sitar – sitting like contortionists in this taxi. I remember my feet up on Dave Mason's legs in that taxi. That's the kind of thing you don't forget."

Fabulous furry freak brothers: Jones and Jagger, 1968,

Alamy, Rex Features

A lot of what has been written about Jones's diminishing talents as a musician just doesn't add up. Someone as supposedly washed up as he was wouldn't have been capable of putting together *The Pipes Of Pan At Joujouka* album, a project entered into with all the anthropological fervour of a Samuel Charters or Alan Lomax. Jones's doctoring of the primitive tapes, made on a simple four-track, is a proto-dub masterpiece – something the Stones themselves belatedly recognised when they used the Master Musicians Of Joujouka on their 1989 *Steel Wheels* LP.

Neither would a dribbling basket-case with his marbles in his socks have been capable of writing a stunning Cannes-entry film score for Volker Schlöndorff's A Degree Of Murder. Jimmy Page plays guitar, Nicky Hopkins piano and Kenney Jones drums. Brian Jones plays every instrument he'd ever picked up and got a tune out of. Around this time he also played alto sax on The Beatles' You Know My Name and, although few discographies credit him, is probably on Baby You're A Rich Man as well.

But for all this innovative extra-curricular activity it was becoming increasingly clear that The Rolling Stones were carrying a passenger. The big screen evidence is up there for all to see in the Jean-Luc Godard film One Plus One, with bleary Brian propped up in his corner as Sympathy For The Devil evolves without him. In the video for Jumping Jack Flash Jones looks like a waxwork effigy of himself. During the sessions for You Can't Always Get What You Want, a brutally telling interchange, duly witnessed by choral arranger Jack Nitzsche, occurred between Jagger and Jones. "What can I play?" says Jones. "I don't know. What can you play?" replies Jagger.

On The Rolling Stones' Rock And Roll Circus, Jones had faded to silence, his broken wrist necessitating Keith Richards to double up on lead and rhythm guitar on just about everything. And let's not even speculate on what the assembled Lennon/Clapton/Richards supergroup version of Yer Blues, with its "I feel so suicidal/Just ➤

The last supper: after the Beggars Banquet launch party, Gore Hotel, London, December 4, 1968.

Send in the clowns: with (from left) Yoko Ono, Roger Daltrey, John Lennon with son Julian, The Rock And Roll Circus, December 11,1968.

Alamy

◄ like Dylan's Mr Jones", will have done for Brian's paranoia. On the Stones' *Beggars Banquet* his playing – what little there is – is sober and respectful. But apart from some nice sitar touches on Street Fighting Man he is becoming spectral within his own band.

WE CARRIED BRIAN FOR QUITE A LONG TIME," says Jagger. "We put up with his tirades, and his not turning up for over a year. So it wasn't like suddenly we just said, Fuck you. You didn't turn up for the show, you're out. We'd been quite patient with him. And he'd just gotten worse and worse. He just didn't want to be in it. He didn't want to be part of it. He didn't want to come out of this rather sad state."

Ultimately a decision had to be made. When it emerged in early 1969 that the Stones couldn't tour the States because of Jones's drug convictions the inevitable loomed. "I think he knew, in a way," says Jagger of the final split. "He was quite philosophical about it." Was it a hard thing to do? "Really hard. But it was either that or going on with someone that was just not functioning. I mean, he was in a really bad state. We couldn't have survived with Brian. He was too ill to play. It was sorrowful."

"I'm sure it nearly killed him when we sacked him 'cos he'd fought so hard to put it all together at the beginning," states Charlie Watts. "It was a huge void in his life, especially being young. If he'd have made 60 million dollars, if he'd had that cushion… He had a little bit, but not what people think. But he was very young, you know, so there was a big space of nothing."

Jones had filled that big space of nothing some months earlier by purchasing A.A. Milne's old house at Cotchford Farm in Sussex. He inherited Keith Richards' chauffeur, Tom Keylock, and a motley crew of cowboy builders and their freeloading mates. It was here that the final acts of Brian Jones's life were played out.

"There was Tom Keylock at the top and it all went out in tiers," says Terry Rawlings. "There was a network of drivers, builders, labourers. The same guys who were working on Redlands. All working class, all in their 30s, all taking as many liberties as they could, borrowing his Rolls-Royce. Seeing him swan around with dolly birds in this beautiful house, there's bound to be resentment."

"The quality of the people who were working as minders and chauffeurs for the Stones wasn't all that it could have been," notes Gered Mankowitz. "I don't think they were great human beings and I don't think Brian was well served at all. It's a pretty horrible job anyway to be a servant. And to see this young bloke with so much going for him, beautiful women, money, fantastic cars, and there he was fucking up and here's the minder having to pick him up, clean him down, put him to bed, or extricate him from some problem. Once you lose respect for the person you're working for I don't think you're going to do your job very well."

"He used to be a lot of fun in the early days," emphasises Charlie Watts. "But when that all went you were left with this rather ill, totally paranoid bloke, worried about his image. But having said that, the period when he died he lived near me in Sussex. I used to see him quite a bit on the way home from the studio and got very close to him again. But I was never any threat to him. I didn't play guitar for a start, I was not a singer – both things that he wanted to do – I was not a writer. I was a drummer and if he'd have asked me to play on a record I'd have played with him."

Jones had made tentative unspecified musical plans. Mitch Mitchell, John Mayall, Stevie Winwood and Alexis Korner had all been down to see him and reported that he was in good spirits and eager to resurrect his career. He had also eased off the substances, too. The Stones, meanwhile, had more pressing concerns, breaking in new guitarist Mick Taylor and rehearsing for their forthcoming free concert in Hyde Park on Saturday, July 5.

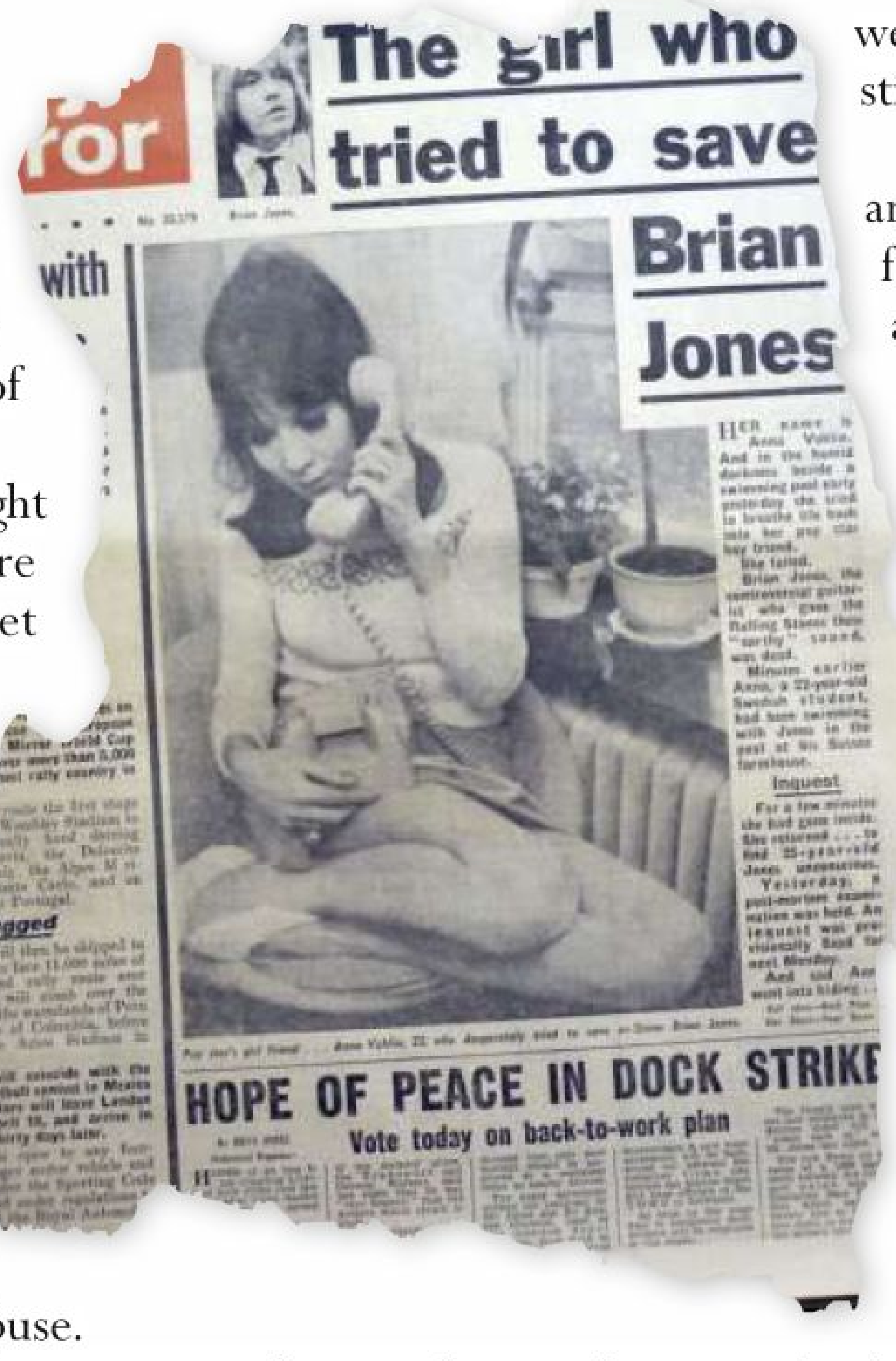
"He'd phoned me on the Tuesday before Hyde Park," remembers Shirley Arnold. "After it was announced that he was leaving he was concerned about what the fans thought. I'd said I was sending the post down to him. He was telling me that he was getting things together with Alexis Korner and everything was looking fine. Mick was always asking, 'Have you heard from Brian today?' He was genuinely interested in his welfare and what he was doing. Brian asked me if I'd go and work for him and would it make it awkward with the band? I'd said I'd never leave the office but I'd always help him. He sounded fine. I put the phone down and wrote him a two-page letter telling him what I'd said to him on the phone, that I'd always be there for him."

The following night Shirley was woken in the early hours by the phone ringing. Half asleep, she recognised the voice of Tom Keylock's wife, Joan. She was saying something about the pool: "Brian hasn't come out…" "What do you mean?" said Shirley. "He's probably just wandered off somewhere." If only.

> *"I'm sure it nearly killed Brian when we sacked him. It was a huge void in his life."*
> Charlie Watts

"It was dreadful, that next morning in the office," says Shirley Arnold. "Charlie was crying. Mick couldn't speak. I hadn't been to sleep. I got a mini-cab to work at seven o'clock. Driving through the West End and seeing the newspaper signs: 'Brian Jones drowns.' I opened the office and the first phone call was from Yoko Ono to say how sorry she and John were. Then Alexis phoned. Charlie was the first to arrive. He was in such shock that he just walked through into the boardroom without saying anything and sat there crying."

It was also Charlie that laughed sardonically at Brian's funeral, when, as the cortège progressed through the streets of Cheltenham, a policeman saluted. "I was surprised when he died," says Watts. "He was actually getting his house together. He'd be showing me round there and he'd be painting all these walls. In those days purple walls were quite in. It was like one of Jimmy Page's homes – very nouveau."


The girl who tried to save Brian Jones

Inquest

Rugged

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As far as could be ascertained, Brian had gone for a late-night swim in Cotchford's outdoor heated pool. Those that were present, builder Frank Thorogood, his friend, nurse Janet Lawson, and a friend of Jones's, student Anna Wohlin, all gave witness statements. None of them quite tallied. There were significant discrepancies regarding precise details of who was where and doing what when Brian, allegedly alone, went for a midnight swim. Conveniently or otherwise, nobody else was by the pool side when Jones somehow plunged to his death. In his statement Thorogood said he had just popped indoors for a cigarette.

The coroner recorded a verdict of death by misadventure: the cause of death, drowning. The post mortem revealed that both the liver and heart of the deceased were grossly enlarged due to long term alcohol abuse. Although the pathologist's urine test revealed traces of "an amphetamine-like substance", and "diphenhydramine… present in Mandrax", Jones's body contained no barbiturates and none of the opiate derivatives consistent with the use of hard drugs. An inhaler had been found at the pool side, leading some to suspect that Jones had suffered an asthma attack. But Pat Andrews never once saw him use his asthma pump, "not even when he got upset after arguments with his parents". Shirley Arnold says she never saw him have an asthma attack either: "Keith says it as well. He never saw him have one." Dr Albert Sachs, who carried out the post-mortem, saw fit to point out that "in death from an asthma attack, lungs are light and bulky", which they hadn't been in Brian Jones's case.

"I assumed he was stoned – he'd been an accident waiting to happen for several years," says Gered Mankowitz. "I wouldn't be surprised if it was accidental death but I don't believe it was murder. I don't see a motive, but Brian solicited resentment. These builders he employed, seeing this bedraggled, long-haired, sozzled pop star. They just thought, 'Fucking wanker.' He probably aggravated somebody. I think there was probably some horseplay that got out of hand. 'I'll teach the little fucker a lesson,' that sort of thing."

MICK JAGGER REMAINS TOTALLY SCEPTICAL about theories that Jones was murdered. "Oh please!" he says dismissively. "I wasn't there. I only know what everyone else says.I have no theories. I only know what I was told at the time, which seemed perfectly reasonable." That he was drinking and that it was an accident? "That all sounded very much par for the course. But who knows what happened? I never questioned it at the time. It sounds a bit like someonetrying to drum up some sort of book or something."

The intrigue over Jones's death has indeed spawned a mini-industry of books. "I think he was definitely killed but I don't think he was meant to die," says Terry Rawlings, whose book Who Killed Christopher Robin? is one of the few credible and painstakingly researched attempts to get to the bottom of what went on that fateful summer night. Rawlings' case hinges on an apparent death-bed confession made by Frank Thorogood to Tom Keylock in 1993. Subsequently, BBC's Crimewatch featured the case and new leads were followed up but the case still remains unsolved.

Tom Keylock died in 2009 and many of those interviewed for this feature in 1999 had a "Don't put my name to this, but…" theory on what went on in the murky waters of Cotchford. Conspiracy theories have continued to resonate down the years. Central to many of these is the idea that there was a party at Cotchford that night and many more people were present than has previously been acknowledged.

"I've heard from [the model] Amanda Lear that she had been invited to a party at Brian's house and he'd sent a car to pick her up," says Pat Andrews, "but on her way she'd suddenly decided she was going to see Salvador Dali instead. So she stopped at Gatwick and sent the car back to Cotchford and got on a plane. She said to me that ➢

No expectations: Jones at his last public performance with the Stones, The Rock And Roll Circus, The Intertel Studios, Wembley, London, December 11, 1968.

> “My ultimate aim in life was not to be a pop star.”
> Brian Jones

if she could ever change anything that would be it.” Then there are the loony theories. Allen Klein ordered it. The Stones ordered it. Everyone but the badgeman on the grassy knoll seems to have had a hand in it.

“Obviously I don’t know what happened but the thing that makes me suspicious was the way people acted afterwards,” says Pat Andrews. We comb over the familiar territory. Jones’s personal belongings being ransacked from Cotchford. His clothes being burnt. “His bedclothes were burnt, too,” she says. “All I do know is that the police didn’t do a proper job.” Sussex CID continued to treat the death as suspicious, even reopening lines of inquiry six months after Jones drowned, but nothing came of them.

“For a long time everybody was just in shock about it all,” says Shirley Arnold, “but I remember much later Keith getting really pissed off and saying, ‘What the fuck were they burning his clothes for? Why?’ But analysing who was there and where they went isn’t going to bring him back, is it? It’s not going to take the sadness away.”

Like Mick Jagger, Charlie Watts remains resolute that there was nothing sinister about the death. “I think he took an overdose. In England it’s very rare to have an outdoor pool. The steam would be rising from it and I think he took a load of downers, which is what he used to like, drank, which he used to do and shouldn’t have done, ’cos he wasn’t strong enough to drink. And I think he went for a swim in a very hot bath. I don’t see why you’d bother [murdering him]. He was worth more alive than dead. If you were going to screw him or whatever you’d try and be his manager. Quite honestly, I don’t think he was worth murdering. And I don’t mean that in a nasty way. I mean he was not that important to murder. Particularly at that time. He was very frail and a rather sad figure. And in a way, maybe if he’d have lived another 20 years he’d have got worse. He’d have been shuffling down the King’s Road, you know, a shadow of his former self. Which is horrible. It’s better he went how he did.”

IT’S ALL VERY SINISTER AND EERIE,” MAINTAINS Terry Rawlings. “There are some very dark corners of the whole story.” Rawlings’ latest edition of Who Killed Christopher Robin?, subtitled The Truth Behind The Murder Of A Rolling Stone and published in July 2014, probes ever further into these murky recesses, and includes new information, but, 46 years after the event, many details surrounding Jones’ death still remain unclear or contentious.

“I’ve seen Brian swim in terrible conditions, in the sea with breakers up to here,” Keith Richards told Robert Greenfield in a marathon Rolling Stone interview in August 1971. “I’ve been underwater with Brian in Fiji. He was a goddamn good swimmer.”

Of his death Richards’ response was, “such a beautiful cat, man. He was one of those people who are so beautiful in one way, and such an asshole in another. Brian, how could you do that to me, man?” Richards has, however, retracted much of that over the years, most famously in a cathartic Q magazine interview in 1987: “I don’t think honestly you’ll find anyone who liked Brian. He had so many hang-ups he didn’t know where to hang himself. So he drowned himself.”

In the middle of acknowledging that “I nicked his old lady” and Brian’s penchant for “beating chicks up”, Richards also found time to resurrect the hoary old tale from the early days about Jones paying himself an extra £5. Even as the new century approached, some dark memories obviously still rankled with the guitarist.

“When they were rehearsing for the Bridges To Babylon tour in Toronto [in 1999], Ron Wood got hold of a couple of Brian’s old guitars – the nine-string and the 12-string Teardrops,” claims Terry Rawlings. “Keith turns round and goes, ‘Take that fucking thing off.’” (In August 2015, a concillatory Richards confided his greatest regret was not helping out Jones more than he did.)

“I think the highlight of Brian’s life wasn’t playing in a band that was idolised, it was meeting his idols,” says Pat Andrews. “I think he cherished that more than standing in front of screaming girls. He had great respect for his fans, that’s why there are so many letters around from Brian because he always answered his fanmail. But I do think he was looking for something else other than adulation.”

“My ultimate aim in life was not to be a pop star,” says Brian Jones in the documentary Charlie Is My Darling, filmed as the Stones toured Ireland in 1965. “I enjoy it – with reservations – but I’m not really satisfied, either artistically or personally.”

“He was bright, articulate, gifted, a shining star, but he was a flawed human being,” says Gered Mankowitz. “It was pretty sad from ’66 onwards and it was a sad end to a sad life. He was very unfulfilled. He had problems and there was nothing anybody could do about them, least of all him.”

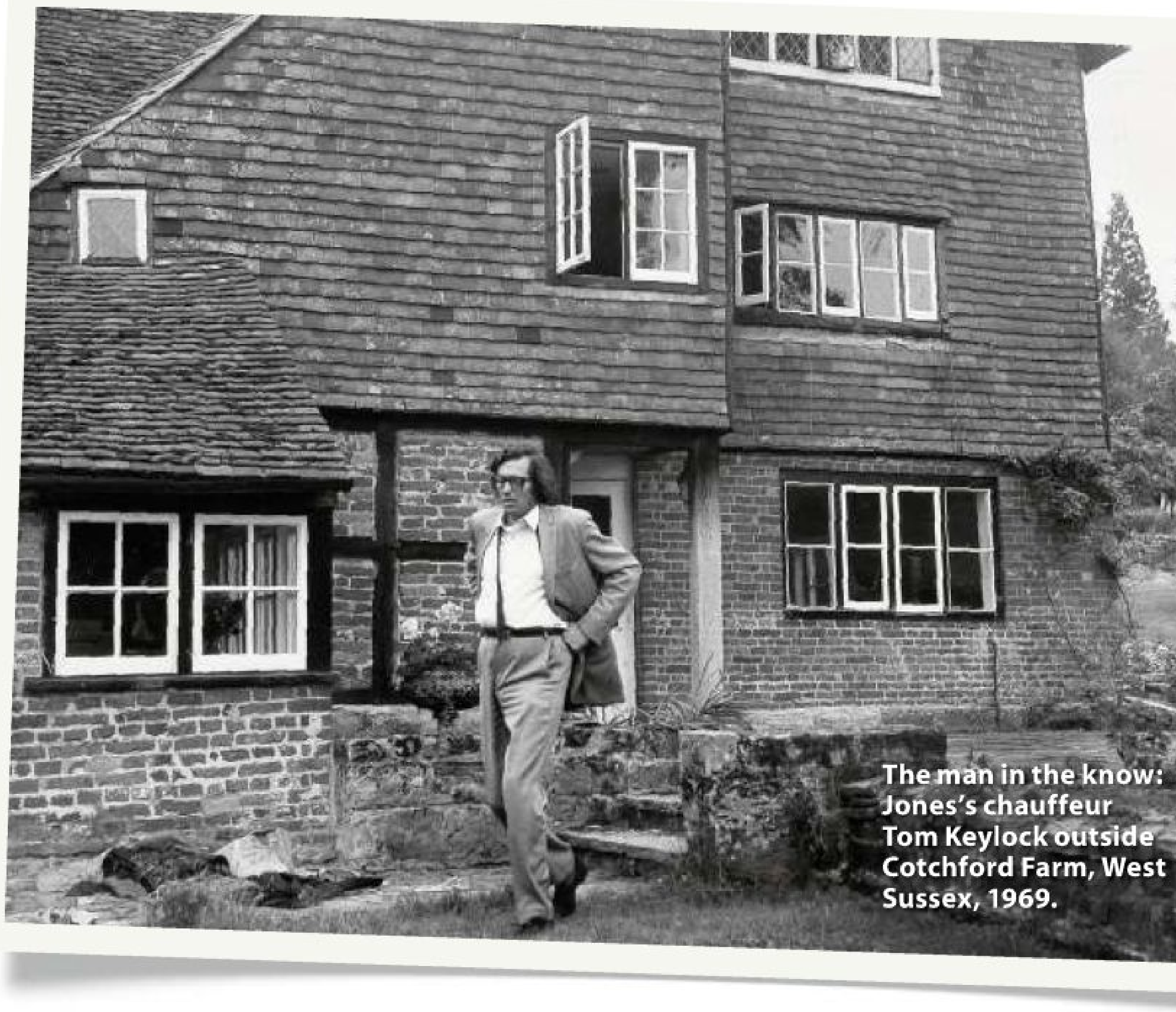
If ‘sad’ and ‘sinister’ are the only two choices on offer it’s a pretty squalid testimonial to a young life that only five years earlier had been so full of promise. At the Hyde Park free concert, which became a requiem mass for Brian, thousands of butterflies were released and Jagger read from Shelley’s Adonaïs.

After the loss of their founder the Stones descended into a little darkness of their own. “It was a very dark band anyway,” says Jagger of the Sympathy For The Devil period. “The band’s always been a very dark band.” Still? “Yeah, I think so. Definitely.” At the end of 1969, at the Altamont Speedway track, they opened another box, but instead of butterflies out flew the furies. Mick Jagger stood centre-stage, pleading with the Hell’s Angels to be cool while his fans were having their faces smashed in with pool cues. Satanic role-playing came face to face with real evil and was found wanting. Somewhere in the mêlée, nemesis came crashing down on the head of 18-year-old Meredith Hunter as he moved towards the stage, pointing a gun. Just a shot away.

Meanwhile Jimi, Janis and Jim were waiting in the wings ready for their turns on the sacrificial altar. But in Brian Jones the ’60s already had its first rock’n’roll martyr.

Additional interview material: David Sinclair (Mick Jagger and Charlie Watts), Mark Hagen (Keith Richards), Johnny Rogan (Andrew Loog Oldham) and Paul Trynka (Nicky Wright).

More Stones! **Turn the page to see a selection of photographer Michael Cooper’s amazing images of the band.**



The man in the know: Jones’s chauffeur Tom Keylock outside Cotchford Farm, West Sussex, 1969.

Alamy, Rex Features

ROLLING *With the Stones*

An extraordinary new exhibition of photographs by Michael Cooper – one of the few outsiders allowed into The Rolling Stones' inner sanctum – throws the spotlight on their '60s heyday.

IF IT WAS HAPPENING IN POP music in the 1960s, the chances are Michael Cooper and his camera were somewhere nearby. Courting The Stones, an exhibition at Proud Gallery, Chelsea, in West London tells the story of The Rolling Stones in their heyday through Cooper's many striking photographs – including a recently unearthed image of Brian Jones taken just days before his death.

Cooper met his greatest subjects through art gallery owner and Stones courtier Robert Fraser in 1964. Fraser introducedthe 22-year-old photographer to the likesof Andy Warhol, Peter Blake and, crucially, Keith Richards.

Three years later in the summer of 1967, Cooper was shooting the cover of The Beatles' *Sgt Pepper's Lonely Hearts Club Band* and sharing good times with The Rolling Stones. "He had such a good relationship with them, they were always relaxed in front of the camera,"said Cooper's son, Adam. "This was their real life."

Cooper was a constant presence in the Stones' "real life". He was there in London's Olympic Studios while the Stones made *Beggars Banquet* and Brian Jones was spiralling into oblivion. And he was there when the police infamously raided Keith Richards' South Coast retreat, Redlands, in spring 1967.

In happier times, Cooper joined the Stones on trips to California and on their fabled jaunt to Morocco, to escape the fall-out of that 1967 drug bust. Marianne Faithfull, another of Cooper's subjects, described the photographer as one who "hovered over the scene with a single-lens-reflex eye, invisibly ever-present."

Cooper stayed close to the Stones until 1973. His last pictures of the band were taken while they were making *Exile On Main Street* in the south of France. But after a long struggle with heroin addiction, Cooper took his own life in the same year. Few photographers would ever get as close to The Rolling Stones again.

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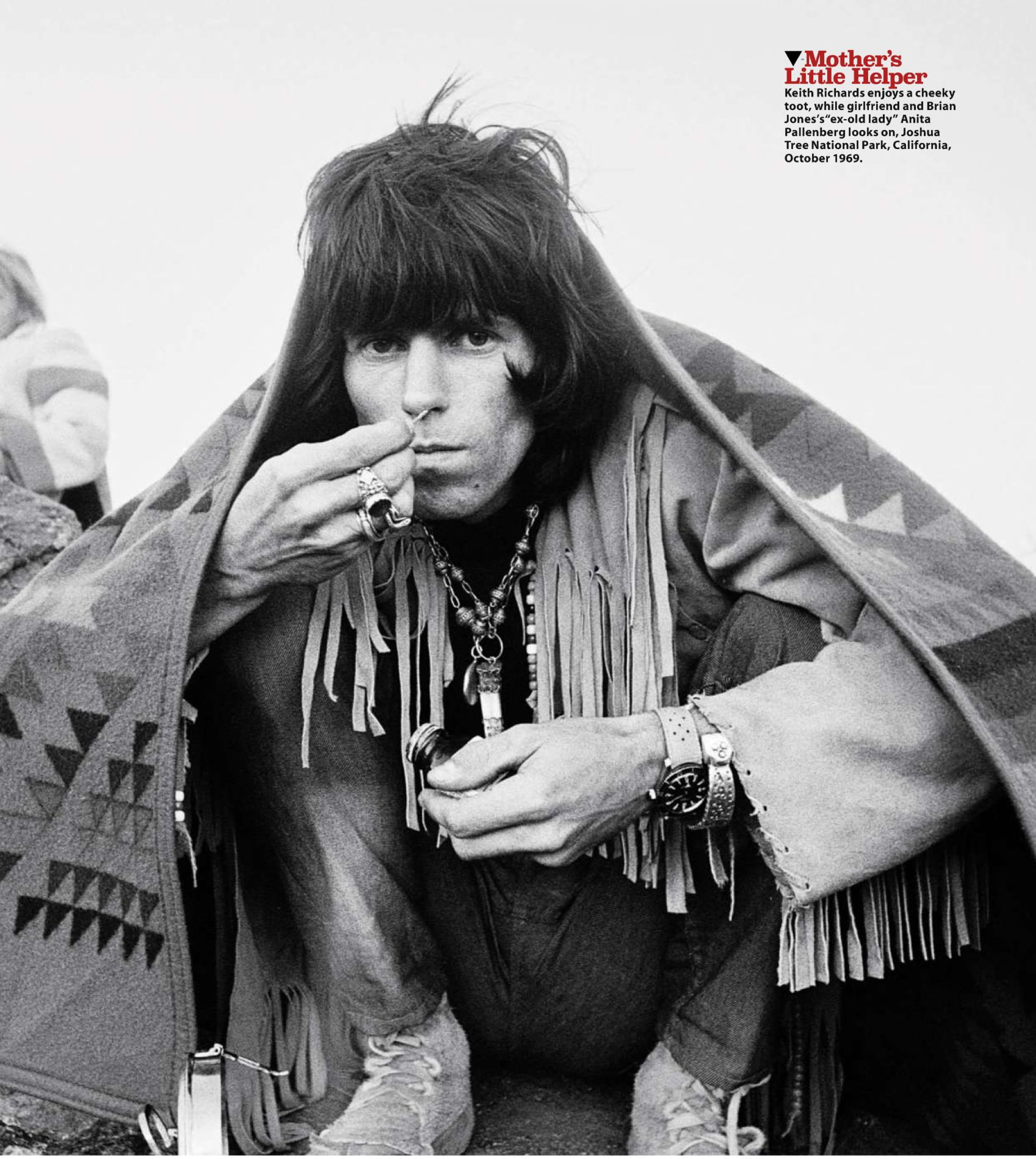
Courting The Stones, Proud Chelsea, October 16 to 22 November 2015, www.proud.co.uk

© Michael Cooper



▼ Mother's Little Helper

Keith Richards enjoys a cheeky toot, while girlfriend and Brian Jones's "ex-old lady" Anita Pallenberg looks on, Joshua Tree National Park, California, October 1969.

▲ Love In Vain
Mick Jagger and Anita Pallenberg photographed on the set of the film Performance. The movie's explicit sex scenes fuelled rumours of a real-life affair between the couple.

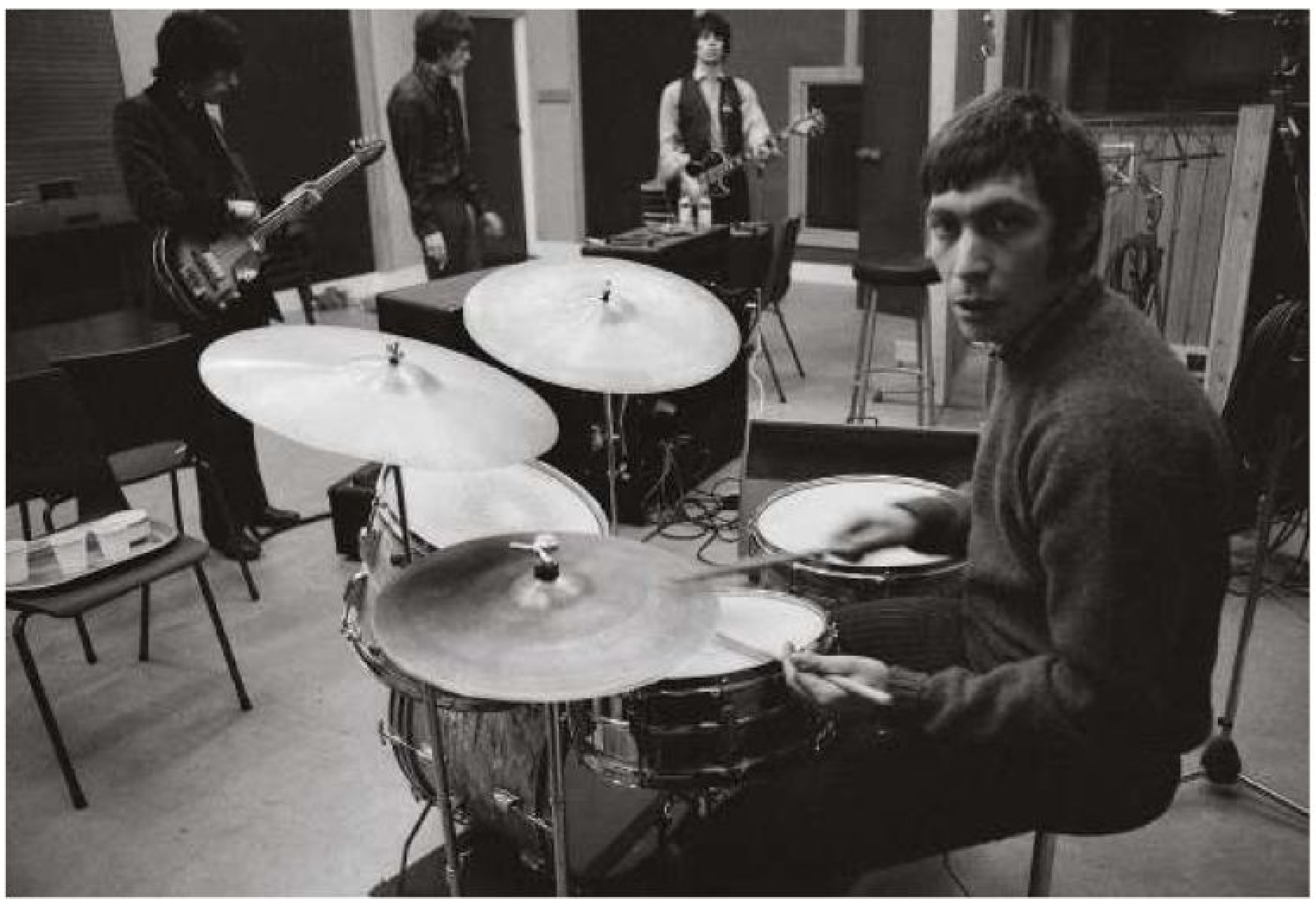
▲Waiting On A Friend

Jagger and Richards share a keyboard at London's Olympic Studios, during the sessions for *Beggars Banquet*, 1968.

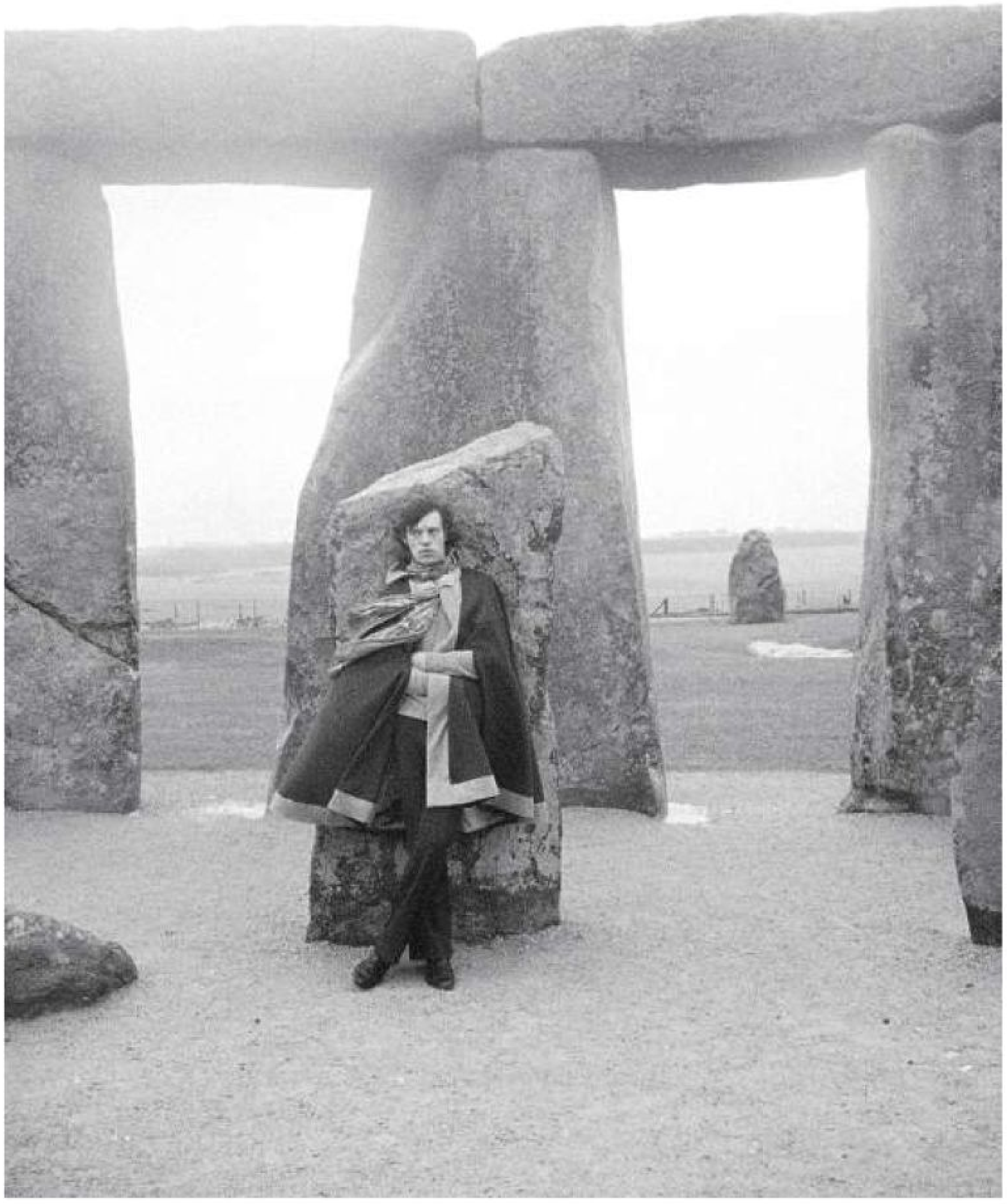
▼In Another Land

Photographer Michael Cooper pictured with Keith Richards in Morocco, 1967. The Stones left Britain for North Africa to escape reporters following their recent drug bust.

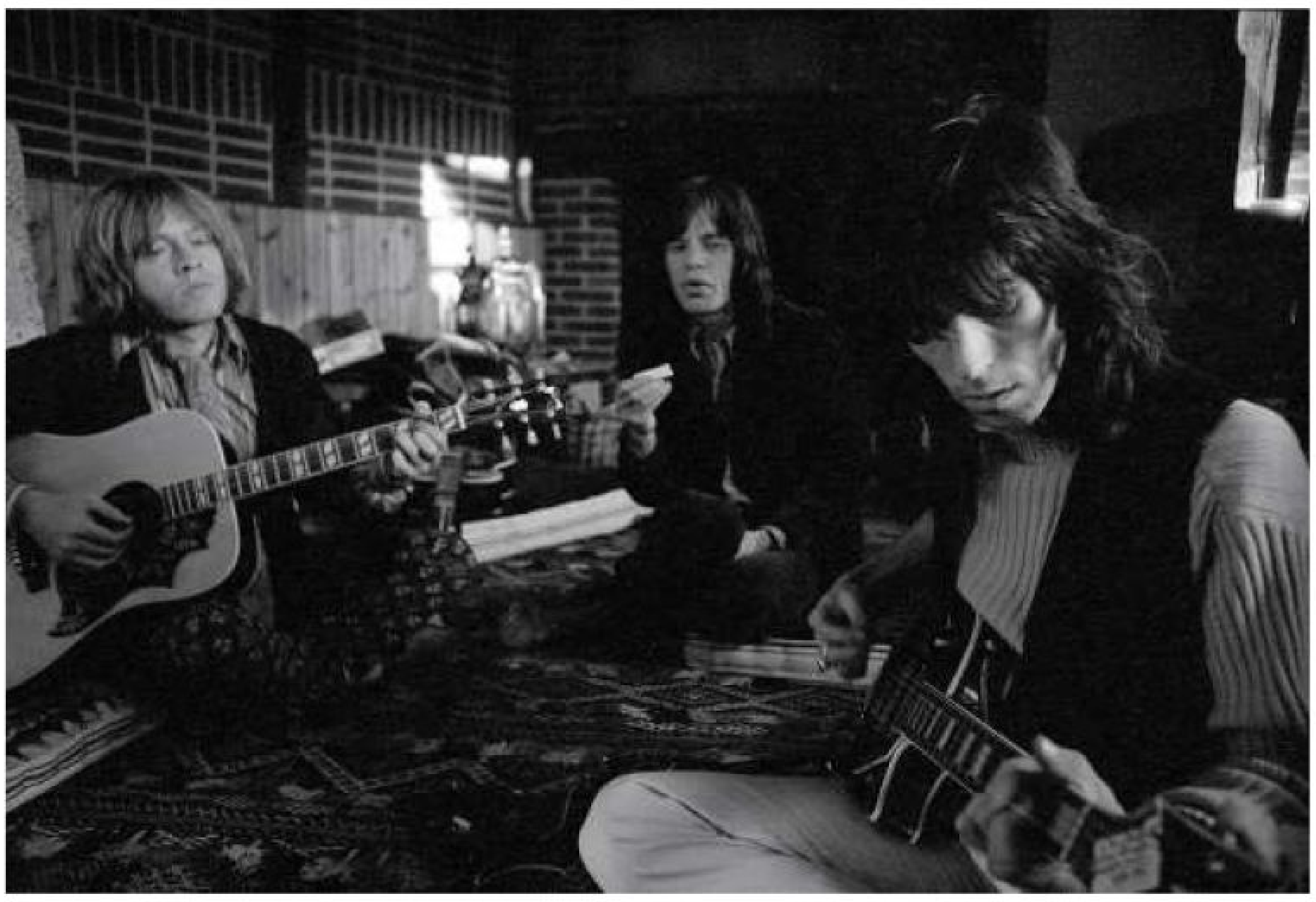
© Michael Cooper



◀**Charlie Is My Darling**
Charlie Watts, with the Stones in the background, hard at work at London's Olympic Studios, 1968.



◀**Rocks Off**
Jagger in exotic *Their Satanic Majesties Request*-era, flower power garb, at Stonehenge, Wiltshire, 1967.



◀**Country Honk**
Brian Jones, Mick Jagger and Keith Richards jamming at Richards' rural retreat, Redlands, in West Wittering, Sussex, 1968.

▶**High & Dry**
A recently discovered picture of Brian Jones, taken just days before his death in July 1969.

© Michael Cooper

ISOLA

IN 1967 **NICO** WAS THE FACE OF THE VELVET UNDERGROUND. BUT BY 1970 SHE WAS A LONELY JUNKIE. WHAT WENT WRONG? STORY BY **WILL HODGKINSON.** ➢

Copyright Billy Name/Reel Art Press

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IN JANUARY 1967, A WOULD-BE SONGWRITER called Jackson Browne arrived in New York City. A pretty, long-haired 18-year-old kid from Orange County, Browne had travelled, by road, from California in order to check out his friend Tim Buckley playing at the Dom, a former Polish community centre on St Mark's Square. However, it wasn't Buckley who subsequently drew Browne back to the Dom night after night, but the main attraction: a cool, statuesque beauty from somewhere north of the frozen borderline; a woman called Nico.

"There were huge posters of her all over town," remembers Browne. "Andy Warhol was calling her Superstar Of The Year, or Pop Girl Of '66, and she wasn't exactly famous but people were talking about her. There was something about the lowness of her voice, and her icy countenance, and the way she didn't perform in the traditional sense that was compelling. She was different."

She certainly was. Over the next two years, Miss Pop 1966 would dye her blonde hair rust-red, replace her white Chanel trouser suits with blankets and ponchos, and swap her interpretations of other people's songs in favour of self-penned material that revealed an ancient European soul suffused with immovable suffering. Her first solo album, 1967's *Chelsea Girl*, finds Nico doing her best to hit the high notes on sweet, melancholic songs by Jackson Browne, Lou Reed and Bob Dylan. Her second, 1968's *The Marble Index*, sounds like the musical equivalent of The Tin Drum, Günter Grass's twisted history of Nazi Germany. With Nico's ghostly baritone set against her harmonium and John Cale's screeching, viola-dominated arrangements, it is an album of stark beauty; existentialist crisis set to music. After that, the only place to go was down.

NICO ARRIVED AT ANDY Warhol's Factory in 1965 with almost impeccable credentials. Born Christa Päffgen in 1938 to German parents, Nico was raised by her mother in Berlin. Her soldier father, brain damaged following a bullet wound to head, was executed by his own side in 1942. Aged just 15, the young Nico was 'discovered' by couturier Heinz Oestergaard, who convinced her to become a model. She went on to work for Chanel in Paris and Fellini in Rome – he cast her in his 1960 masterpiece La Dolce Vita after spotting her hanging around the set – and Andrew Loog Oldham in London, for whom she recorded the hauntingly beautiful 1965 Immediate single I'm Not Sayin'. She had a son, Ari, with French actor Alain Delon, although to this day Delon has never accepted paternity, and a fling with Brian Jones. By 1965 she was singing at a nightclub called The Blue Angel in New York, having been brought over by Eileen Ford's modelling agency. Bob Dylan had given her a song, I'll Keep It With Mine, and his manager Albert Grossman said he would represent her. Then she remembered a conversation she'd had in Paris with a quiet man in a blond wig who had told her, "You really should be in one of my movies…"

Nico descended upon Andy Warhol's Factory – a studio on Manhattan's East 47th Street paid for by paintings of Campbell's soup cans and decorated by the photographer Billy Name – and was welcomed into the fold. As fellow Factory girl and dancer for The Velvet Underground, Mary Woronov remembers, "She was gorgeous and strange to boot, so her value in the Warhol camp was high. She hardly moved, she never danced and if you asked her a question you might get an answer about 10 minutes later. You couldn't exactly go down the store and buy 10 of her."

"Oh, we all thought she was so beautiful and exotically strange in her silent ways," remembers Billy Name, who, having spent the latter half of the '60s hardly ever leaving the confines of The Factory, knows a thing or two about strangeness. "She was a marvellous thing, the likes of which nobody had seen before. She didn't do much – she just let things happen around her – but she could really exhaust you with her magical, captive qualities."

Nico found her niche at The Factory thanks to the commercial acumen of Paul Morrissey, who made most of the 'Warhol' movies and conducted Factory business affairs. "It was my job to invent ways of marketing this vaguely known person called Andy Warhol," says a somewhat cantankerous Morrissey. "One of my ideas was to have a pop group. [Poet] Gerard Malanga had taken me to see this band called The Velvet Underwear [sic] and they were interesting, with John Cale and his Richard III hairstyle and a drummer who you could not tell was a boy or a girl. The only problem was the singer, who was so sleazy and off-putting. So I said to them, I need a band to play in a nightclub in Queens, but you need someone that will give you distinction, someone for people to photograph. There's a girl named Nico who would be perfect. Of course, Lou Reed went out of his mind…"

In the gallons of ink spilt on the history of The Velvet Underground, Nico's role has often been underplayed and mocked. This might be a result of Lou Reed's attitude towards her, supposedly articulated in Femme Fatale, although that song is more likely to be about fellow Warhol superstar Edie Sedgwick. Nico later claimed that she received such awful treatment at the hands of Reed because of what, historically, 'her people' did to ➢

> "WE ALL THOUGHT **NICO** WAS SO BEAUTIFUL AND EXOTICALLY STRANGE IN HER SILENT WAYS."
> **BILLY NAME**

Immediate star: Nico performs I'm Not Sayin' on Ready Steady Go!, May 4, 1965.

Getty, Copyright Billy Name/Reel Art Press

Factory family '66: (clockwise from top) Andy Warhol with Nico's son Ari, Lou Reed, Nico, John Cale, Moe Tucker, Mary Woronov, Sterling Morrison, Gerard Malanga.

< 'his people'. The real reason is probably more prosaic: he didn't like playing second fiddle to a Teutonic beauty. "That was the first lesson I got in PR," says John Cale, who went on to work with Nico on four of her solo albums. "By the time we played at the Dom, Nico added a sheen of elitism to the whole thing that got us a lot of press. All of those uptown people like Jackie Kennedy and Walter Cronkite came down to see her. Not Lou."

According to Paul Morrissey, it was Nico who swung the Velvets their first record deal. "Tom Wilson was an awfully nice man, a tall black guy with a good reputation in the industry after having signed Simon And Garfunkel to Columbia, and he had taken over MGM's Verve label. He signed The Velvet Underwear purely on the strength of Nico, and of course that infuriated Lou Reed even more, so he punished her for it by making her burst into tears whenever he could. He had this syrupy piece of shit called Sunday Morning that Nico was supposed to sing, but when it came to recording it he insisted on singing it himself. That was the kind of junk he was."

"Lou has a way of knowing exactly how to hurt people," confirms John Cale. "The first jottings of a new relationship are always, 'How can I get to this guy?' And it was very easy to get to Nico because she was so insecure. But slowly we all got the hang of her, and Lou did write some beautiful songs for Nico – I'll Be Your Mirror was written so that she would feel better about herself."

The relationship between The Velvet Underground and Nico wasn't built to last. Ongoing commercial failure, Nico's affairs with Reed and Cale, and large amounts of amphetamine maintained tension. Then the album's release was delayed because of a lawsuit from Factory regular Eric Emerson, who objected to his photograph being used on the back cover. By the time *The Velvet Underground & Nico* received a proper release in spring 1967, radio DJs and the buying public had lost interest. And when Warhol took Nico on a trip to Cannes and left the band behind, Reed saw that as his cue to sack both of them. Paul Morrissey cut his losses and took up management of the woman he saw as the star of the show.

"I saw Nico as a modern Marlene Dietrich, with a great beauty, voice and presence," he says. "She was a wonderful performer: completely poised as a sophisticated person should be. She didn't jump and scream like Janis Joplin or any of those ugly West Coast hippies."

Next, as far as Morrissey remembers, he got a call from the manager of the first floor bar at the Dom. It had a black crowd, but he was looking to attract a new type of clientele. "This guy wanted to get Nico in because he knew the blacks wouldn't be able to stand her, but she was very shy about doing it and she needed someone to play with. Of course Lou Reed wouldn't do it, and instead he suggested the ultimate humiliation: get her to sing along to a tape recorder. She had to push the stop button every time she came to the end of a song."

SHE WAS TREATED TERRIBLY DOWN THERE," SAYS Cale of Nico's nights at the Dom. "Nobody wanted to play with her, and it was a little painful to watch her sit next to this old tape machine. But then Jackson [Browne] accompanied her on guitar for some nights, Sterling [Morrison] played

Centre stage: Nico and the Velvets' Sterling Morrison at the New York Society for Clinical Psychiatry's annual dinner, The Delmonico Hotel, New York, January 13, 1966.

with her, and I played with her, even Lou, with Tim Buckley on the same bill."

Her performances drew a fashionable crowd, with, as Browne remembers it, "a whole load of society people coming along to gawk at the freaks". Nico sang songs written by Reed and Dylan nobody had heard before, while film loops of Reed eating a chocolate bar and a skydiver trapped in perpetual freefall were projected onto the walls. Paul Morrissey looked after Ari, then four, in a quiet corner of the Dom while his mother sang onstage. Warhol tried to convince Nico to sing in a plexiglass enclosure but she refused. Around the same time, Ornette Coleman taught her how to master her Indian harmonium, instructing her to play the melody with her left hand on the bass end of the keyboard; meanwhile, Leonard Cohen hung out with Jackson Browne in the kitchen of Nico's large, high-ceilinged apartment on Amsterdam and 89th Street as she sat in the bedroom with Ari, living the reasonably stable existence of a single mother trying to make a life for herself and her son in a foreign country.

"We were lovers for a while," says Jackson Browne, who, like everyone else, remembers Nico with an affection that belies her image as an emotionless ice maiden and, later on, Queen Of The Junkies. "She would never talk about her life like a normal person would – I wasn't even sure if she was German or not – but every now and then she would give you this enigmatic smile that allowed you a glimpse into her private reality. She had no interest in her beauty. She hated modelling, she hated being objectified, and she had a philosophical distance from life that was disarming. But she was serious about her music. She loved Roger McGuinn's 12-string guitar on Eight Miles High because she considered it avant-garde. She was hip."

"There was *nobody* more serious than Nico," sighs Mary Woronov, in a slightly less reverential tone than Browne's. "She would say, 'I want to be a *chantooose*,' and we all thought it was a joke because she was completely atonal. But as it turned out she was entirely genuine, even if she was nuts."

Tom Wilson, reeling from the commercial failure of *The Velvet Underground & Nico*, saw that the best way to salvage something from the relationship would be to record a solo album with the woman who had caught his interest in the first place. As Cale remembers it: "MGM knew that she used to be a model, she had a horrendous voice and she was deaf in one ear. Like any self-respecting capitalist entity, they could do something with that." Morrissey contacted Cale and Reed and asked for their contributions for what would become *Chelsea Girl*. Cale wrote one track, Winter Song, and worked with Nico and Reed on Little Sister and It Was A Pleasure Then, while Reed and Sterling Morrison provided the near-title track, a commentary on Morrissey and Warhol's 1966 Chelsea Girls film that featured Warhol superstars such as Nico, Woronov and Brigid "Polk" in a sequence of unconnected scenes at The Chelsea Hotel. Reed himself wrote Wrap Your Troubles In Dreams, while Nico tried unconvincingly to stretch her Germanic vowels around the word 'babe' in I'll Keep It With Mine, a song Dylan had given her; Jackson Browne contributed three wistful, rich and romantic ballads: These Days, The Fairest Of The Seasons and Somewhere There's A Feather, giving Nico the chance to reveal a sweetness not always apparent. A previously unheard Tim Hardin song, Eulogy To Lenny Bruce, completed the set.

> "LOU KNEW HOW TO HURT PEOPLE AND IT WAS EASY TO GET TO NICO BECAUSE SHE WAS SO INSECURE."
> JOHN CALE

"Tom Wilson just said, 'Go in there and play it'," recalls Browne. "He seemed to be on the phone for most of the recording session, setting up his date for that evening. The strings must have been added later as nobody mentioned them at the time, and it was all recorded in two or three days without too much care for Nico's opinion on anything. I suspect that she was upset about the way it was done."

Yet *Chelsea Girl* is a sophisticated album, and marks the beginning of Nico's allegiance to art that looks beyond image. The cover, with a black-and-white photograph of Nico by Billy Name transposed over a colour one by Paul Morrissey, presents the singer as an elegant beauty, but there is a sadness in her blank expression. Larry Fallon's strings give elegance to the simple folk-rock arrangements, but Nico's melancholic voice shades their glamour. It's an album for late nights and Sunday mornings, with a reserved charm that has little in common with the buoyant rebellion of rock'n'roll.

"Did you see that film The Royal Tenenbaums?" asks Morrissey, who views *Chelsea Girl* as the one moment Nico got right. "It used These Days and The Fairest Of The Seasons in their entirety. They're wonderful songs, the best Jackson Browne ever wrote. But poor ➢

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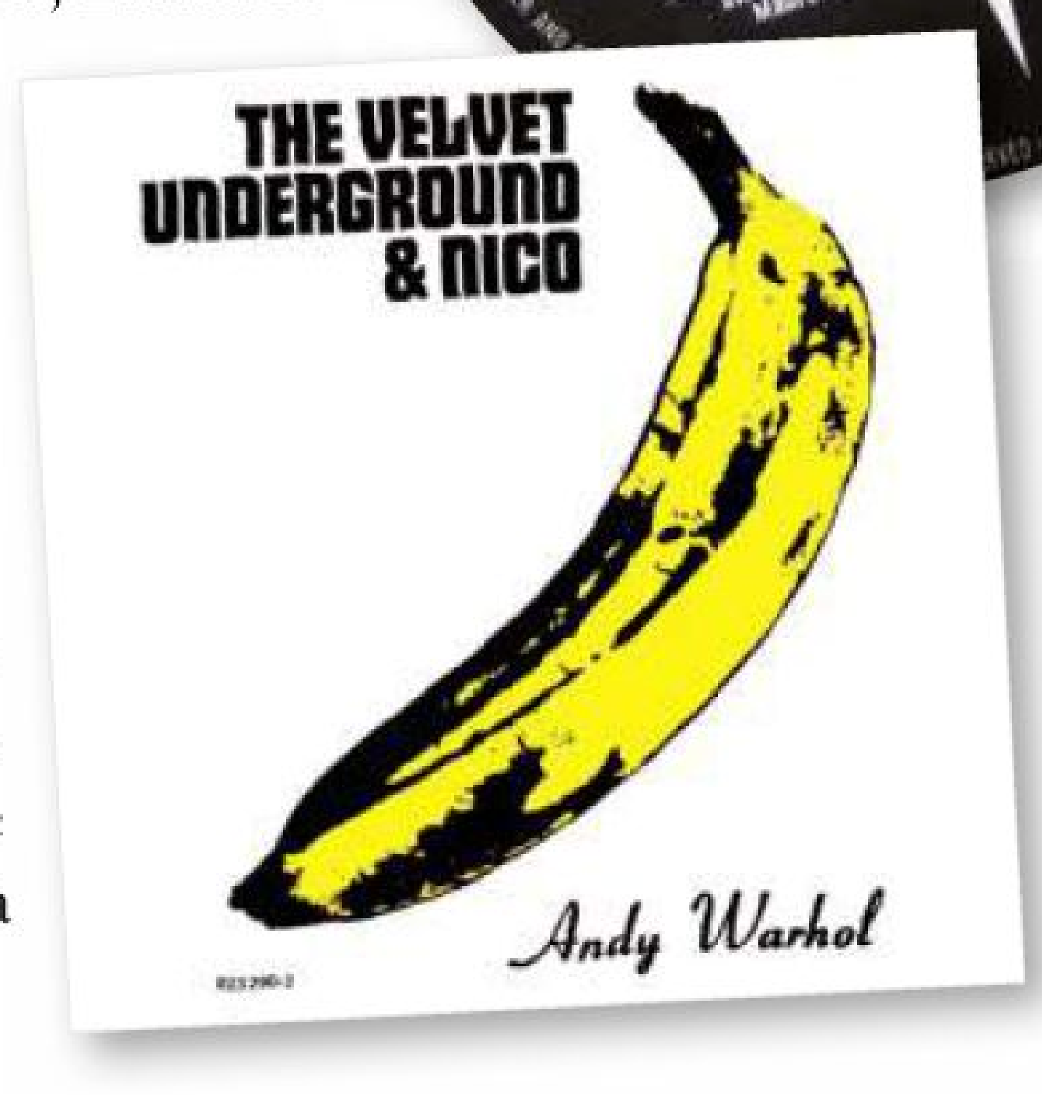
LONG PLAY
33⅓ r.p.m.
VLP 9184
"THE VELVET UNDERGROUND AND NICO"
© 1967



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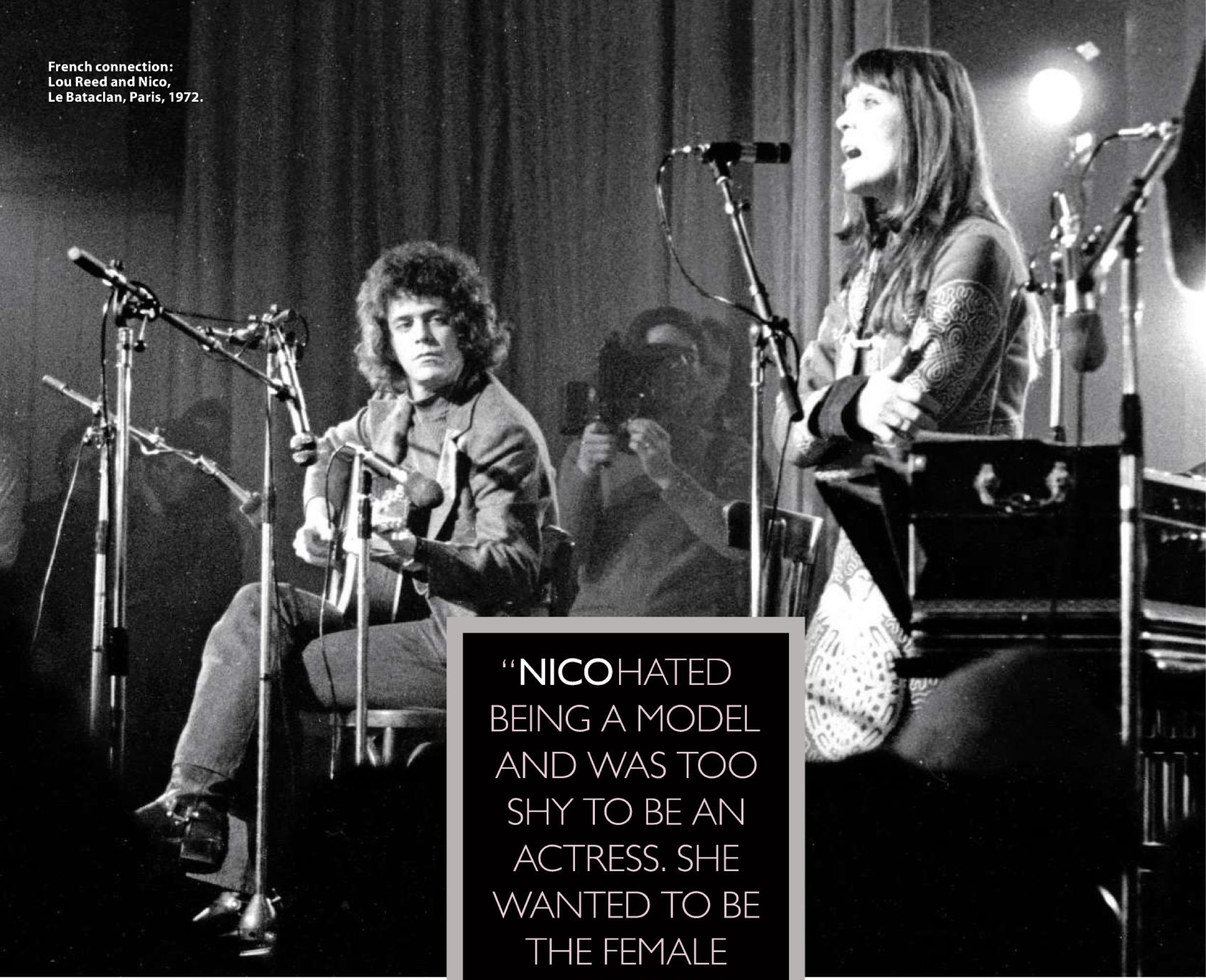
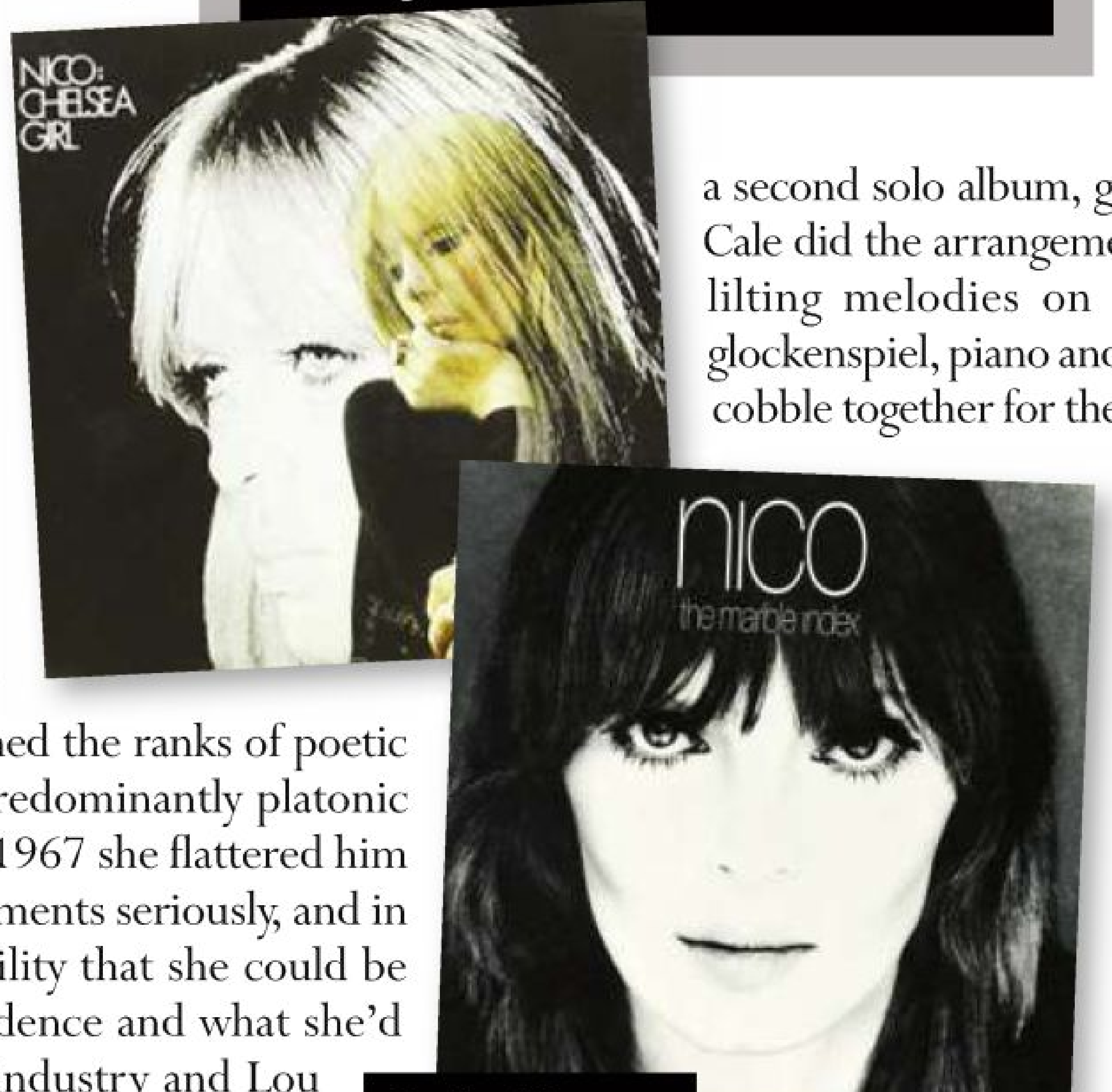


French connection: Lou Reed and Nico, Le Bataclan, Paris, 1972.

> "NICO HATED BEING A MODEL AND WAS TOO SHY TO BE AN ACTRESS. SHE WANTED TO BE THE FEMALE JIM MORRISON."
> JOHN CALE

< Nico, who wasn't awfully bright, was disappointed with this beautiful album. She had a childlike mind, and as with so many talented women she had no understanding of her own talent. She could have been a great singer, but instead she wanted to be a Bob Dylan-style moaner and groaner."

THE MARBLE INDEX was the result of this desire. Nico was encouraged in her new direction by the greatest moaner and groaner of them all, Jim Morrison. Seduced by her harsh beauty and severe countenance, Morrison joined the ranks of poetic rockers who enjoyed dispassionate, predominantly platonic affairs with Nico. For a few months in 1967 she flattered him by taking his most ludicrous lyrical moments seriously, and in return he suggested to her the possibility that she could be a true artist, despite her lack of confidence and what she'd been led to believe by the modelling industry and Lou Reed. "She was quite clear about it: she wanted to be the female Jim Morrison," says John Cale. "She hated being a model, she was too shy to be an actress, and she was always writing poetry, so when the chance to do *The Marble Index* came there was no looking back."



Single girl: Nico's solo debut album, 1967's *Chelsea Girl* (top), and (below) its follow-up, 1968's *The Marble Index*.

Nico did not make life easy for herself. She didn't sing in her native language, wrote as a woman from the perspective of a man, and used an Indian harmonium as her tool of composition. Elektra's Jac Holzman signed her for a second solo album, giving creative freedom on the proviso that Cale did the arrangements. She solemnly squeezed out hypnotic, lilting melodies on harmonium, while Cale played viola, glockenspiel, piano and any other instruments he had managed to cobble together for the recording.

Given four days to arrange, record and mix everything, Nico and Cale worked with producer Frazier Mohawk under considerable strain. The singer's insecurities meant that every session climaxed with blunt objects being thrown around the room, but Cale had no choice but to battle on given the time constraints he was faced with. "I had to make a virtue of the fact that nothing was in tune with the harmonium," he recalls. "For me, the best orchestrations are the ones that are in independent parts: if you listen to Debussy's Hommage, it is the detail that captures the whole. So I started by using the harmonium as the centre of gravity and then took it away, which meant that all the tonality was implied in what was left. That's why the album sounds so

Getty

abstract: you take away the core of an idea and by doing so create all this tension."

Nico's songwriting technique was to think carefully about what she was going to say before committing anything to paper, and then writing it all in one draft – and she wasn't expressing herself in even her second language, but her fourth – having learned German, Spanish and Italian before English. But Cale's maestro-like ability frustrated her, and on the final day of recording she stormed out of the studio in tears. "There was so little time to think about things that I didn't give her any shrift," says Cale. "Finally she came back in to listen to it and she burst into tears again. My heart sank, but this time it was tears of whatever Nico expressed that most closely resembled joy. She kept saying, 'It's soooooo beau-ooo-tiful', again and again."

The Marble Index is an album of bleak, empty splendour, with Nico's baritone verging on Wagnerian parody as it reverberates through songs that plunge into a deep well of European memory. Hints of German lieder underscore Cale's modern classical arrangements and makes one think of multi-skirted old women toiling over frozen potato fields, not mini-skirted superstars shooting speed with Andy Warhol. Coursing through songs such as No One Is There and Frozen Warnings is a profound sense of emptiness and gothic dread. Even on Ari's Song Nico doesn't allow motherhood to sway her in the war against sentiment, as she implores her five-year-old son to "sail away, sail away": he already had – to Alain Delon's mother's house in France. Ari did not live with his mother again until he was 19.

The cover shot for *The Marble Index* gives a clear indication of where Nico was heading. Gone was the enigmatic blonde of *Chelsea Girl* whose beauty, in Mary Woronov's words, "made even the furniture moan", replaced by an unsmiling, unapproachable woman with high cheek-bones and hennaed hair.

Nico dropped in on Jackson Browne at his house in Laurel Canyon at the time of the album's release. "She had made herself ugly on purpose and it was a shock," the singer recalls. "She was in rebellion against the fashion industry, against the superficiality of being a beauty, and I was so pleased when I heard *The Marble Index* because it all made sense to me. I love that record. A black-and-white cover, stark organ music… Jac Holzman was one of those rare record industry people who wanted to nurture genuine talent, and he understood what Nico was trying to do."

"Are you on drugs?" asks Paul Morrissey when I tell him I love *The Marble Index*. "She wanted to reject every quality she had, and she bought into that awful hippy lie that everybody must get stoned, nobody should have any responsibility. If I had been a better manager I would never have let her start writing all those awful drug-induced songs that she did after *Chelsea Girl*. Drugs offer a very effective way of destroying yourself, which is why Nico, in her naïve way, did them."

Despite high praise from critics, *The Marble Index* didn't sell well. Whether Nico cared or not is impossible to say: she certainly wasn't searching for success in a conventional sense, and her goal of dedicating herself to art had been achieved. Sadly, the existentialist in her was seduced by the idea that a rejection of bourgeois values brings with it personal degradation. Like most people in the music scene of late-'60s America, Nico took drugs. At the end of the decade she took up heroin.

IN 1969, NICO MET THE FRENCH underground film director Philippe Garrel. The following year they moved into his father's empty Paris apartment, removed all the furniture, cut off the electricity, painted the walls black and lived on candlelight and heroin. Then Nico made *Desertshore*, originally written as a soundtrack to Garrel's film La Cicatrice Intérieure, with Cale once again providing the arrangements. There are some powerful, unique moments, most notably the Brian Jones tribute Janitor Of Lunacy, but the mood is unremittingly dark. A few months before Nico recorded *Desertshore* in London, her mother, who she hadn't seen in seven years, died of Parkinson's disease in Berlin.

"She came back from Europe a junkie," says Morrissey. "She wanted to reject every quality she had. I should never have allowed her to make her own choices." A few years later, Mary Woronov went to see Nico perform at the Whisky in LA. "Nico came on-stage and said, 'You are not going to like this, but you are not allowed to leave,' she recalls. "Afterwards we went backstage and she was happy to see me, but she looked awful and she was talking with her hand over her mouth. Then I saw why. All her teeth had been rotted away by the heroin. It was an awful thing to witness."

The final 18 years of Nico's life were not guided by art, but a depressingly routine search for heroin interspersed with the occasional methadone programme and record release. She pressed old friends for money, moved to Manchester for a pure supply, turned her son Ari onto the stuff when he tracked her down at the age of 19, and went on a tour of ever-decreasing returns for much of the '80s, documented with wonderfully black humour by her former keyboardist James Young in his book Songs They Never Play On The Radio. In 1988, having replaced heroin with methadone, Nico played two successful shows at Berlin Planetarium that marked something of a second chance. Then, with the kind of timing that shaped her career, she died. On July 18, 1988 she suffered a brain haemorrhage after falling off her bicycle in Ibiza.

There's a scene in Morrissey's film Chelsea Girls that shows Nico crying, and her very real despair sits uneasily in Warhol's world where façade is all. "A few years ago a documentary came out called Nico: Icon," says Morrissey, who, despite his disgust at the way her life turned out, can't disguise a deep fondness for his old friend. "Nico was anything but an icon. She was treated like trash her whole life. She was a child, a lost person who was born in the wrong era and abused by everyone. She was also a woman of great distinction who just became another victim of hippy nihilism. It's terribly sad."

FEMME FATALE

Nico's men. By Will Hodgkinson.

ALAIN DELON
The French film idol (above) has always denied being the father of Nico's son Ari, despite the fact that Delon's own mother raised him. The couple fell in love – according to Nico – on the island of Ischia in 1959, when Delon was filming Plein Soleil.

BOB DYLAN
Introduced by a mutual friend, Nico and Dylan met in Paris in 1964. They took a holiday to Greece, where Dylan wrote I'll Keep It With Mine, a song about Nico and her baby son Ari.

BRIAN JONES
Nico met Jones at a gig on September 14, 1965. Of their conversations, Nico said: "He was too stoned to talk about anything, and often so was I."

LOU REED
Nico's brief affair with Reed ended when she arrived at The Factory for a Velvets rehearsal and answered a terse 'hello' from Reed with, "I cannot make love to Jews any more."

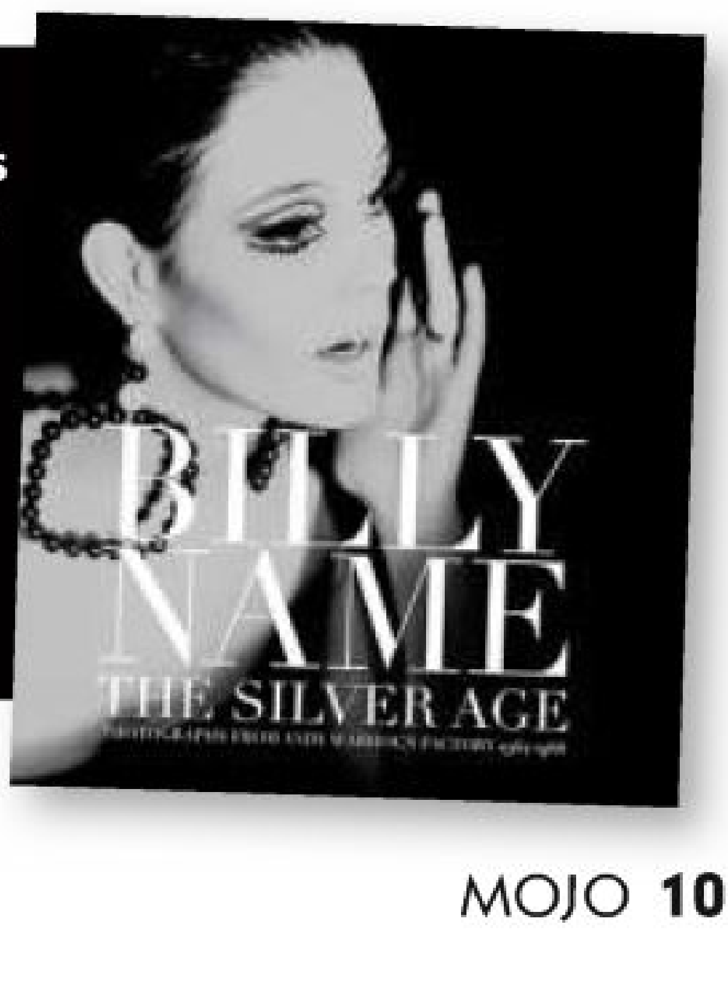
JOHN CALE
Cale remained ever loyal to Nico. They remained close friends till her death in 1988.

JIM MORRISON
Morrison admired Nico not only for her beauty, but also for her ability to put away industrial quantities of beer. They enjoyed an LA summer together in 1967.

PHILIPPE GARREL
Garrel became Nico's lover and heroin buddy in 1970 and they made seven films together. Apart from Ulbrich, he was the only former lover to attend Nico's funeral in Berlin in 1988.

LUTZ ULBRICH
Nico was 34 when she met the 22-year-old Berlin musician Ulbrich in 1973. He became her lover, manager and friend.

Billy Name: The Silver Age collects the photographer's iconic images of Andy Warhol's Factory (1964-1968); it's published by Reel Art Press, RRP £60. His photos are exhibited at London's Serena Morton II gallery until 23 October 2015. See www.reelartpress.com



THE MAN WHO WASN'T

CAFE
MACDOUGAL ST.
BLEECKER ST.
ONE WAY
ONE WAY
WINES & LIQUORS
San REMO
San REMO
WINES & LIQUORS
SAN REMO CAFE
SAN REMO CAFE
GUSTA
FRENCH
CLEANERS

RISSETTO
LIQUORS
LIQUORS
Montes
RESTAURANT
SAN REMO RESTAURANT
97

THERE

He wrote a song for Buddy Holly, gave Bob Dylan his start, gifted the world with Everybody's Talkin' and inspired a generation of performers. Then he gave it all up for dolphins and solitude. Welcome to the mysterious, mythical world of Fred Neil.

By Ben Edmonds.

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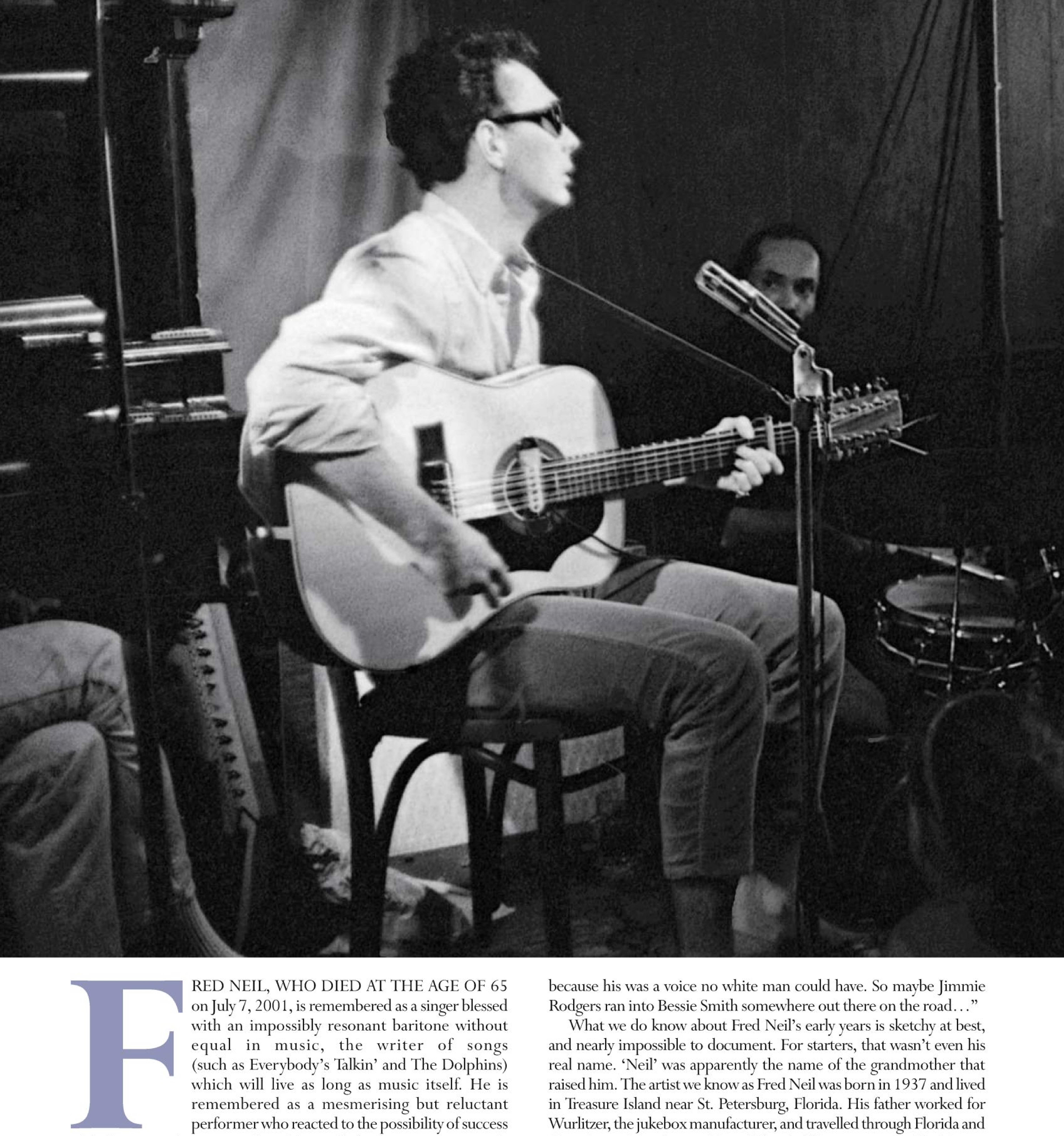

FRED NEIL, WHO DIED AT THE AGE OF 65 on July 7, 2001, is remembered as a singer blessed with an impossibly resonant baritone without equal in music, the writer of songs (such as Everybody's Talkin' and The Dolphins) which will live as long as music itself. He is remembered as a mesmerising but reluctant performer who reacted to the possibility of success with horror, whose records sold poorly but were enormously influential on other musicians – people like Tim Buckley, David Crosby, John Sebastian and Stephen Stills and dozens more, who rate him among the very best.

Though his reputation is based on relatively few performances and a slim portfolio of recorded work (he chose to walk away from the music business in the early '70s), the lives he touched were changed forever. Most – but not all – were uplifted by their experience of him.

John Sebastian (Lovin' Spoonful): "What you've gotta understand first about Fred Neil is that you're not gonna understand. For someone whose songs were so emotionally there, the person was always removed. Whether by nature or by design, the man was a concealer."

Eric Andersen (singer): "He was always a cross between a rumour and a legend. I heard a story that his grandfather was Jimmie Rodgers, the Singing Brakeman. I always suspected that he was part black, because his was a voice no white man could have. So maybe Jimmie Rodgers ran into Bessie Smith somewhere out there on the road…"

What we do know about Fred Neil's early years is sketchy at best, and nearly impossible to document. For starters, that wasn't even his real name. 'Neil' was apparently the name of the grandmother that raised him. The artist we know as Fred Neil was born in 1937 and lived in Treasure Island near St. Petersburg, Florida. His father worked for Wurlitzer, the jukebox manufacturer, and travelled through Florida and Georgia servicing the machines. Often he'd be accompanied by his son, who quite possibly picked up both his love of music, and of rambling, as a consequence. "His father gave him a guitar when he was seven," one intimate told me, "and from that moment Fred never put it down."

Phyllis Satz (friend): "He once said to me something about how he had his fill of performing for audiences when he was a kid in the Grand Ole Opry. But with Freddie you never knew. He'd drop these hints, but he never really talked to anybody, so you never knew for sure."

Some say Fred left home early, aged 13, in 1950, but they don't know why. He is said to have written songs in his teens under several pseudonyms, perhaps because he was too young to sign contracts. His first songs published as Fred Neil appeared when he was 19.

Bobby Ingram (singer/songwriter): "I know that he was in Memphis early, around 1955. He knew Otis Blackwell, the guy who wrote so many great tunes for Elvis, and he knew Jerry Lee Lewis and

Folk explosion: Fred Neil, Night Owl Cafe, Greenwich Village, New York, circa 1965.

Carl Perkins. He knew Sam Phillips, and more than likely he knew Elvis."

Len Chandler (singer/activist): "He told me about having played rockabilly and how crazy it was. How they'd do things like wrapping a roll of quarters in a sock and putting it in their pants, to shake and make the girls scream. He talked about having had records, and having to promote them. He'd had some nasty experiences with DJs who demanded upfront money or upfront pussy or upfront something before they'd give your record a listen."

Fred Neil arrived in New York in the mid-'50s to record for Brunswick, possibly on the recommendation of Buddy Holly, who would cut Fred's song Come Back Baby during his final session with producer Norman Petty in Clovis, New Mexico. Once there, Fred made a string of unsuccessful singles and struggled to support himself as a session guitarist. He can be heard on Bobby Darin's demo for Dream Lover and he's said to be on Paul Anka's Diana. He haunted the corridors of the Brill Building, hoping to sell his songs and, for a time in 1958, partnered writer Jimmy Krondes, who hit with Earl Grant's The End. But work was scarce, and he often slept in Central Park until he went to Greenwich Village.

When Fred Neil made his first big impact there in early '61 it was a likely destination for any young man with a guitar. Fred himself credited Len Chandler, then at the Gaslight Cafe, with bringing him to the Cafe Wha?. The regulars included singers Dino Valente, Karen Dalton, a contingent of comedians including Bill Cosby, and, on harmonica for a dollar a day, a kid who called himself Bob Dylan.

Bob Dylan: "I worked at the Cafe Wha? in the Village every afternoon. It stayed open from 11 in the morning to four in the morning, and there was constantly something happening on the stage, a non-stop flow of people, usually tourists who were looking for beatniks in the Village. I used to play with Fred Neil, who would play mostly the sort of things Josh White would sing. I would play the harmonica for him, and once in a while get to sing for myself." ➤

> "I always suspected he was part black. His was a voice no white man could have..."
> **Eric Andersen**

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During the day, Fred would keep in touch with the Brill Building and in 1960 hooked up with publisher Aaron Schroeder, champion of odd-man-out writers such as Al Kooper and Randy Newman. Schroeder teamed Fred with Beverly Ross, composer of the hit Lollipop Lollipop. Fred suggested they write one called Candy Man. Ross resisted working on yet another candy song until Fred explained that in the South "candy man" is college-boy slang for a pimp.

"I could tell he was an incredible talent, but also extremely inflexible, stubborn in the way so many Southern writers seem to be," Ross remembers. "If he came in with a certain chord change, he'd want to stick to it. I'd had hits and was confident I knew what I was doing, so we clashed a lot." Ross claims Neil duped her by scheduling the demo session early so that his version was in the can before she arrived. But neither vision of the song survived the sugary treatment Candy Man was given by Roy Orbison's producer, Fred Foster. "When I heard the silly little harmonica thing and the stops and starts, I wanted to go home and commit suicide," says Ross. "But what did I know? When it became a hit I learned to love it."

Back in the Village, Fred Neil, hit songwriter, was beginning to acquire a following.

Boys in the band: Fred Neil (second right) with the Buzzy Linhart Trio, Palisades, New York, July 1965.

Richie Havens: "The first time I went to the Cafe Wha? I saw Fred Neil and Dino Valente. This was before I was really playing the guitar myself, and seeing Fred certainly pushed me in that direction. I was coming from Brooklyn and a doo wop background, and this was the changing point of my life. Fred and Dino blew the room out completely. They closed their set with What'd I Say, which was a strange move for the typical folk singer. But neither Freddie nor Dino were typical anything. They extended the tune with a call-and-response, like gospel singers. Then they left the stage and worked their way through the crowd, their guitars in the air, still shouting the song as they marched out the back door. The crowd was in uproar. Then after a minute their voices could be heard again, still singing as they came around the building, in through the front door and back onto the stage. The audience went nuts. It was completely magic to me. I was seeing art being sculpted out of the air."

Ellen Sander (journalist): "The first time I heard Fred sing I was moved to tears. I didn't even realise until the end of the set that my eyes were unblinking and just spilling tears. I finally felt someone somewhere understood what it was like to be confused, alienated and lonely, and yet find something exquisite in that experience. He and Tim Hardin alone seemed to share this special place in the Village landscape. Their songs were emotional – they just cut to the heart of the intimate issues we were dealing with as young people. It struck me as an odd and disturbing coincidence that both of them got into hard drugs as well."

Sam Hood (Gaslight Cafe): "Nothing sounded quite the same after you heard Fred. He was never a great draw with the general public, but among musicians no one had a greater following. It was beyond respect; he was kind of revered, and highly romanticised. A lot of it was the *idea* of Freddie. He had that aura. He talked about Lenny Bruce a lot. He related to the notion that Lenny wouldn't sell out – 'selling out' was a big thing with Fred – and was therefore victimised by the establishment; the fact that he was persecuted – and that he was talented and brilliant and strung out. There you go: the perfect role model for Freddie."

Getty

Searching for Fred Neil

A newcomers' guide to a cult hero of folk.

The best introduction to that back-to-my-roots, up-from-my-boots voice is on the excellent *The Many Sides Of Fred Neil* collection on Capitol, which comprises his three albums for Capitol (*Fred Neil*, *Sessions* and *The Other Side Of This Life*) and features The Dolphins and Everybody's Talkin' among its 36 tracks. It's readily available on CD or download. *The Sky Is Falling: The Complete Live Recordings 1963-1971*, on Cherry Red Records, is well worth investigating and includes a number of long-forgotten live cuts too. His earlier, Elektra albums, Martin & Neil's *Tear Down The Walls* and the solo debut, *Bleecker & MacDougal*, are currently available as a two-for-one CD through Elektra/Rhino – an essential purchase for folk aficionados.

IT WAS IN EARLY 1961 THAT NEIL MADE THE acquaintance of another key folk outsider. He and Valente stopped in to the Third Side Coffeehouse, where they saw Hoyt Axton jamming with Vince Martin, a singer who'd had pop success in 1956 with Cindy Oh Cindy, cut with folk group The Tarriers. Martin's strong tenor made for an interesting blend with Neil's bottomless baritone, and before long they formed an informal partnership based loosely on the influential duo of Bob Gibson and Bob Camp.

Steve Knight (Mountain's keyboard player): "Vince Martin and Fred Neil had a magic between them that could absolutely enthrall an audience. They used to get one at each end of the club, and play and sing back and forth. Whoever was in between got melted."

One day, Vince spotted a kid walking down the street with a holster full of harmonicas. It was 18-year-old student John Sebastian. "I asked did he wear these harmonicas, shoot them, play them or what?" Vince recalls. "He said he was a player, so we invited him to sit in with us that night at the Playhouse Cafe. We figured he was full of shit and wouldn't show. He did, and then he got up and blew us off the stage." John brought in Felix Pappalardi, who played the guitarrón, a six-string Mexican bass and 'Martin & Neil' became a cooking band.

Martin & Neil worked themselves into shape in the warm bay breezes of Coconut Grove, Florida. Because the artists' enclave near Miami is so associated with Fred Neil, people are surprised to find out that it was Vince Martin who first colonised it for folk singers in late 1961.

Bobby Ingram: "Vince was playing at the Drumbeater's Bar. Then came Fred, then Lisa Kindred, David Crosby and the rest. Suddenly we had a little scene happening."

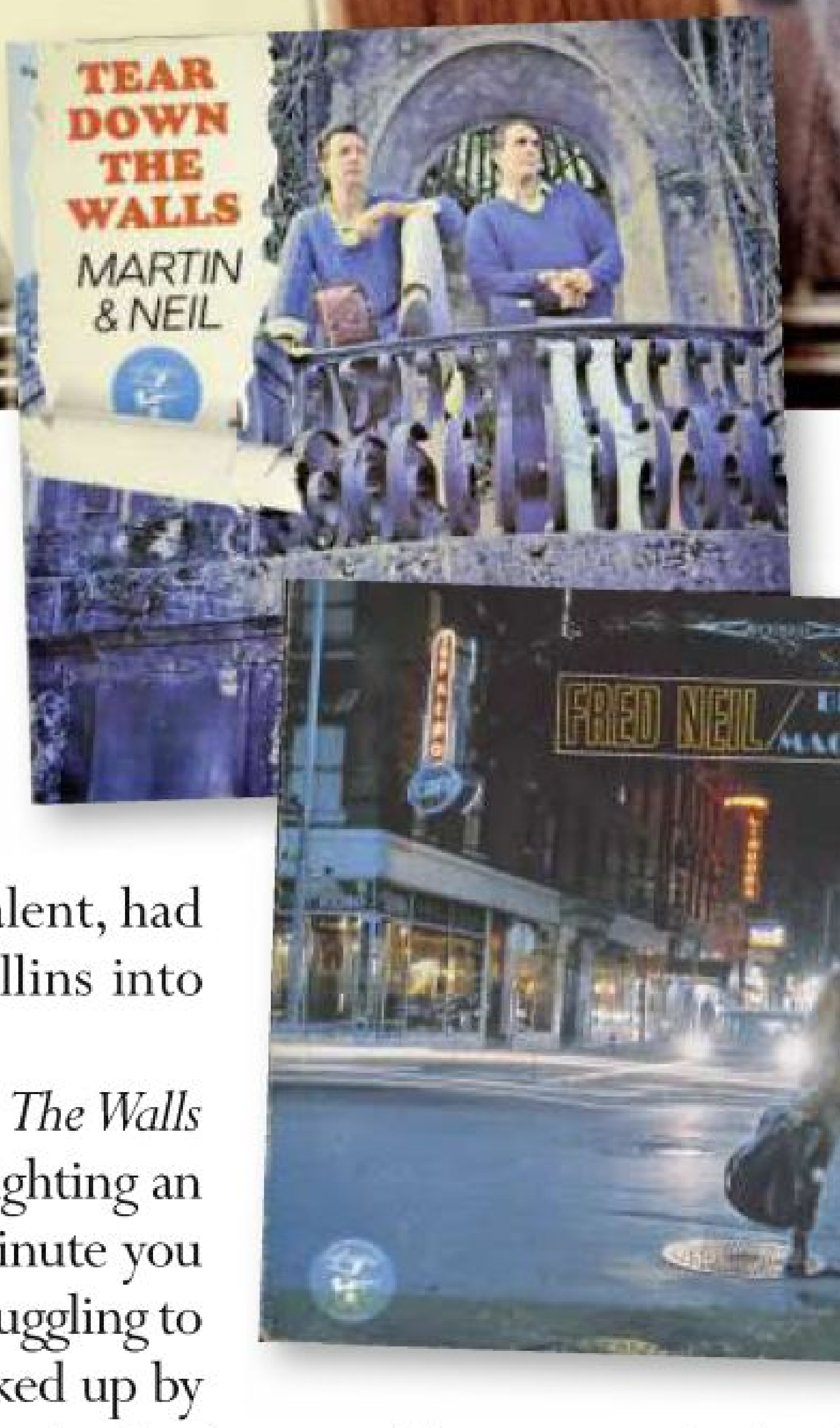
Jazz vibraphonist Buzzy Linhart was fresh out of the navy in 1963 when a friend suggested he check out the burgeoning Florida scene: "He named Fred Neil, David Crosby and Vince Martin as being these great new-style folk singers who'd be really good people for me to play with. He said, 'C'mon down, we're having a great time playing music and smoking marijuana!'" The first person Buzzy met was David Crosby, a scarf around his neck and a gold cigarette case packed with reefers which he offered him. Under the influence of his first 'jazz cigarette', Linhart saw Crosby perform a scorching solo set with his brother Chip on stand-up bass. "It was folk but with a jazzy twist. Then he played a whole other thing informally in the back of the club with Cass Elliott shouting the blues in a way she never did later in her career. I was astounded by all of this, and it was only my first night."

A few days later, Linhart went to audition for Tennessee Williams at the Coconut Grove Playhouse and was offered work for the summer season. To celebrate, he went to The Unicorn. Onto the stage crept Fred Neil.

"When he opened his mouth and that voice came out, it was so compelling that I knew this was where I had to be," says Linhart. "I went up to him and told him that I was a vibes player. He said, 'C'mon, bring 'em over.' I did, and the first time I played with Fred it was in front of an audience. It went so well that we jammed 'til the sun came up. There was no question about it; this was where I belonged. I called Tennessee Williams' office the next day and said, Sorry but I won't be able to work with Mr Williams this season. Perhaps another time."

Returning to New York City, the Martin & Neil

Poster boy: Fred Neil in a rare publicity shot, New York, 1965.



group was spotted by producer Paul Rothchild at the Gaslight and offered the opportunity to record for Elektra Records, home to Judy Collins and other folk luminaries. Founder Jac Holzman thinks it may have been Bob Gibson who tipped him off to the duo. Gibson, a visionary judge of talent, had already shepherded Joan Baez and Judy Collins into the spotlight.

John Sebastian: "The sessions for *Tear Down The Walls* were very mercurial. I could sense Fred was fighting an agenda that really wasn't in the room. The minute you began to lock something in, he'd already be struggling to change it. I always thought Fred had been fucked up by hanging out with jazz musicians, and their attitude that anything commercial was a sell-out. In some ways, my forming The Lovin' Spoonful was a reaction to working with Fred and a few other folkies who were afraid that they'd fall into some chasm of compromise if they sold a few records."

Richie Havens: "There was a group of people – Freddie, Dino Valente and Karen Dalton – who were suspicious of the record-making process. Where everybody else couldn't wait to get into the studio, they wanted no part of it."

Judie Watson (friend): "Many times the public would never get to see his best performances. There'd be a car parked in front of the coffee house, and he'd get in it with his guitar. Three or four of us would pile in with him, and he'd sing his more personal songs like Doves Of Peace and Red Flowers. Then when it was time to play he'd go to the stage somewhat reluctantly, and sing his usual set pieces like Linin' Track, which were great, but we felt like we'd heard the special songs, songs that he wasn't willing to share with just anybody."

Odetta (singer): "You know how magnificent that voice is on record, but when you hear Fred in person... I don't know how to describe it except that my whole being responded to it. His voice is a healing instrument. None of the recordings do him justice, but it seems now they're all we have."

FRED'S AVERSION TO STAGE PERFORMANCE WAS already legendary. He seldom made a gig on time and once onstage he would already be planning his escape.

Buzzy Linhart: "When he finally got up there, the audience had to be just right. He wasn't like Tim Hardin or Vince Martin, who'd go into the audience and confront inattentive people. If a crowd wasn't listening and all else failed, Fred had a trick where he would pop that high E-string on his ➢

> "He was an incredible talent, but also stubborn, like many Southern writers seem to be."
> **Beverly Ross**

Highly strung: Neil (right) with Vince Martin, New York, 1965.

Getty

guitar with a metal fingerpick. Then he'd say, 'I'm sorry but I broke a string. We'll be right back,' and he was gone."

Drugs were beginning to exert an undeniable influence upon him. The clandestine joint was giving way to something darker. On one level the introduction of hard drugs was the by-product of the intense – and intensifying – musical activity in the Village.

Vince Martin: "There were so many opportunities to work. I would do a set at the Cafe Wha?, go across the street to the Gaslight, go on to the Bitter End, and come back to the Wha? for a set at three o'clock in the morning. You could make maybe $80 and feel rich. Even so, Freddie was always broke. He'd do a couple of days at a time, maybe three, but he was no six-nights-a-week man, that's for sure."

Patti Strom (friend): "People would begin taking things to stay awake just so they could work more. That leads you to taking other drugs to relax after you've worked. Most people had no idea what they were doing, or where it would lead. You don't realise until it's too late."

Maggie Watson Griffin (sister-in-law): "The funny thing is that, on one level, it helped Fred. It freed him enough to allow creativity to come through, or to even address that creativity. Because he hated being onstage. When people applauded he'd mumble, 'Fuck you very much', under his breath. He resented having to do it to make a living.

"He was just a thoroughly inhibited personality. From when he left home at 13, to his battle with drugs and his relationships with women, it was a struggle. I think what bothered everybody was that if he'd only communicated a bit more, his life would have been so much fuller."

Vince Martin: "The second Martin & Neil album was to have been live at the Bitter End, with the Bitter End Singers. Freddie and I are onstage with Felix and John. The recording starts and then Fred breaks a string. He went offstage and we carried on without him, but when we came off Felix went backstage and confronted Fred. Felix grabbed him and

> "On one level, the drugs helped Fred. It freed him to allow creativity to come through."
> Maggie Watson Griffin

said, 'If you ever do that again I'll break your face.' Freddie ran out and we didn't see him again for months. That was the end of the second album. There went my career, crashing and burning right there. I went back to Coconut Grove with my wife, and about two months later he showed up. Just knocked on the door. I said, Hi, Fred. 'Hey, Vince.' I go, What happened? 'Nuthin'' OK. What do you do with a guy like that?"

WHEN ELEKTRA FOUNDER JAC HOLZMAN published his autobiography Follow The Music in 1998, Neil's friends were dismayed by the unflattering portrait of the singer painted by the late Paul Rothchild, who described Fred as "a brilliant songwriter and a total scumbag. The original rock flake." He also recounted how Fred would borrow guitars from friends like Izzy Young (who famously staged Dylan's first concert) and mistreat them, even smashing them onstage when he couldn't tune them.

Izzy Young: "I beg to differ with Mr Rothchild. What he described never happened. Not that I wouldn't have loaned Fred a guitar – I may have done so on one or two occasions. But I definitely would remember the scenario Paul described. If it happened, which it didn't."

Yet several people I interviewed did witness Fred turn a troublesome guitar to matchwood. But their descriptions were so similar that it became apparent that they were all describing the same single act of destruction, hardly qualifying Neil as folk's own Pete Townshend.

Fred Neil
Capitol
EVERYBODY'S TALKIN'
(Fred Neil)
STEREO
Capitol
P-2604
PROMOTIONAL RECORD
NOT FOR SALE
FRED NEIL

(Top) Neil's self-titled album for Capitol; (below) Everybody's Talkin, a hit for Nilsson, thanks to the 1969 film Midnight Cowboy.

Jim Marshall (photographer): "I remember this one time at the Night Owl, the club that had a yard with a tree in it. It was the same place I took the picture that became the cover of the Fred Neil album. Anyway, he was having trouble with his 12-string, couldn't keep the damn thing in tune. He walked offstage and went into the yard. Then there was this loud crash. He'd smashed it to pieces against the tree. He came back and said, 'I just fixed the fuckin' thing.'"

Odetta: "Some people are cursed with perfect pitch and can't settle for less. Fred would be tuning his guitar, and he could hear all the machines in the club, the air conditioner and the refrigerator and so forth. And he couldn't tune, because he couldn't tune all these other sounds out. It would drive him crazy."

David Crosby: "He taught me that everything was music. He turned off the light in the old battered elevator in his [New York] apartment building as we were going down to the street and said, 'Listen, the music's everywhere.' The elevator's cables and car went 'chackata-bang-ringy-bang-chacka-whump' and we knew Freddie was right."

No doubt much of Paul Rothchild's animus can be traced to the making of *Bleecker & MacDougal*, Fred's first full-length LP.

John Sebastian: "Having done *Tear Down The Walls*, Paul had a good idea what he was getting into. We developed ways of working around Fred. Sometimes Paul would cut in and say, 'I'm sorry, I have a technical problem here.' I knew damn well that he had no problem. He just knew he couldn't say, 'Please do another take.' The musicians also evolved a technique where, if we established a tempo and started to get Fred into it, we'd play the song several times through, all in the same take. If he decided to go off on one of his raga excursions we'd go with him. What we were trying to do – and this was part of Paul's strategy – was come back down to a point of beginning-again, because we knew we could splice the strongest three or four minutes out of the extended take."

Peter Childs (guitarist): "There were two or three points when Fred was not gonna continue. I believe that if I hadn't coaxed him back into the studio, that album might never have been completed. I don't think Paul was capable of handling Fred; I'm not sure anybody was."

John Sebastian: "Paul was frustrated and would say these things partially because he saw how close we were to something huge. Fred could have been the baby Elvis of that folk-blues scene if he'd so chosen. He certainly had the talent, and I think it was frustrating for Paul to see the man doing what amounted, in his eyes, to a betrayal of it."

Jac Holzman (Elektra Records): "I found that, for me anyway, it was best to separate the music from the guy. Though I loved what he did, I did not like Fred Neil as a person. He was a weasel in his business dealings, didn't keep his promises. He'd come in to the office and get an advance, and then come in the next day and deny we'd given it to him. The usual drug stuff. After a while you'd just had enough. Paul Rothchild would come in to my office and sit on the couch with his head in his hands. 'Why am I doing this?' I'd tell him it was because the music's worthwhile, and 20 years from now he'd be happy he did it."

Whatever dramas may have taken place, the end result was worth it. *Bleecker & MacDougal* is one of the classic folk albums of the era, and contains the Neil eternals Blues On The Ceiling, Little Bit Of Rain and his own version of Candy Man. With hindsight it's easy to see it as a farewell to his Greenwich Village days. The title track is not a celebration of that Village crossroads, but an expression of his desire to get away. "I want to go home" is the punchline and, Candy Man aside, the theme touches every song on the album. He didn't know it when he recorded these tunes, but he would get his wish. He'd come back to the Village to perform on a few occasions but, with professional affairs soon to take a westward turn, his days in New York were ending.

Bob Satz (friend): "We had a house in Coconut Grove and when Fred heard it was on the market he said, 'How much?' I said he could have it for what we'd paid for it: $25,000. Then the confusion started, because I knew Freddie didn't have a quarter. He asked to use the phone and placed a call to California. He said, 'I need $25,000 to buy this house for [then-wife] Linda.' Forty-eight hours later the money arrived. It was always hard to get him to commit to an album – it was my understanding that he did so in order to buy this house."

Having decided to settle in Florida, Neil became fascinated by the dolphins inhabiting the bay.

Ric O'Barry (The Dolphin Project): "Fred would visit us at the Miami Seaquarium, where I worked as a trainer on the Flipper TV series. He was good with the dolphins right away. Fred would bring his 12-string and keep them amused. He was really good at it. He had the patience of a saint.

"Fred thought we could communicate with them using music, in particular with Cathy, the primary dolphin we used as Flipper. In the TV show you'll see a house where the cast supposedly lived. That was my house; we had the dolphins there in the front lake. Fred was always there, playing to the dolphins, trying to make a breakthrough."

Occasionally he would go back to New York, but it was only out of professional necessity. Because John Sebastian was now waist-deep in The Lovin' Spoonful and Felix Pappalardi was pursuing a production career, Fred would hook up with other players. Most often it was the Buzzy Linhart Trio, soon to be re-christened The Seventh Sons.

Don Paleness (journalist/photographer): "I wandered into the Night Owl and was blown away. Fred comes out with this trio backing him, and launched into all these different changes of music – folk, blues and rock with jazz and country and even some raga-like drones going on. This incredible tapestry of so many different musical forms."

When he signed with Hollywood-based Capitol Records, the necessity to play elsewhere further diminished. His absence only made New York's cold heart fonder. Return visits were an event.

Steve DeNaut (The Seventh Sons): "Whenever Fred came to town he would be besieged. All the young folk singers on the way up wanted to talk to him because he was considered the master. Sometimes he'd hide out at my apartment in the Village. Nobody would know where he was. He wouldn't tell anyone – record company executives, old girlfriends, former drug dealers…"

THE ASSOCIATION WITH CAPITOL BROUGHT NEIL back into contact with Nik Venet, whom he'd met back in the Brill Building days when Venet was working for Bobby Darin. Capitol was on top of the world with The Beatles, and Venet's signings of The Lettermen and The Beach Boys had given the label some solid homegrown sellers too. They were about to dip into the San Francisco underground with Quicksilver Messenger Service, The Steve Miller Band and Mad River. In Fred Neil, Venet saw an opportunity to make art.

Nik Venet: "The albums I made on Capitol are a different kind of recording. Everything you hear on the albums I did with Fred is as it happened in the studio. There was absolutely no remixing or equalisation added. There's something about Fred Neil that you never wanted to compromise his integrity."

Herb Cohen (manager): "Getting Fred to even let you in on what songs he was going to record was near impossible. We might have known a couple of titles ahead of time. We certainly didn't know Everybody's Talkin', because he didn't know it. Matter of fact, I think he completed it in the toilet of the Capitol Records studio. All he wanted to do was finish the album and go back to Florida."

Bobby Ingram: "One night I asked Fred when his sessions were. He said, 'I don't know.' Where are you recording? 'I don't know.' What time is the session? 'I don't know.' Well, how the hell are you are you gonna get there, wherever it is, on time? 'Oh, somebody will come and get me.' That's Fred Neil in a nutshell."

Larry Beckett (poet): "Because Tim Buckley and Fred Neil had the same manager, Tim and I had a chance to visit one of Neil's sessions for his self-titled album. Fred and his musicians were in a great unlighted room, shadows hunched over on chairs, going through versions of the song The Dolphins. They tried it three different ways while we listened, amazed, because each new take was a total transformation in rhythm and feel. Tim and I independently later came to feel that *Fred Neil* was the finest album of the '60s."

Wild at heart: Neil, full of "Pisces sensitivity", 1965.

Unfortunately, even a great record can fall through the cracks if the artist is nowhere in sight. *Fred Neil*, released at the start of 1967, did only marginally better athan the Elektra releases. With Neil unwilling to hit the road, Venet began thinking about another round of recording sessions to keep his reluctant artist musically engaged.

Bob Simone (friend): "I was with Freddie when he went out to do that *Sessions* record. We stayed with Denny Doherty [The Mamas And The Papas] on Appian Way in Laurel Canyon. When word got out that he was in town, everybody wanted to see him. Gram Parsons was around, and for a couple of days I heard them sing You Don't Miss Your Water so many times I thought it would drive me insane. We went to see The Mamas And The Papas at the Hollywood Bowl with Scott McKenzie and The Jimi Hendrix Experience opening. Afterwards there was a party at John and Michelle Phillips' house. Everyone who was anyone was there. Steve McQueen came roaring up on a motorcycle. But it ended up that Freddie and Hendrix and some other people slipped away to this upstairs bedroom. Cass is downstairs screaming, 'This isn't a party for Fred Neil; this is a party for us.' She was pissed. Everybody was trying to get where Freddie and Jimi were."

Judy Henske (singer): "I ran into him up at our manager's house. Herbie Cohen had said, 'Judy, you're such an up person, you should really give Fred a talk about getting clean.' I must have talked for five hours and he didn't say a single word. He would stare and go, 'Uh-huh, uh-huh.' When I finished I said, Whaddya think, Fred? He just looked at me and said, 'Yeah, but do you know any place I could score?'"

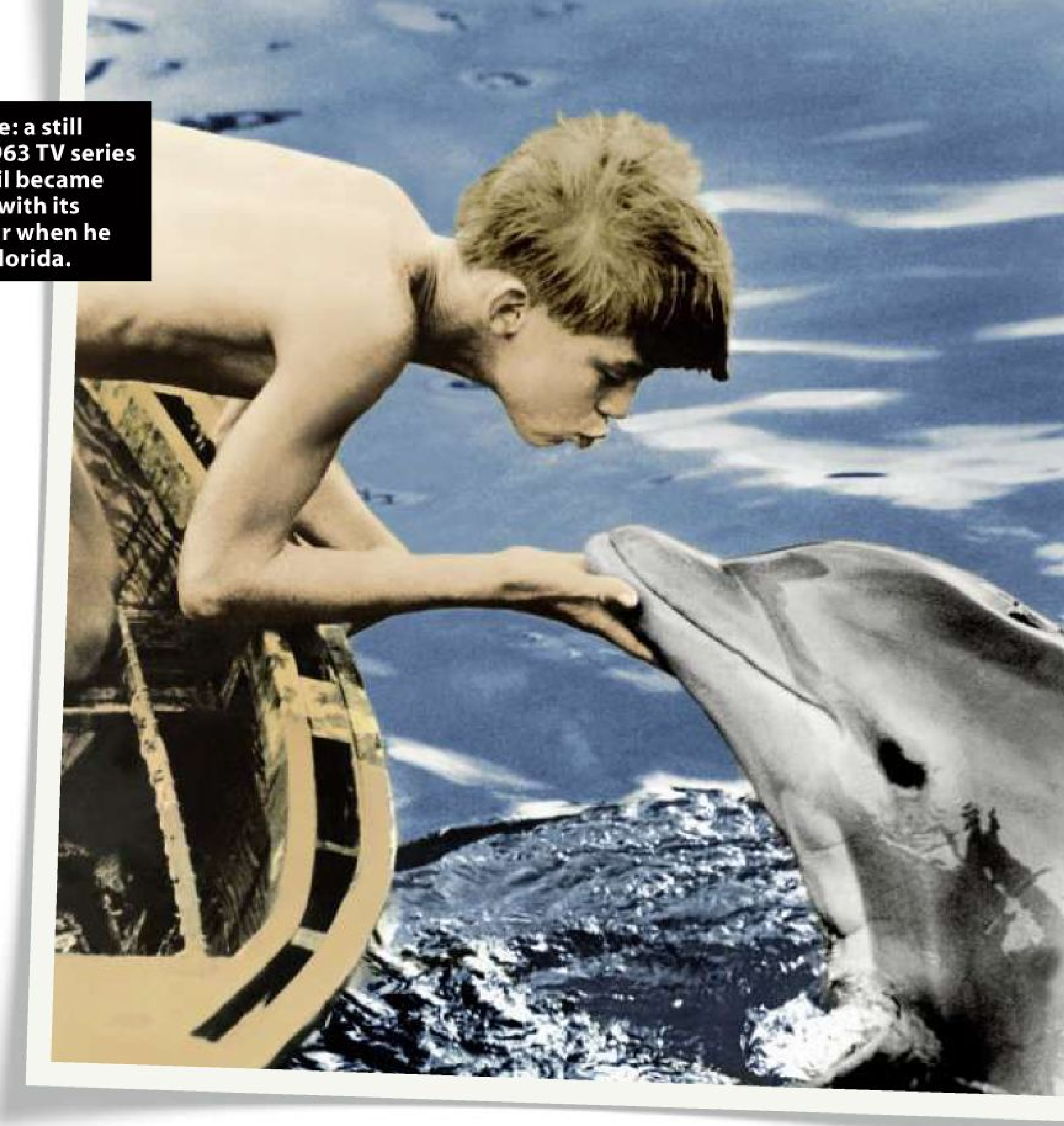
Nik Venet: "I tried to make the studio as close as possible to his living room at home. We had couches, food, liquor and we had friends. I even stopped saying 'take one' or 'take two', thinking that would alter the emotional aspect of this group of people. I kept two machines running so I would never run out of tape, and three engineers to mix so there would always be enough hands on the board. I felt this was the way the artist should be recorded. Fred's not an entertainer, he's an artist."

Cyrus Faryar (guitarist): "The enduring impression I have from playing those sessions is of his Pisces sensitivity. He was a guy who couldn't say no to anybody about anything. Some of his old friends would come by: 'Yo, Freddie, hey let's party.' I remember seeing a look in his face that said it was the last thing he wanted to do. But I saw him unable to refuse them, unwilling to hurt their feelings. It blew my mind that he was going to go and do something self-destructive, just to accommodate these vampires."

Ann Sternberg (bassist, The UFO): "The sessions started at midnight. Fred would eventually show up, and it didn't appear there had been much in the way of musical preparation. People came in and out, and it seemed that Fred's mood and performance depended largely on what gifts they brought. If they brought ups he was up, and if they brought downs he was down. He didn't seem to be taking an active role in his own life. He would just sit there on that stool and start to nod."

Nick Venet: "On *Sessions* we did everything in one take. I wanted it to be so honest that it would be naked. It is, and it works. I started handing out acetates. Then I ran into David Crosby, who was a good friend of Fred's, at the Troubadour, and he just screamed at me. 'You asshole!' he said. He thought what we'd done was embarrassing, doing things in one take, and he was so pissed off about how the album turned out.

"A month later I ran into David and he apologised. He said it was probably the most honest thing he'd heard in his entire life. He didn't know how to handle it at that time because he was still with The Byrds, a group doing tracking and overdubbing and all that shit. He told me it was about the best album he'd ever heard."


Fin de siècle: a still from the 1963 TV series Flipper. Neil became fascinated with its dolphin star when he moved to Florida.

Even as they were flailing about in the Capitol studio, a film called Midnight Cowboy was set to rescue Fred's reputation from the sorry clutches of *Sessions*. Listening to a Harry Nilsson album in search of potential theme music, director John Schlesinger came upon Everybody's Talkin', the one song on the album not written by Nilsson. Midnight Cowboy was the most lauded film of 1969, and Nilsson's reading of Everybody's Talkin' became a huge hit. If his fans thought that this stroke of good fortune would jolt him out of his inactivity, they didn't know Fred Neil.

Bob Watson (brother-in-law): "My sister Linda, who was then his wife, told me stories about when Johnny Carson's office would call to book him for the Tonight Show. Or Harry Belafonte calling to say, 'I want you to go to Africa with me and Miriam Makeba.' And Fred would say, 'No thanks.' Things other people would give their eye teeth for, but Fred ducked those things."

P.F. Sloan (songwriter): "I had moved to the Village by the time Midnight Cowboy came out. We heard he'd gone back to the Grove, so we took a trip to Florida in search of Fred Neil. We found him, and it's a memory I don't think I've ever shaken. He was heavily involved with heroin and appeared to be wasting away. I would've loved for him to've picked up a guitar but he didn't. It was like trying to talk to a ghost."

> "Fred just retreated from the music business – maybe the only option for gentle, foolish, musician souls…"
> **Paul Kantner**

From this moment on, Fred's dedication to music would be a source of constant speculation, but his devotion to the dolphin cause was beyond doubt. The few public performances he gave were invariably in support of The Dolphin Project, whose work is centered on returning captive dolphins to the wild. Neil demonstrated the depth of his conviction by donating royalties from his song The Dolphins to the group.

FOLLOWING A TEMPORARY MOVE TO WOODSTOCK in 1970, Fred released one more album, *Other Side Of This Life*, in 1971. It was meant to free Fred from his corporate shackles and clear the boards for the future. But he never recorded a follow-up.

Paul Kantner (Jefferson Airplane): "Fred just retreated from the music business, which may be the only option for gentle, foolish musician souls. In one way it's sad, but also understandable."

Neil emerged from seclusion in 1976-77. At the time he was living in a motel in Dinner Key, Florida with just a guitar, a bicycle and a TV set. There were a number of benefits for The Dolphin Project at the Coconut Grove Playhouse and the November 20, 1976 Whale Day celebration in Sacramento, California. Out of these experiences was forged a coalition of musicians and environmentalists who took their crusade for whale and dolphin awareness to Japan. Calling itself the Rolling Coconut Revue, the April 1977 invasion included Jackson Browne, Richie Havens and John Sebastian. So, in yet another twist to his story, Fred Neil's last official public performance was in Tokyo.

Howard Soloman (Cafe Wha?): "Rather than doing concerts, he preferred to take his guitar to the lagoon and play for the dolphins. Or we'd go sailing, and he'd bring a comb and rub it against the side of the boat to bring the dolphins. He'd pull out a guitar and play to them. That was what he enjoyed."

Getty, Allstar

There was one final stab at recording in 1977, with a group of associates and musicians who convened at Bayshore Studios in Miami. New manager Michael Lang had negotiated a deal with Columbia Records two years previously but Fred had yet to deliver a record. There were rumblings that they might get sued. So Ric O'Barry persuaded Fred to record. An album's worth of covers was recorded but the sessions were inconclusive and nothing ever came of it. Sometime in the early '80s Buzzy Linhart joined Fred for an evening of music at Soloman's outdoor cafe in Coconut Grove. "Buzzy and Fred played 'til dawn," recalls Soloman. "Vince Martin came by. Word got out and it seemed like half the Grove showed up, hundreds of people, spilling out onto US Highway 1. Just the most wonderful evening."

Buzzy Linhart: "The voice was still all there, man, and it was thrilling to hear. We talked about maybe doing something together, and he surprised me by being receptive. But like so many things with Fred, the idea drifted out with the tide…"

Ric O'Barry: "When I last saw Fred, he told me an incredible story as we were driving to Key West. When he was a kid in St. Pete, he and a friend skipped school and rode over to the black section of town because he'd heard Satchmo [Louis Armstrong] was playing. Being little kids, they couldn't get in. But Louis saw them and brought them into the kitchen of the club, where he invited them to sit and share a meal with the musicians. Satchmo treated him kindly and it was a thrill. After he told me this, Fred took out a CD and put it in the player of the car. It was Louis Armstrong singing Everybody's Talkin'."

Fourteen years after his death, Fred Neil's story is still shrouded in mystery. But his slim body of work lives on and his influence on today's folk and rock artists shows no sign of abating, fuelled by the myth of the great lost talent of the '60s.

Nik Venet quotes from interviews by Simon Wordsworth, whose research is gratefully acknowledged. David Crosby quote from the linernotes to The Many Sides Of Fred Neil (Collector's Choice/Koch). Paul Rothchild quote from Follow The Music by Jac Holzman & Gavan Daws (FirstMedia Books). With thanks to Buzzy Linhart, Bobby Ingram, John Sebastian, Howard Soloman, Izzy Young and the Fred Neil Appreciation Society.

THE

BIG SCORE

After beating his heroin addiction Miles Davis emerged in the late '50s as jazz's only true celebrity. Restless in his pursuit of fresh ideas, he looked back to the past to create his new music. Phil Alexander chronicles the orchestral adventures of a modern musical genius...

AUGUST 25, 1959. IT WAS ONE OF THOSE MUGGY summer nights in New York City. And it was hotter inside Birdland, the famed Broadway jazz club where Miles Davis and his sextet were enjoying a two-week residency, and where they had just completed recording a set for the Armed Forces Radio Service's Treasure Of Music show. The trumpet player stepped out of the club on to the pavement to walk a pretty white girl by the name of Judy to a cab. Having put her in her taxi, he paused for a cigarette. It was then that he was told to move on by a member of New York's finest.

"Move on, for what? I'm working downstairs. That's my name up there, Miles Davis," he replied, pointing to the marquee above the club, and noticing the policeman's aggressive stance.

"I don't care where you work, I said move on! If you don't move on I'm going to arrest you," countered patrolman Gerald Kilduff.

Miles, drawing on his occasional boxing training, stepped towards the officer in order to avoid what he thought may be a potential blow. ➢

Bird in flight: Miles Davis with (left) Charlie ‘Bird’ Parker, circa 1945.

≺ The advance appears to have destabilised the policeman who, according to Davis, stumbled and dropped his stuff on the pavement. Miles stepped back but all of a sudden felt a darting pain to the back of his head as a second plain clothes officer, Donald Rolker, thinking his colleague had been hit, approached Davis from behind and used his blackjack on the musician several times.

“I never saw it coming. Blood was running down the khaki suit I had on,” recalled Miles years later, adding that he’d been “hit like a tom-tom”.

The beating itself drew the attention of some 40-odd club goers, including redoubtable New York Journal-American journalist Dorothy Kilgallen (also famed for her appearance on TV show, What’s My Line?) and tenor sax player Illinois Jacquet, who stood there powerless to stop Miles from being carted off to the 54th Precinct. There, two charges were brought against him: the first of disorderly conduct, the second of assault. He was treated at St Clare’s Hospital (where he received between five and 10 stitches) prior to him being photographed at the precinct where his cabaret card – which he required to work the clubs – was confiscated.

Miles’s wife Frances, a Broadway star in her own right until her marriage, arrived and screamed when she saw the bloodied state of her husband. Kilgallen arrived shortly afterwards and documented the intimidation Davis was subjected to. Meanwhile, a restless crowd assembled outside the precinct and voiced their disgust.

Miles was kept in jail overnight, but released the following day with bail set at $1000. For Davis, unlike most jazz musicians, money was not an issue. His band were earning the minimum of $2500 per night. He paid and was released as a media storm erupted around him, with Kilgallen writing a scathing report on the incident that made front-page news. The news spread as far as Europe where Melody Maker in the UK ran photos of a bloodstained Davis.

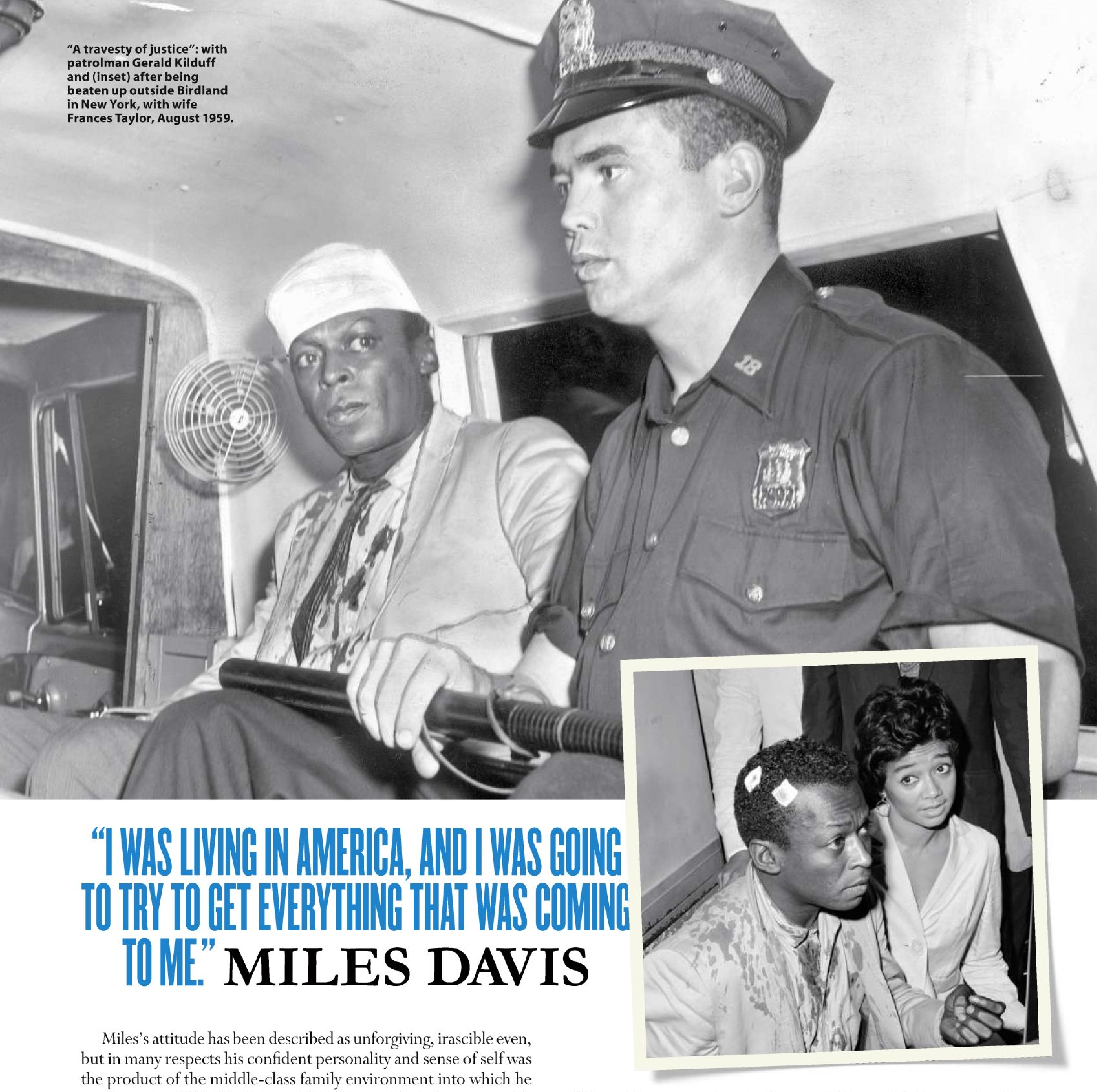
Despite Davis being out on bail, the situation took months to resolve with Miles’s manager, Harold Lovett, threatening to take out a million-dollar lawsuit against the City Of New York. Eventually, the charges were dismissed by a panel of three judges, one of whom described the entire episode as “a travesty of justice”. Despite his indignation, Miles reluctantly withdrew any legal response in order to secure the return of his cabaret card and avoid any further backlash from the police. It was one of the few times in his life that he would back down, but the incident left him embittered, and with good reason.

“Around this time, people – white people – started saying that I was always ‘angry’, that I was ‘racist’ or some silly shit like that,” he wrote in Miles: The Autobiography published in 1989. “Now, I’ve been racist towards nobody, but that don’t mean I’m going to take shit from a person just because he’s white. I didn’t grin or shuffle and didn’t walk around with my finger up my ass begging for no handout and thinking I was inferior to whites. I was living in America, too, and I was going to try to get everything that was coming to me.”

BY THE SUMMER OF ’59, THE 33-YEAR-OLD MILES DAVIS was no longer just a jazz musician. In Europe, he was lauded as a musical genius. In America he had become the embodiment of black aspiration, graduating from the pages of monthly jazz journal DownBeat to those in Esquire and Time magazine.

The interest in Miles from lifestyle magazines was down to the fact that he was now a celebrity in his own right. His audience included the likes of Marlon Brando, Elizabeth Taylor, Sugar Ray Robinson and Ava Gardner, all of whom went to watch him play. Miles was successful, dressed flamboyantly, and drove his sports car at some speed through the streets of Manhattan. Wedded to those trappings of success was an enigmatic personality that author James Baldwin described as “miraculously tough and tender”.

Opening pages: courtesy of Sony Music Archive; Allstar; Getty Images; Corbis



"A travesty of justice": with patrolman Gerald Kilduff and (inset) after being beaten up outside Birdland in New York, with wife Frances Taylor, August 1959.

"I WAS LIVING IN AMERICA, AND I WAS GOING TO TRY TO GET EVERYTHING THAT WAS COMING TO ME." MILES DAVIS

Miles's attitude has been described as unforgiving, irascible even, but in many respects his confident personality and sense of self was the product of the middle-class family environment into which he was born in 1926. His father, Miles Dewey Davis Jr, was a well-educated, prominent dentist in East St. Louis who demanded respect from those around him and refused to bow to the racism of the time. As Miles put it, "My father didn't take no shit from nobody." Indeed, he later recalled that his father had once gone out with a shotgun looking for a white man who had chased and racially abused his son: "I hate to think what would have happened if he'd found him."

His mother, Cleota, was elegant, with Carmen McRae good looks and a strong personality that on occasion saw her clash with her equally headstrong son. As well as enjoying a secure but combustible upbringing, Miles – who enjoyed sport from a young age – grew up in an integrated neighbourhood where culture was exchanged and enjoyed. Music was part of that exchange, be it gospel, jazz, blues or classical music.

Bathed in that atmosphere and with the strong will he'd inherited from his parents, Miles embarked on his musical career at the age of 13 when his father gave him a trumpet. He would later describe his drive to play as near-obsession twinned with a refusal to countenance failure. It was an attitude that would last a lifetime and, as he developed as a player, it was evident Miles saw himself in a different light to the trumpeters that had preceded him.

"As much as I love Dizzy [Gillespie] and loved Louis 'Satchmo' Armstrong, I always hated the way they used to laugh and grin for the audiences. I know why they did it – to make money and because they were entertainers as well as trumpet players," wrote Miles in his autobiography. "They had families to feed. Plus they both liked acting the clown. I don't have nothing against them doing it. But I didn't like it. I come from a different social and class background from them, and I'm from the Midwest while both of them are from the South. So we look at white people a little differently."

In his comments, Miles was clear: he was not here to entertain his audience, his audience were here to *listen* to him. This explains his attitude on stage where, unlike other musicians, he refused to introduce his material or play what the audience expected of him. Despite this defiant streak, he was also acutely aware that, as the '50s were coming to a close, he was the right man in the right place at the right time.

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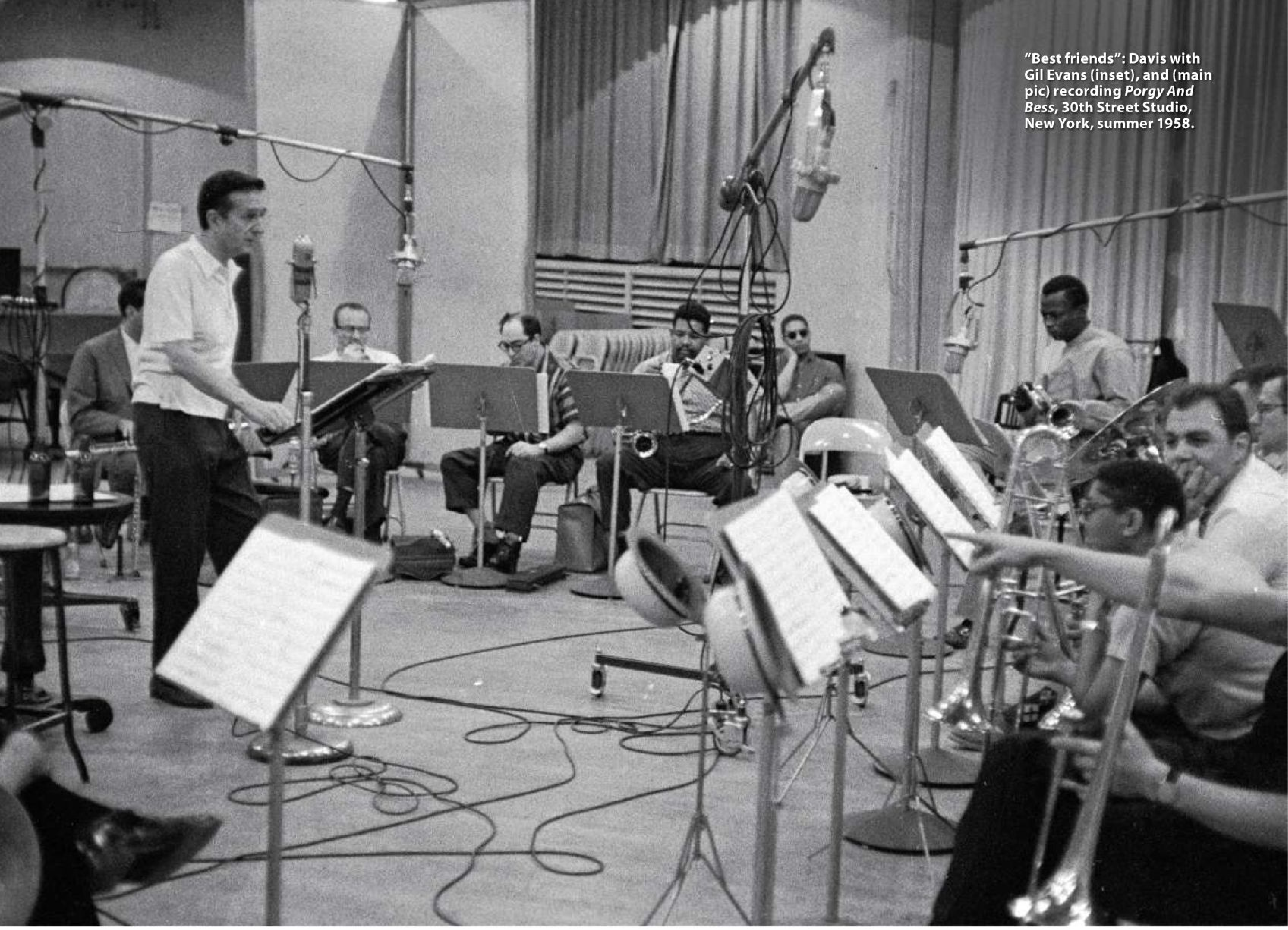


"Best friends": Davis with Gil Evans (inset), and (main pic) recording *Porgy And Bess*, 30th Street Studio, New York, summer 1958.

> "AS MUCH AS I LOVE DIZZY GILLESPIE AND LOUIS ARMSTRONG, I ALWAYS HATED THE WAY THEY USED TO LAUGH AND GRIN FOR AUDIENCES." MILES DAVIS

Courtesy of Sony Music Archives (2)

≺ "Black and white people in the music world were starting to get together and Uncle Tom images were on their way out," he wrote later. "All of a sudden, everybody seemed to want anger, coolness, hipness and real clean, mean sophistication. Being rebellious and black, a nonconformist – I was all those things and more. But I was playing the fuck out of my horn and I had a great group, so I didn't get recognition based only on a rebel image."

"THE YEAR 1945 WAS A TURNING point in my life," said Miles Davis, reflecting on his most formative period. The previous year in St Louis he'd played in singer Billy Eckstine's big band, which featured saxophonist Charlie 'Bird' Parker and trumpeter Dizzy Gillespie. As he graduated from high school, he moved to New York ostensibly to study theory and classical music at the Julliard School Of Music. In truth, the move provided him with the opportunity to renew his acquaintance with Bird and Diz, and he fell in with a coterie of musicians, including tenor saxophonist Coleman Hawkins and younger players such as pianist Thelonious Monk, drummer Max Roach and trombone player J.J. Johnson, that played clubs like Minto's, Smalls Paradise andHeatwave from dusk until dawn. "At Julliard I'd sleepwalk through them sorry-ass classes, bored to tears," he admitted.

The most significant point in young Miles's New York career came when Parker – then in the grip of heroin addiction and resorting to bouts of utter self-destruction – hired him as Gillespie's replacement in his quintet. As a member of Bird's five-piece, Miles was part of the group that cut Now's The Time in November 1945 for Savoy Records, a key track in the development of jazz.

The tune was not well received at the time, with Miles lambasted in DownBeat (who called him "a misled kid") for attempting to emulate Gillespie during his solo. But the track saw Parker restate jazz's blues roots while underlying the power of bebop and presaging the 'cool jazz' phase to follow. For Miles, it provided a musical springboard, and one he would use to move at exhilarating speed from sideman to front of stage, over the next decade eclipsing allcomers in the process (see Giant Steps panel, opposite).

Key to Miles's musical development during those 10 years was the friendship he developed with Canadian composer, arranger and pianist Gil Evans, which began in 1948.

When the pair met, Evans was 36 and Davis was 22 years old. The former was self-taught and had come to classical music first via Ravel and Bach before embracing jazz. Evans had also been an arranger for the orchestra led by Claude Thornhill (composer of the standard, Snowfall), and experienced the transition from swing into a more lyrical, post-war style. As a result he was alive to the possibilities of bebop but was in search of a complex sound. It was an interest Davis shared, and which the pair began to develop in Evans's 55th Street apartment, leading to the performances issued as the *Birth Of The Cool* album in 1957.

By the time of that album's release, Miles had conquered his heroin addiction (he went cold turkey in '54, returning to St Louis and locking himself away in his family's guest house for two months) and emerged clear of mind. His return to New York saw him cut several albums for Prestige (including the celebrated quartet of *Walkin'*, *Cookin'*, *Relaxin'* and *Steamin'*, all recorded between '54 and '56, and issued from '57 onwards). But he and Evans shared the ambition to compose music that was more complex and more controlled. When, on May 6, 1957, he and Evans entered Columbia's 30th Street Studio in New York, their plan was to create an album that could be heard as one continuous suite.

Using a 19-piece group of players and recording principally during three three-hour sessions, the resulting album, *Miles Ahead*, harks back to the complex big band arrangements of some 20 years earlier, while incorporating the blues-inspired role of the soloist developed during the bebop era. Indeed, the open nod to Duke Ellington is evident by the inclusion of The Duke, pianist Dave Brubeck's tribute and delivered with genuine grace.

While the album is designed to be listened to in one sitting with each track seguing into the next, significant individual tracks include The Maids Of Cadiz and My Ship. The former was written by French composer Léo Delibes with words by poet Alfred De Musset, and was rearranged by Evans to allow Miles, employing a flugelhorn throughout the album, to shine as a soloist. My Ship, meanwhile, was an Ira Gershwin and Kurt Weill co-write included in the 1941 Broadway musical, Lady In The Dark, which again benefited from a melancholic arrangement and showcased Miles's warmth as a player. In hindsight, the track and *Miles Ahead* itself seemed to awaken even greater possibilities in both Evans and Davis.

DUBOSE HEYWARD'S NOVEL, PORGY, was first published in 1925. Born in Charleston, South Carolina, in 1885, 20 years after the Civil War had effectively outlawed the concept of slavery, Heyward was working as an insurance agent when he wrote what was to become a key work in American literature. Despite his background as a privileged white man, he wanted to document the experience of the black community during an uncertain yet crucial period in US history.

The book was set in the black slum of Charleston's Catfish Row (based on the real-life location of Cabbage Row), and told the story of Porgy, a disabled black beggar and his attempt to save the woman he loves, Bess, from her violent lover. Heyward reflects the penury of post-slavery African Gullah culture through an impressive cast of characters and dramatic scenes loaded with pathos, tragic reality and deep humanity. The plot's dramatic development meant the book was easily translated into a successful play and then an opera renamed Porgy And Bess in 1935. The latter saw Heyward co-write the libretto with Ira Gershwin while George Gershwin composed the music.

Initially, Miles Davis's fascination with Porgy And Bess may not have been purely musical. Frances, his future wife, was dancing in the play on Broadway as he courted her. In December '57 Miles had also recorded the album of music that graced French director Louis Malle's film Ascenseur Pour L'Echafaud (translation: Lift To The Scaffold). Miles had watched scenes from the film to inspire his music and was thinking in visual terms when he discussed adapting Porgy And Bess with Gil Evans.

The pair spent July and August 1958 working on the translation of a selection of the material from the original opera for Miles to play. Equally, they found themselves expanding on the arrangements they had created on *Miles Ahead*, but allowing more room for Davis to express himself. This is evident from the first track, Buzzard Song, which starts with a crashing crescendo before Miles assumes the 'voice' of the singer/narrator, his horn developing a call-and-response relationship with the band. The mood Evans's arrangements establish is ominous, plunging the listener back into the darkness of Catfish Row. Indeed, Miles's tone is remarkable throughout the album, so much so that it is hard to detect whether he is playing flugelhorn or trumpet at any given time, and shines on the plaintive second track, Bess You Is My Woman Now.

Davis's version of Summertime is both comforting and heartbreaking and has become one of his best-loved interpretations. But the most enthralling track is the seventh number, Prayer, where the arrangement underpins Davis's soloing in a tense manner. The track's slow-building atmosphere underlines Evans's ability to marry the age-old feel of church music to the drive and power of modern jazz to create a sense of the past colliding with the present.

It is this remarkable synthesis of music and influences that defines the whole of the album which, again, was recorded in next to no time (four three-hour sessions). That said, *Porgy And Bess* remains one of the pinnacles of modern, orchestral jazz – a fine example of what American composer Gunther Schuller referred to as 'the third stream': the musical realm where jazz and classical music meet and are overlain by improvisation. More than anything, though, *Porgy And Bess* underlines the ambition and ability of its two protagonists, and was received warmly by critics and fans, aided by a genuine marketing push from Columbia Records who'd begun to see genuine ➢

GIANT STEPS

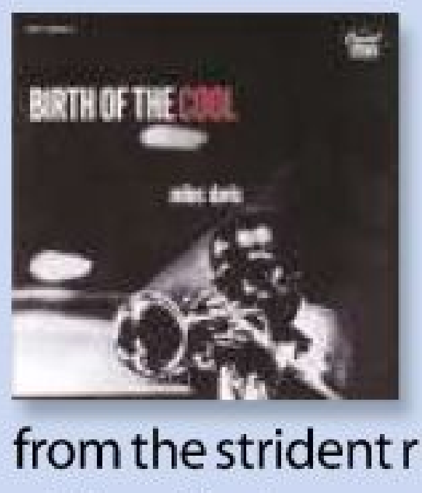
In the '50s Miles Davis never stood still…

BEYOND BEBOP!

BIRTH OF THE COOL

(Capitol, 1957)

★★★★★



Working with arranger Gil Evans for the first time, Miles Davis corralled a nontet of players to create an album that moved away from the strident rhythms of bebop, without losing any of the music's urgency. Recorded in three sessions in 1949 and '50, the resultant 12 tracks displayed a lightness of touch (Boplicity and Moon Beams are prime examples) and concentrated on the whole of the band's sound rather than solo histrionics. Cool, was indeed the word.

THE SOUNDTRACK!

ASCENSEUR POUR L'ECHAFAUD *(Fontana, 1958)*

★★★★★

MILES DAVIS
Ascenseur pour l'échafaud

When Miles played Paris in November 1957 he was introduced to French director Louis Malle who was editing the crime thriller Ascenseur Pour L'Echafaud. Asked to soundtrack the film, Miles watched a continuous projection of the required scenes and created a collection of music that remains remarkable in the melancholy it evokes. Davis's trumpet sound is heartbreakingly beautiful throughout.

A MODERN CLASSIC

MILESTONES

(Columbia, 1958)

★★★★★

MILESTONES
MILES DAVIS

Miles's first classic quintet of John Coltrane, Paul Chambers, Red Garland and Philly Joe Jones were joined by alto sax player Cannonball Adderley on this two-session album which remains a cornerstone of modern jazz. These are outstanding performances by a band at the height of their creative and improvisational powers.

Club Med: Davis recording *Sketches Of Spain*, Columbia Studios, New York, November '59.

"EVERYBODY SEEMED TO WANT ANGER, COOLNESS, HIPNESS AND REAL CLEAN, MEAN SOPHISTICATION. I WAS ALL THOSE THINGS AND MORE." MILES DAVIS

≺ potential in selling Miles Davis to a broader audience. The album sleeve tells you as much, depicting a midrift shot of a black trumpet player, with a white woman's hand reaching for his instrument. It's kitsch, risqué and knowing, and seemed aimed at those attending cocktail parties on 5th Avenue rather than Birdland regulars.

WHILE *PORGY AND BESS* HAS BEEN hailed as a masterpiece – both at the time of its March 1959 release and subsequently – sonically it has its flaws. The brevity of the studio sessions were possibly to blame, but the fact that studio technology was changing in the late '50s also meant the possibilities were expanding. A man who understood the potential of the studio world was 34-year-old New York-born producer Teo Macero. Macero had worked with bass player Charles Mingus before arriving at Columbia as an A&R man. There, he was given the responsibility of overseeing several artists, Miles among them.

Prior to Macero's arrival, Miles's A&R man was George Avakian, whose defection to Warner Brothers initially troubled Miles. But Macero earnt Davis's respect instantly. He had, after all, signed Thelonious Monk and Charles Mingus almost as soon as he arrived at the label. He was also a player and composer himself and understood how musicians worked.

During a stint on the West Coast in early1959 Miles stopped by the house of session bass player Joe Mondragon. It was Mondragon who played Miles Concierto De Aranjuez, a concerto for guitar and orchestra by Spanish composer Joaquin Rodrigo. The concerto, inspired by the gardens at the Royal Palace Of Aranjuez in Madrid, is in three movements and was composed in Paris in 1939 and first recorded almost a decade later. The version Miles heard was by femaleguitarist Renata Tarragó. "So I'm sitting therelistening and looking at Joe and I'm saying to myself, Goddamn, these melody lines are strong," recalled Miles. "I knew right there that I had to record it, because they just stayed in my head."

MILES AHEAD
COLUMBIA
GIL EVANS
MILES DAVIS +19
COLUMBIA
MILES DAVIS – PORGY AND BESS
COLUMBIA
MILES
Sketches of Spain

Courtesy of Sony Music Archives (2)

On his return to New York Miles called Evans to discuss the project and gave him with a copy of the record. Evans was impressed and set to work on rewriting the piece to suit Miles. Once again, the process took around two months, with Evan extending the concerto's middle section and fastidiously researching further material to round out the album. The additional music he suggested included Will O' The Wisp, an excerpt taken from Spanish composer Manuel De Falla's 1915 ballet, El Amor Brujo (translation: The Bewitched Love). Evans also adapted other pieces from Peruvian and Spanish music, including Saeta, based on an old Andalusian religious tune. Miles himself also strongly identified with the music's Moorish origins.

"In the Andalusian area you have a lot of African influence in music, architecture and in the whole culture, and a lot of African blood in the people," he said. "So you had a black African thing in the feeling of the music, in the bagpipes and trumpets and drums."

In mid-November 1959 Davis and Evans entered Columbia Studios with Ted Macero to begin recording the album that would become *Sketches Of Spain*. The sessions were complicated by Miles falling ill as well as struggling with some of the arrangements. Macero was despatched to tell Columbia's overlords that, this time, Miles and Gil needed more time to make the record properly. It was not an easy conversation to have, but Macero won his argument which allowed the sessions to spill over into early 1960.

At one point critic Nat Hentoff was allowed in the studio to report on events for Hi-Fi Stereo Review. He attested to the fact that it took a while for Miles to find his voice during the session, and that the big band struggled with elements of the score. Visiting classical composer Hal Overton, meanwhile, was heard to comment: "This is the toughest notation I've ever seen in a jazz arrangement." Hentoff also documented Evans's nurturing but firm presence throughout, his productive, conspiratorial relationship with Davis, and the satisfaction they enjoyed as the music came together.Indeed, the results spoke for themselves.

A cascade of castanets introduce a swirling world of sound that segues into Concierto De Aranjuez itself, one of the most recognisable pieces of 20th century composition. And then comes Miles – low and warm – underpinned by a horn section where every instrument can be heard individually. So clear and intimate is the sound that there are moments when it feels like you can almost hear the air in the studio itself. The concerto moves through several moods, always allowing Miles the space to play, but with his backing delivered in a regimented, taught way. The contrast between Miles and his backing is what makes the piece work through a combination of expressiveness and discipline. Equally, the material that follows is full of lyricism, mischief and beauty.

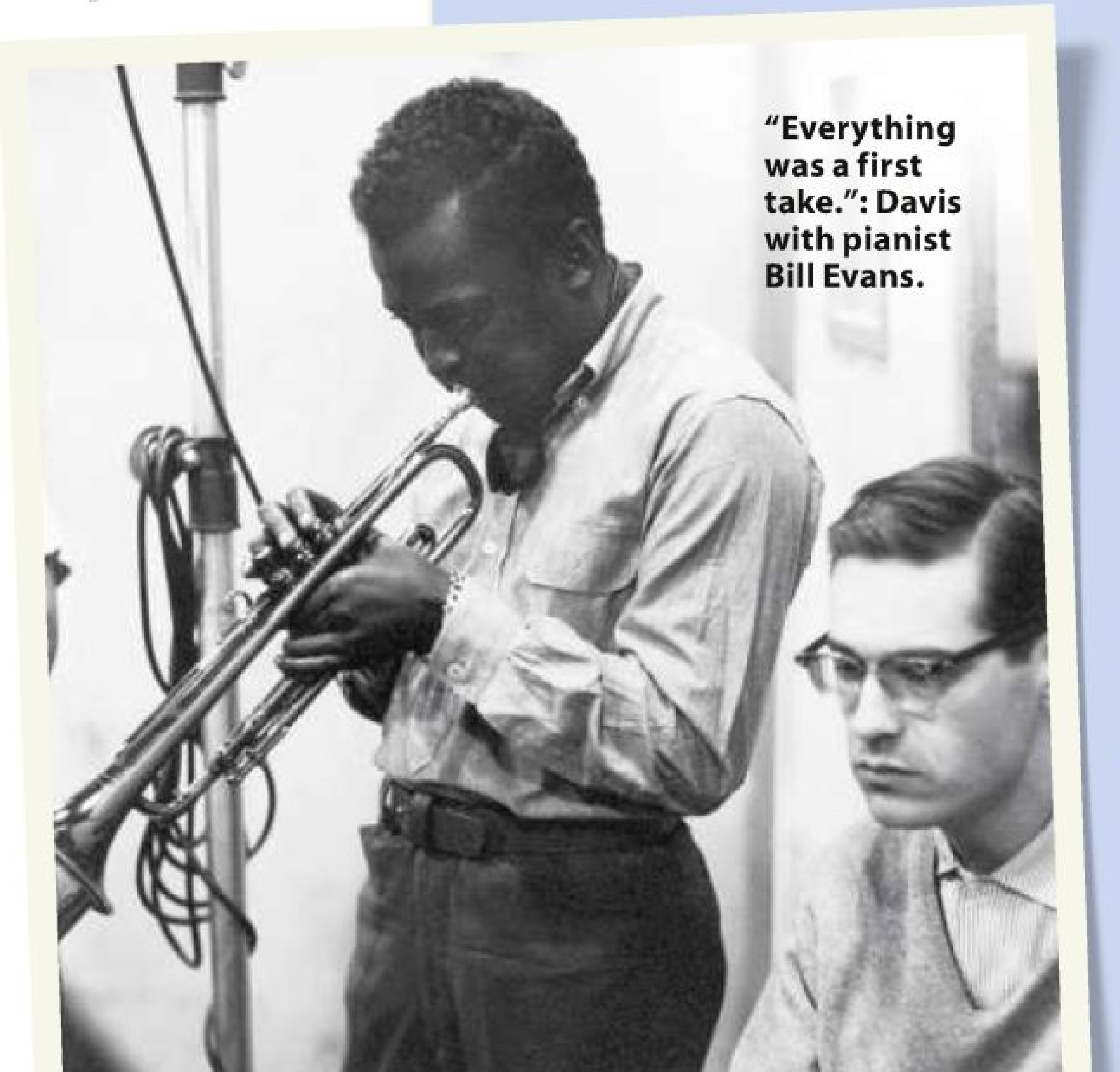
If the second track, Will O' The Wisp, is the embodiment of mischief, then Saeta (the near-military, spiritual marching song) is both strident and deeply personal. The album's second epic track is the 12-minute plus Solea which, again, confirms the mixture of the band's discipline coupled with Miles's lyrical reach, and produces a piece of music that is utterly intoxicating.

Recorded over 15 three-hour sessions, *Sketches Of Spain* marked the start of genuine studio experimentation. In addition to this newfound luxury, the album benefited from Macero's talent as an editor. He created the final mix by splicing the tapes to deliver the best performances throughout.

MR DAVIS, DO YOU FEEL THIS NEW WORK OF YOURS IS jazz?" asked a critic at the press conference held to launch the album in July 1960. Miles raised an eyebrow and then answered in his raspy voice, "It's music and I like it. I'll take anything I take a fancy to."

His reply was a tacit admission that *Sketches Of Spain* sounds like few records in jazz. In many respects, Miles's comment would also define the approach he took during the decade ahead, and which would see him create music that would again transform jazz and, indeed, modern music as a whole. In Gil Evans and Teo Macero, Miles now had allies he could count on. His relationship with Evans would last into the 1980s, with Davis stating on a number of occasions, "Gil is my best friend." Meanwhile, Macero's skills as an editor and producer would become pivotal to the development of Miles's electric music on albums such as *In A Silent Way* and *Bitches Brew*.

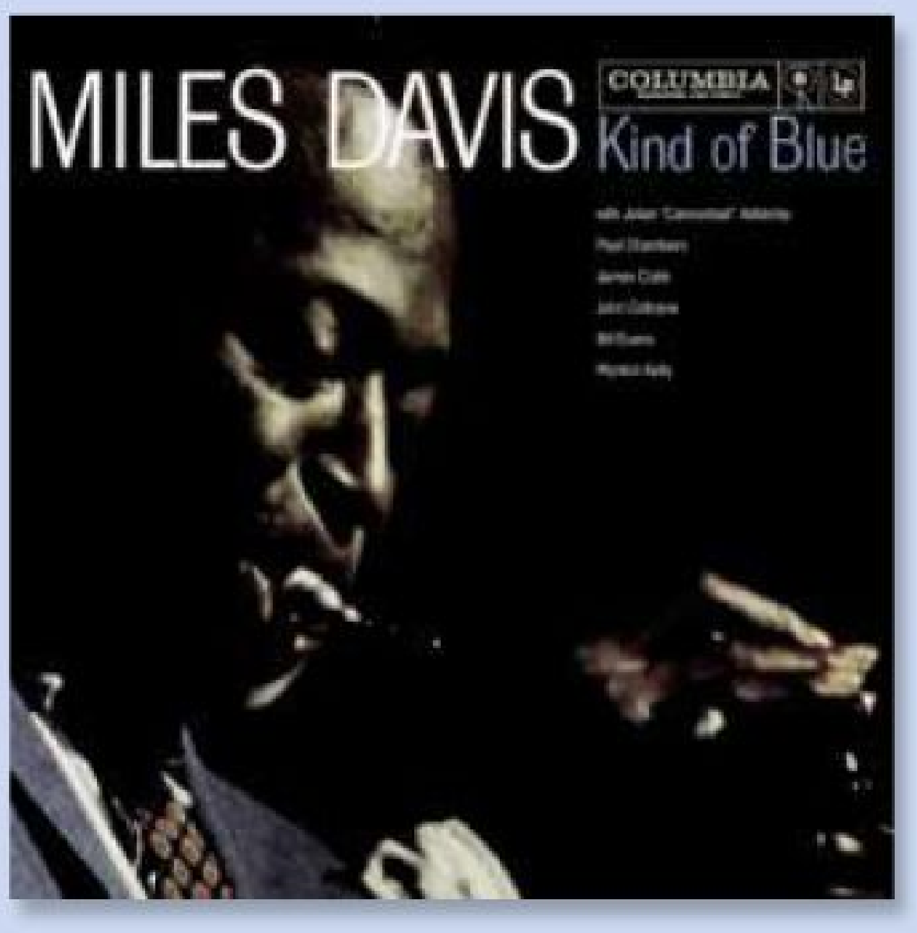
On *Porgy And Bess* and *Sketches Of Spain*, Miles had restated the power of large ensemble playing, drawing on folk traditions in the process. With 1959's *Kind Of Blue* he introduced space and stillness into the music at a time when jazz players were keen to show off their talent in a frenetic manner. Now, full of confidence and ambition, the 1960s stretched out before him and the future was there for Miles Davis to seize.



"Everything was a first take.": Davis with pianist Bill Evans.

THE NEW STANDARD

In between his orchestral adventures, Miles Davis found time to create his first masterpiece, inspired by an African thumb piano…



KIND OF BLUE

(Columbia, 1959)

★★★★★

Just as Columbia were preparing *Porgy And Bess* for release in March 1959,Miles Davis entered the studio to record material that was the opposite of the pre-scored,large ensemble arrangements he and Gil Evans had worked on for that album.

"I didn't write out the music for *Kind Of Blue*, but brought in sketches for what everybody was supposed to play because I wanted a lot of spontaneity in the playing," stated Miles, explaining his approach to making what would be one of his greatest musical statements.

Miles had become obsessed with the modal playing and feel of the thumb piano he had heard during a performance by the Guinean Ballet Africains. Building on the modal approach of *Milestones* – where one or two scales or modes, rather than harmonic structures or chords, the preserve of bebop, were used – Miles wanted to create an album where space and melody were pre-eminent.

"The music has gotten thick," he said." Guys give me tunes and they're full of chords. There will be fewer chords but infinite possibilities as to what to do with them."

His group for the sessions featured some of his favourite players: John Coltrane on tenor saxophone, Julian 'Cannonball' Adderley on alto, Paul Chambers on bass, Jimmy Cobb on drums and Bill Evans on piano. The latter's role was pivotal, the 29-year-old New Jersey-born pianist having worked with modal composer George Russell. Evans replaced Miles's usual pianist, Wynton Kelly,`` who would be drafted in for one tune, Freddie Freeloader, also recorded at that initial session.

Indeed, the five tracks recorded during the two sessions that made up *Kind Of Blue* were played without rehearsals and studio run-throughs. The results were captured immediately. "Everything was a first take, which indicated the level everyone was playing at," confirmed Miles.

Opener So What? sets the scene, with its understated tension created by bassist Chambers. Its church-based feel is evident as Miles hits two choruses, followed by Coltrane and then Adderley. The track is one of the defining moments of modern jazz, huge in scope and influence. The blues-soaked groove of Freddie Freeloader follows next, led by the horns and Kelly's fine punctuation. Blue In Green is more sedate with Evans's piano creating a canvas for some of Miles's most expressive soloing.

"EVERYTHING WAS A FIRST TAKE."

MILES DAVIS

The low-swinging All Blues opens Side Two and is another masterpiece of restraint and control, with Coltrane and Adderley underpinning Miles's horn as he swoops over the top of their theme. Flamenco Sketches closes the album, echoing some of Gil Evans's modal arrangements on *Porgy And Bess* (most notably Summertime and I Loves You, Porgy), and again allowing space for the soloist to stretch out against a sparse backdrop. The track closes an album whose sound and unity of purpose is almost meditative thanks to its unique combination of restraint and flamboyance-free virtuosity.

Acknowledged as a masterpiece on release, there was only one man slightly dissatisfied with *Kind Of Blue* – its restless creator, who stated: "When I tell people that I missed what I was trying to do on *Kind Of Blue*, that I missed getting the exact sound of the African finger piano on that sound, they just look at me like I'm crazy."

MISSISSIPPI JOHN HURT
"LAST SESSIONS"

BOOKER T. AND THE M.G.'S
SOUL LIMBO
LA LA MEANS I LOVE YOU
OVER EASY
ELEANOR RIGBY
AND OTHERS
stax

STEREO • STEREO • STEREO • STEREO • STEREO • STEREO • STEREO
BROTHER JACK MCDUFF
HOT BARBEQUE

A FUNKY TRIP
DETROIT FUNK FROM THE DAVE HAMILTON ARCHIVE
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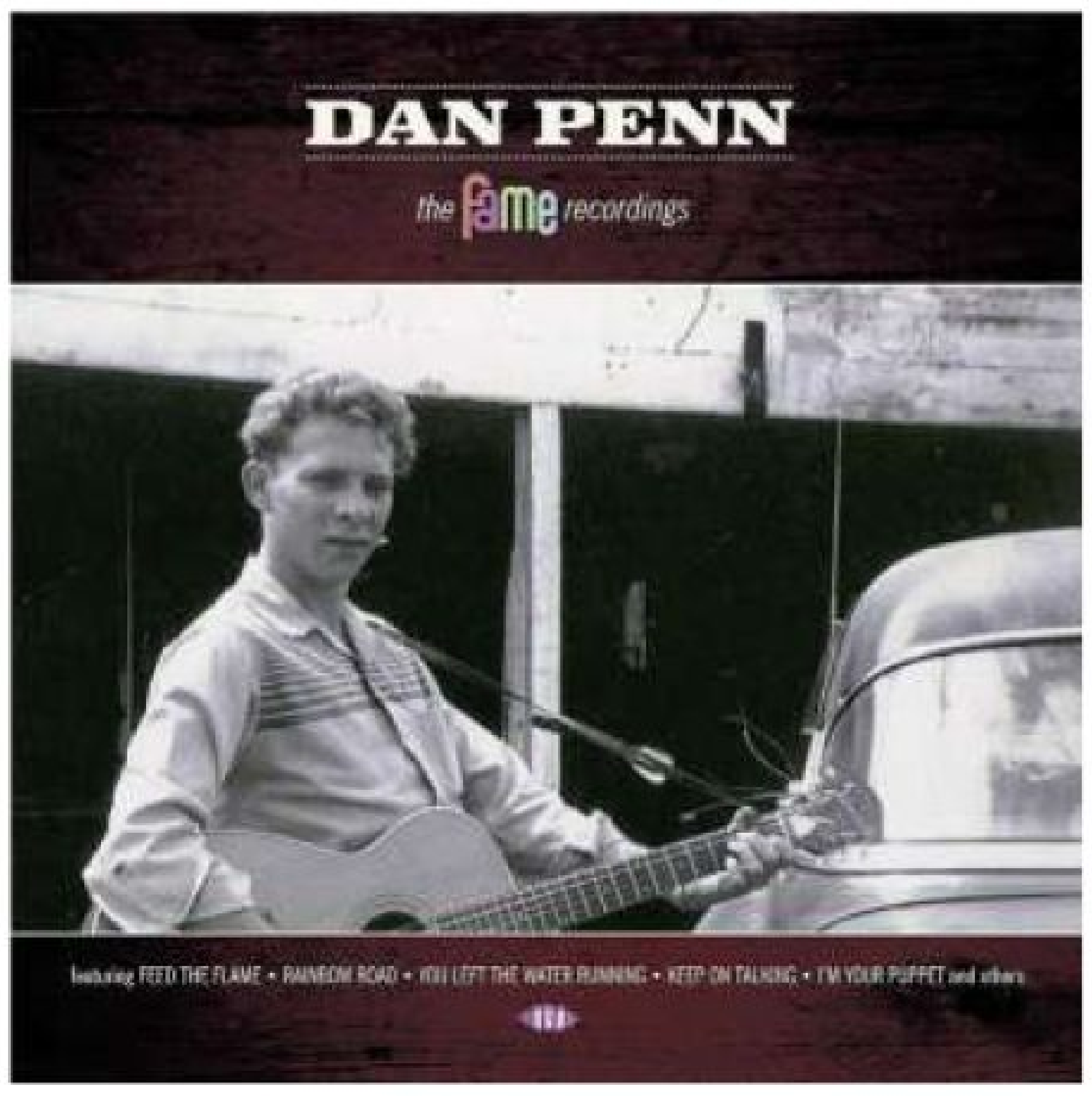
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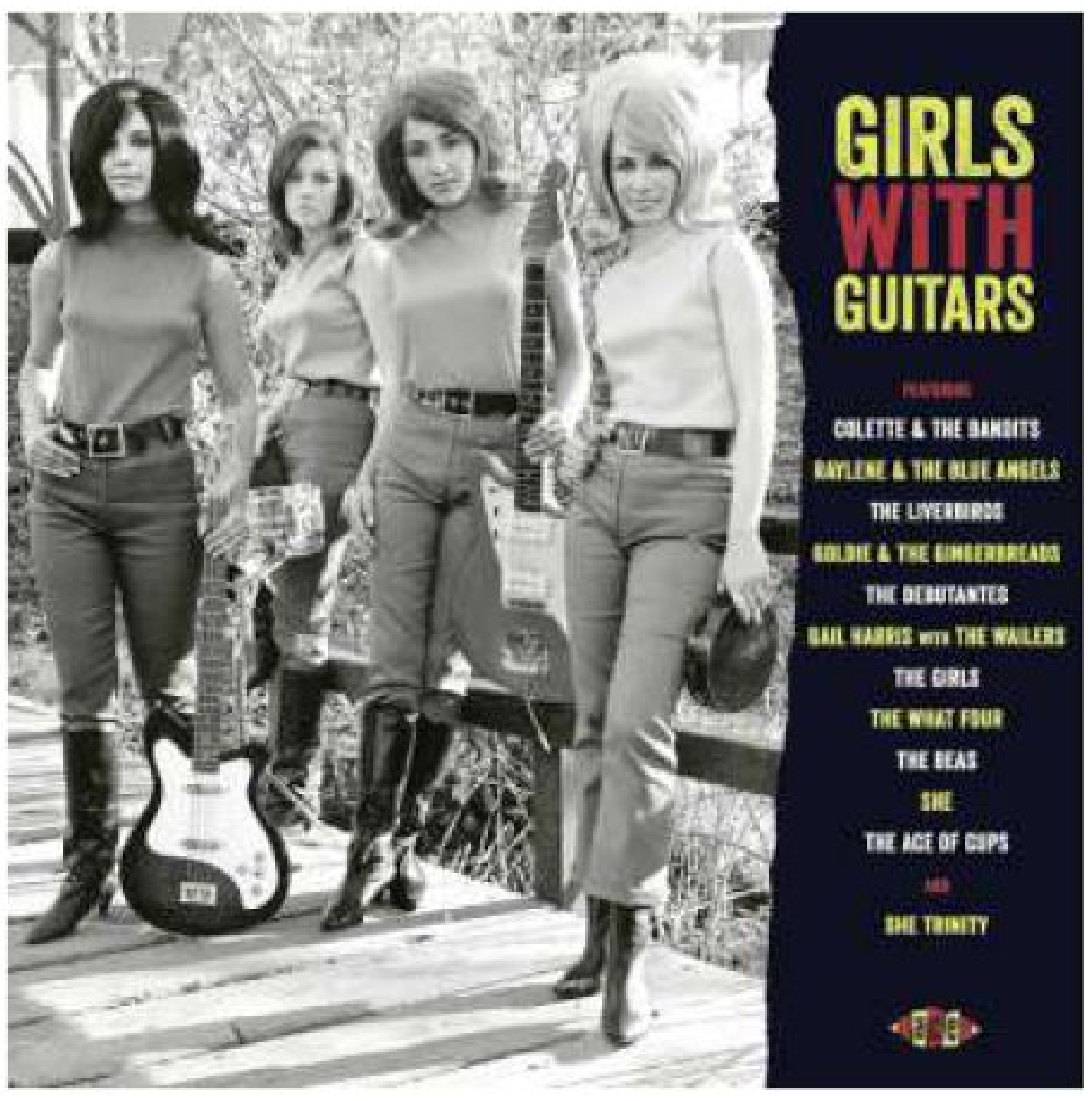
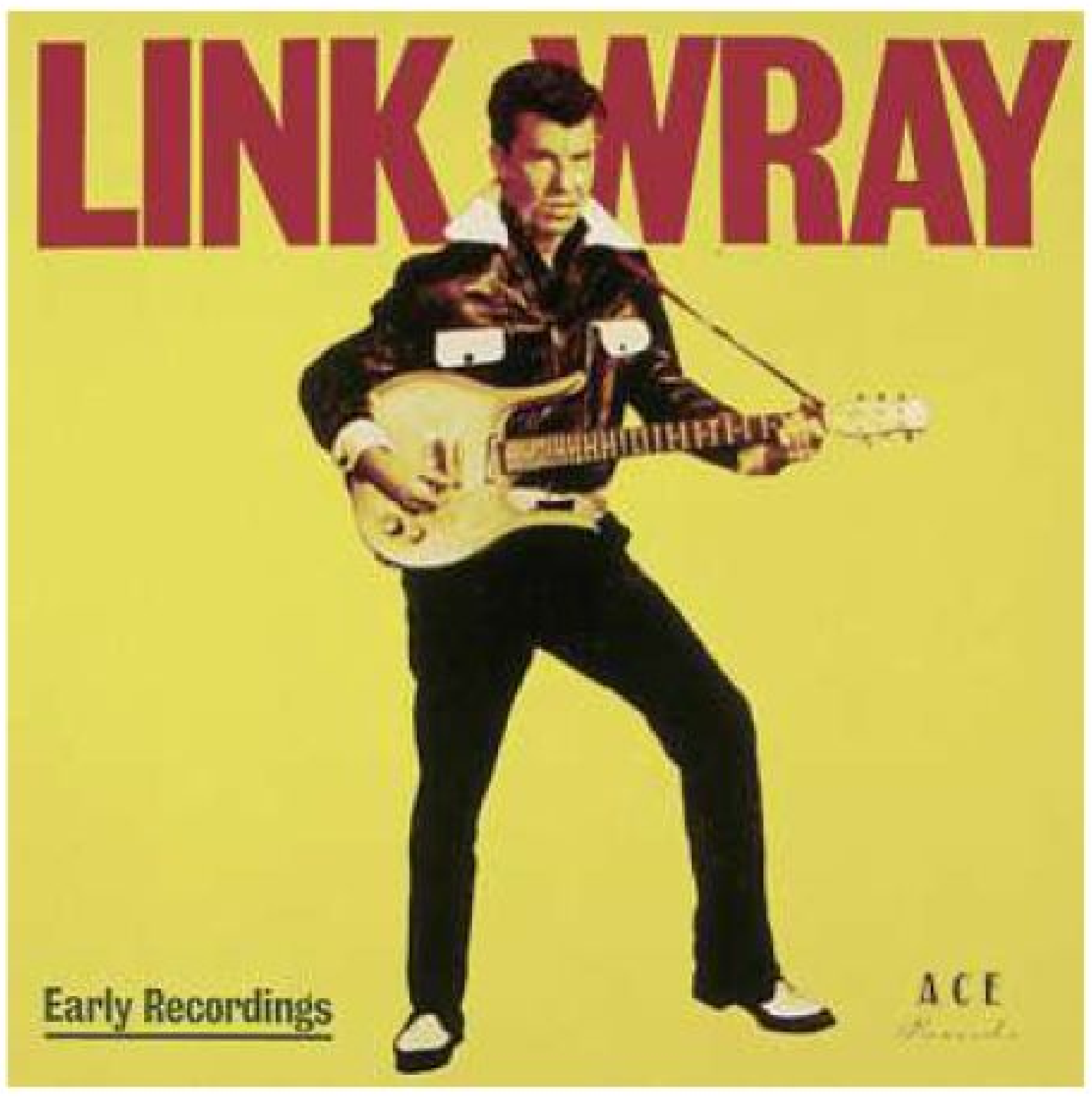

GIRLS WITH GUITARS
FEATURING
COLETTE & THE BANDITS
RAYLENE & THE BLUE ANGELS
THE LIVERBIRDS
GOLDIE & THE GINGERBREADS
THE DEBUTANTES
GAIL HARRIS WITH THE WAILERS
THE GIRLS
THE WHAT FOUR
THE BEAS
SHE
THE ACE OF CUPS
AND
SHE TRINITY


LINK WRAY
Early Recordings
ACE

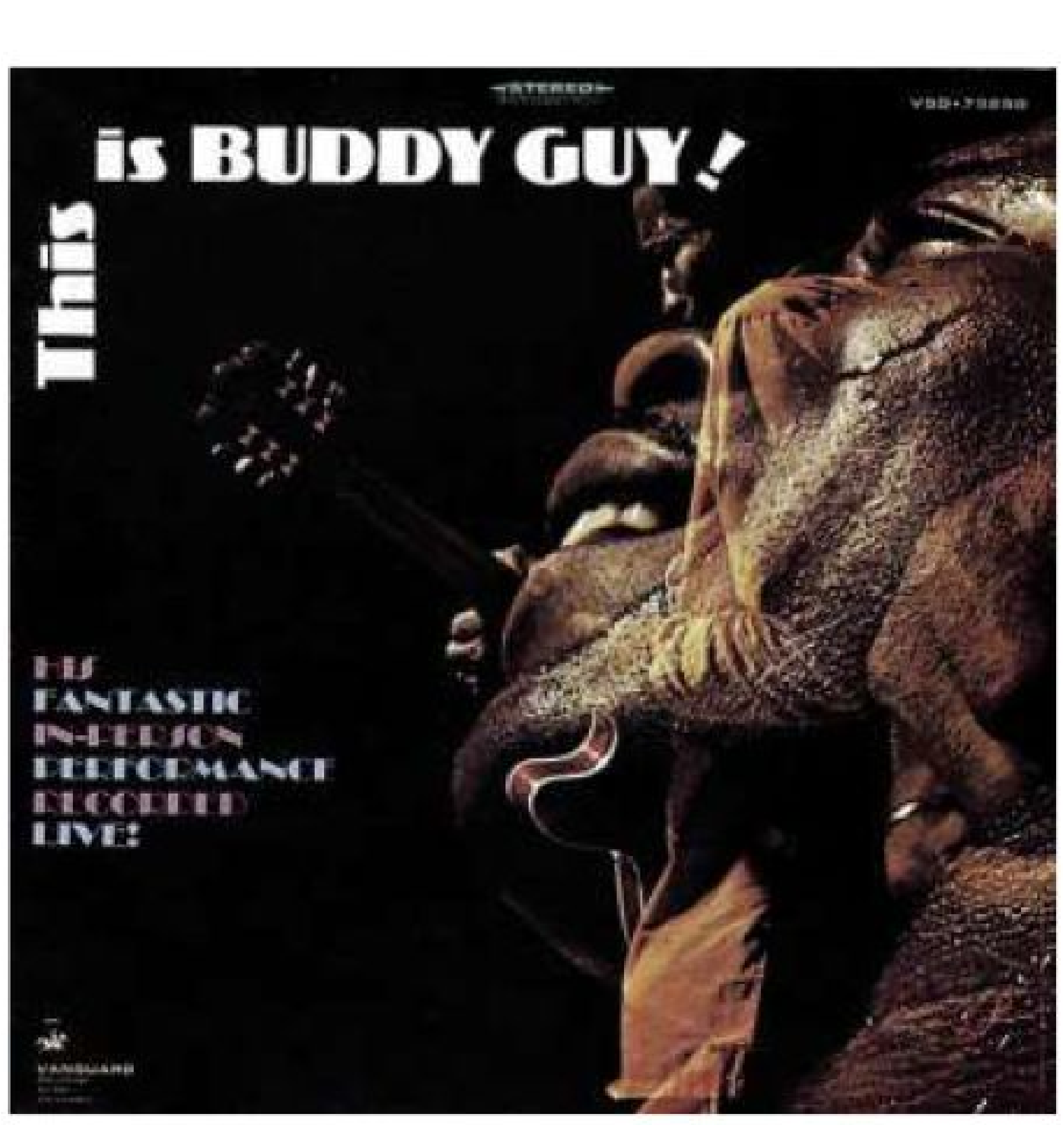
DJ SNOWBOY
Presents the good foot
JAMES BROWN
"Bring It Up"
ETTA JAMES
"Can't Shake It"
LITTLE WILLIE JOHN
"Don't Play With Love"
"Uptight / Get Ready"
LITTLE EVA
...and many more
The soundtrack to his Soho night

GIL SCOTT-HERON
FREE WILL

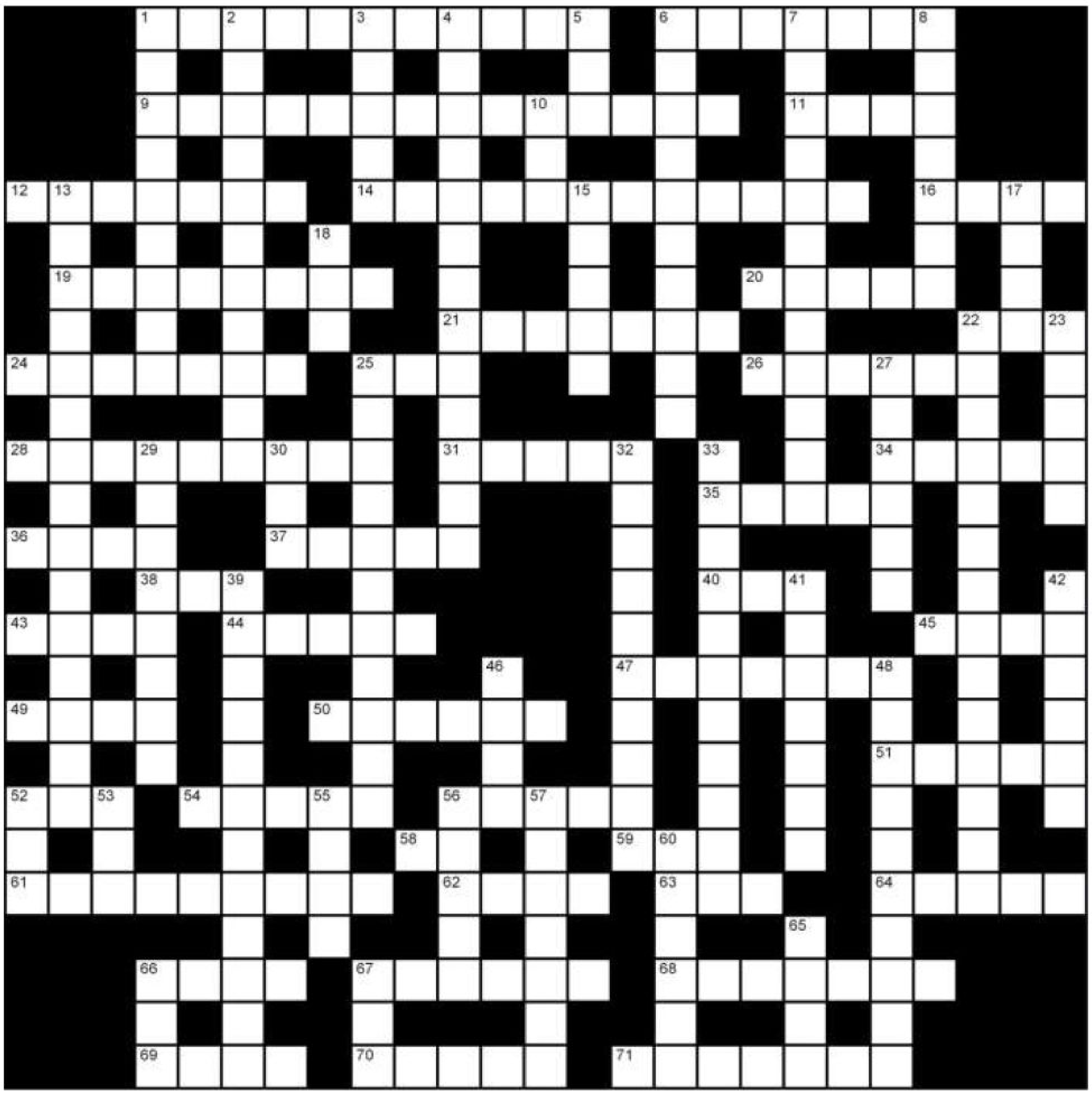
walking in the sun • sometimes • work n' play • the way i feel inside
at work (n' play)
BIG BEAT
the zombies

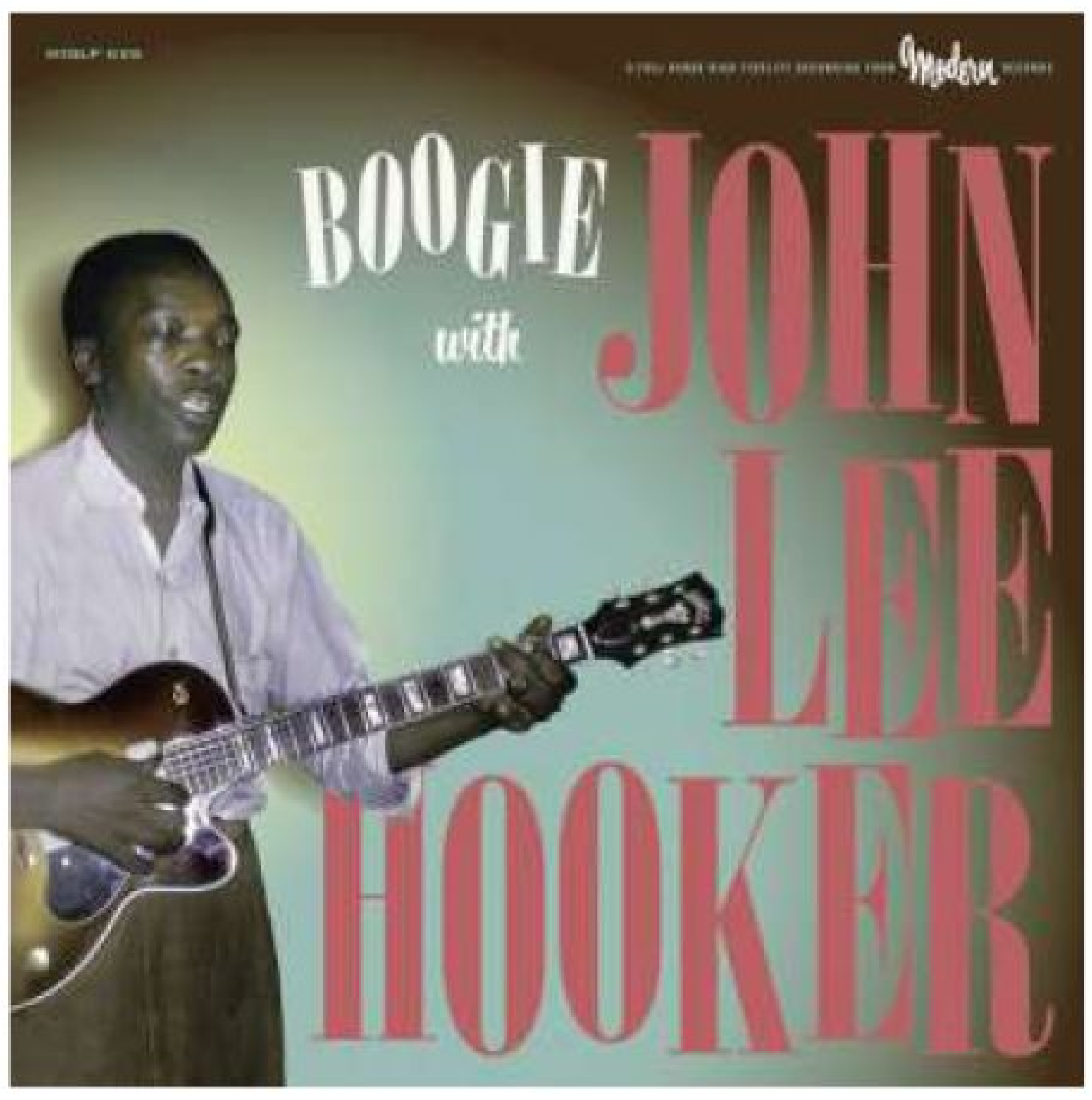
Credit in here

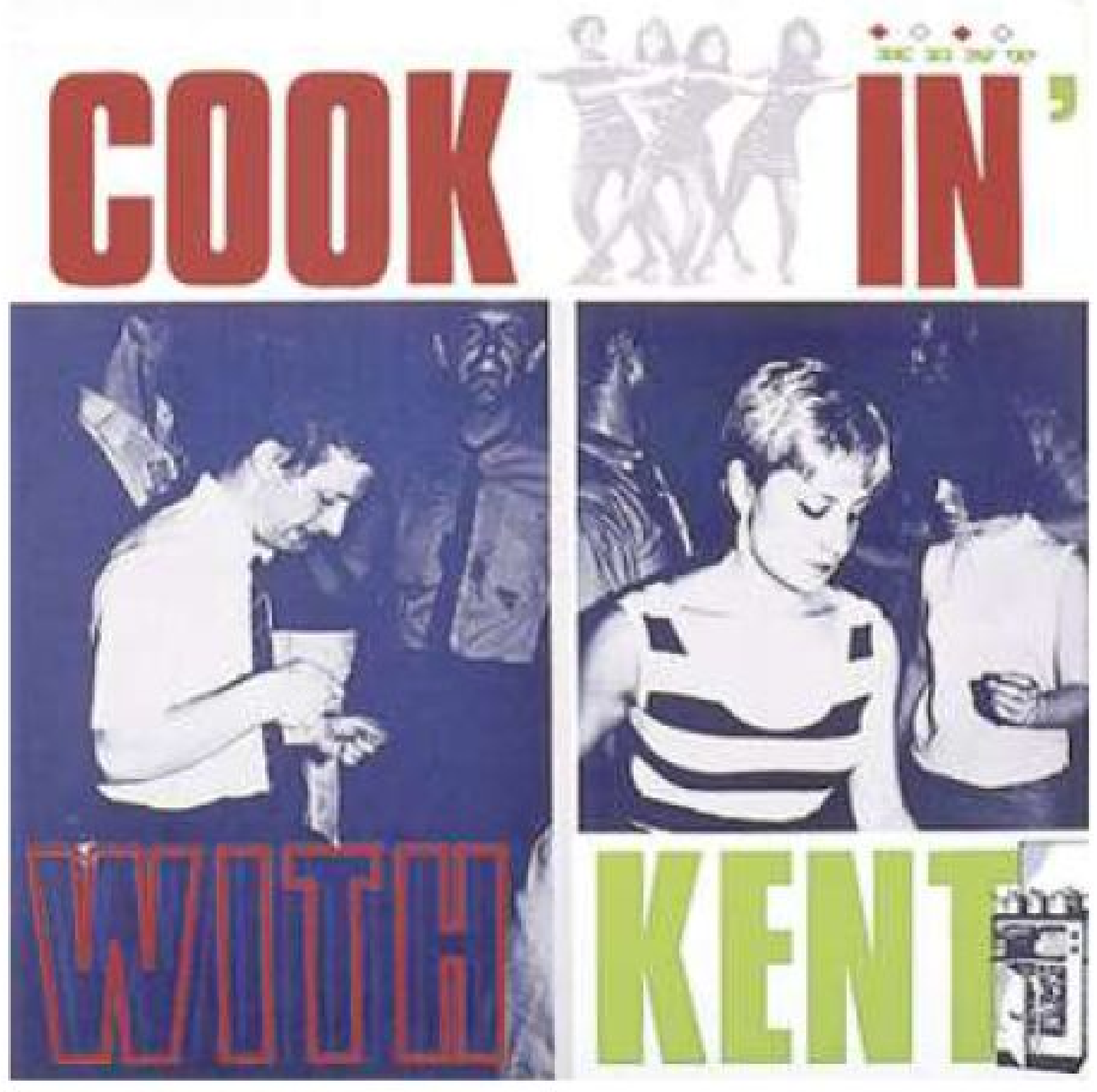
Crossword
COMPETITION



The Fatback Band
Keep on Steppin'







ACROSS

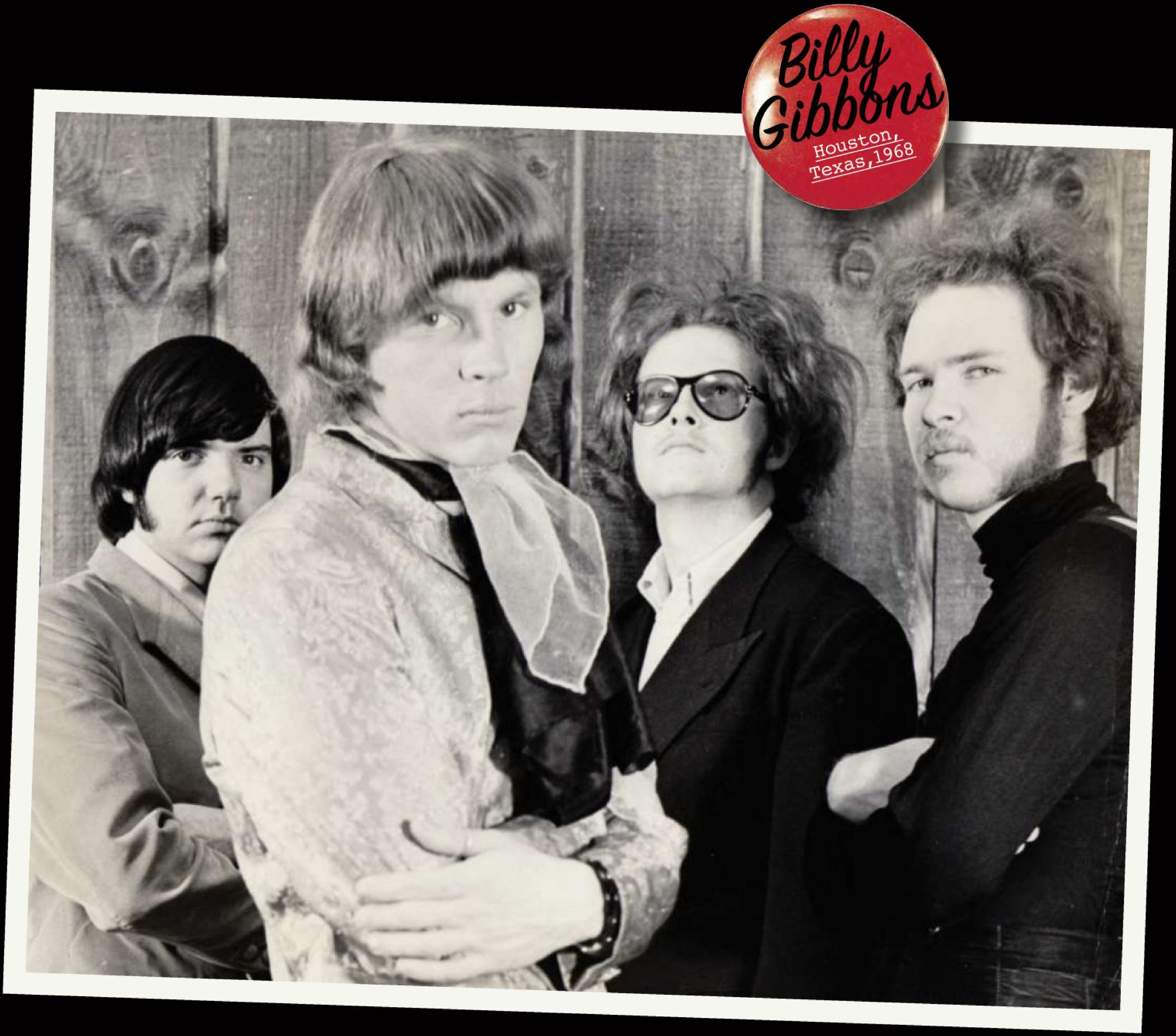
1/9 Their Kites flew high in the charts (5,6,3,3,3,5)
6 ----- -- Black (Rolling Stones) (5,2)
9 See 1 across
11 The Boots' 1966 slice of German freakbeat (4)
12 --- ---- Ducklings, garage rockers from Toronto (3,4)
14 Locomotive's man for the final battle? (2,10)
16 Spyropoulos from 47 across (4)
19 Party ...., a track on Pink Floyd's *More* album (8)
20 Don't sit down for this 1969 hit by Sly & The Family Stone (5)
21 The ----- -- Simon Simopath (an album from 47 across) (5,2)
22 --- My Friend (The Kinks) (3)
24 See 6 Down
25 London club opened in 1966 by John Hopkins and Joe Boyd (1.1.1.)
26 The Beatles got to get you into it (2,4)
28 Extremely pleased to see you, The N'Betweens (9)
31 Yoo Doo ---- (Can) (5)
34 What a house is not, according to Love (5)
35 Red Sky At ----- (The Accent) (5)
36 The kind of machine that owes its name to William Burroughs (4)
37 Weapon broken in a Buffalo Springfield song (5)
38 How Jack Cassady and Jorma Kaukonen served their Tuna (3)
40 --- Of Time (Rolling Stones) (3)
43 How Cream felt in 1966 (4)
44 It preceded The Bonzos' outro (5)
45 Night Of The ---- Grass (The Troggs) (4)
47 Not Kurt Cobain's lot, it's those UK Rainbow Chasers (7)
49 Jimi Hendrix was banned by the BBC after appearing on her TV show (4)
50 Seasonal record label that launched The Beau Brummels, Great Society, etc. (6)
51 Mike, birdman of the Incredible String Band (5)
52 Record label formed by Lou Adler in 1967 (3)
54 The Mystery ------, Ron Nagle's SF rockers (5)
56 Bowie's laughing dwarf-like creature (5)
58 Initially a Velvet Underground album formed from 1968-69 outtakes (1.1.)
59 --- Has Funny Cars (Jefferson Airplane) (3)
61 He came to Kansas in the middle of a dusty day, claimed Nilsson (9)
62 Monro, an unlikely psych hero with We're Gonna Change The World (4)
63 They released the album *Supernatural Fairy Tales* (3)
64 She was famously in Memphis during 1969 (5)
66 Skip Spence and Matthew Katz's kind of grape (4)
67 Lollipop -----, Oregon band who appeared in film Angels From Hell (6)
68 Swedish Beatle-like band – but did they provide good luck? (7)
69 Remembered all his life by Ray Davies? (4)
70 Ted Nugent's Amboy members of the nobility (5)
71 Beach Boys' album that ended with Transcendental Meditation (7)

DOWN

1 They began as The Spectres then provided Pictures Of Matchstick Men (6,3)
2 Club originally in Covent Garden where John Peel played regular gigs (6,5)
3 ------ On My Mind (Rupert's People) (5)
4 Single culled from the Pretty Things' 1968 concept album (7,6)
5 Electric Banana was the Pretty Things alter --- (3)
6/24 They came from Rugby and were assorted at one point (10,7)
7 Did 67 down give up on this track from *The Madcap Laughs*? (2,4,6)
8 The Alan Bown's ideal place for kids (7)
10 Tabla-playing Gopal who led a Dream (3)
13 The Fox --- ---- -- ----- (Bamboo Shoot) (3,4,2,6)
15 Kevin, once of 36 across (5)
17 Land that was apparent for a Jimi Hendrix production (4)
18/29 Meltdown provided by 1 down (3,2,3,3)
22 --- --- ------- For The Heart Of The Sun (Pink Floyd) (3,3,8)
23 The Great American ------ Tragedy, Earth Opera's final album (5)
25 Subterranean and velvet covered by Lou Reed & Co. (11)
27 - -- --- Walrus (John Lennon's enigmatic statement) (1,2,3,)
29 See 18
30 As served in the afternoon by The Kinks on *Something Else* (3)
32 Their spaced-out film, Head, featured Frank Zappa in a cameo spot (3,7)
33 "Wench you better watch your master" (The Poets) (2,4,5)
39 Psych band named after a Welsh monastic ruin (7,5)
41 Their first chart single was Paper Sun (7)
42 The Small Faces' brand of nut gone flake (6)
46 ---- Düül, German band named after an Egyptian Sun God (4)
48 Child led by Vangelis in 1967 (10)
52 Skip Spence's only solo album (3)
53 Record company that released the Harvest label (1.1.1.)
55 All You ---- Is Love (The Beatles) (4)
56 Gris-gris ------ Ya Ya (Dr John 1968) (5)
57 His garden provided an Abbey Road track (7)
60 Thor's ------- remembered as the Icelandic Beatles (6)
65 - --- Hear The Grass Grow (The Move) (1,3)
66 I Must Be --- (The Craig) (3)
67 Barrett the Crazy Diamond (3)

Compiled by Fred Dellar

- Before They Were - FAMOUS



Billy Gibbons

Houston, Texas, 1968

Before he grew that trademark beard and formed the grooving hard rock trio ZZ Top, a fresher-faced Billy Gibbons (far right) was the guiding light in Houston psych-rockers The Moving Sidewalks. The band, inspired by local heroes and mentors The 13th Floor Elevators, fused British Invasion pop with acid rock. They cut a dash on the Houston club scene, toured with Jimi Hendrix who declared himself a big Billy Gibbons fan, and made one album, 1968's *Flash*. The band were offered the support slot on a country-wide Doors tour, withdrawn when they accidentally set the headliners' equipment on fire at a gig in Dallas. After two band members were drafted, the group split and Gibbons formed ZZ Top instead. Billy returned to the fold when in 2013 The Moving Sidewalks reunited for a date at BB King's Blues Club and a headline slot at the Austin Psych festival.

Courtesy: Rockbeat Records

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SMALL FACES

10 PIN-UPS

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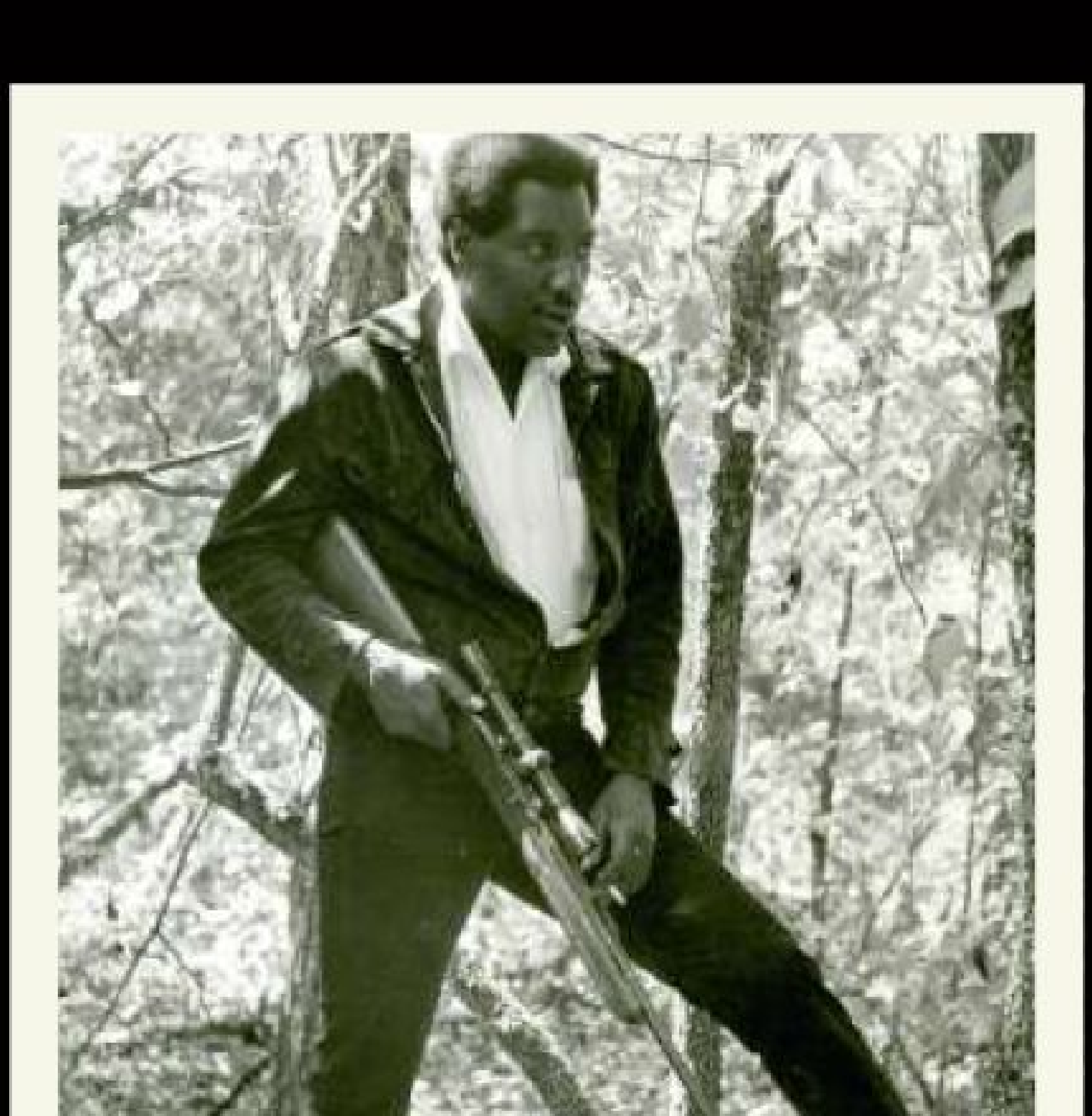
DEEP PURPLE GET HEAVY AT THE PLAYBOY MANSION **FRED NEIL** FOLK KING KEEPS IT REAL **THE ZOMBIES** THEIR PSYCHEDELIC ODESSEY **PP ARNOLD** THE FACE OF '67 **THE WHO** MADE IN LONDON **ISLAND RECORDS** FROM SKA TO PSYCH **NICO** THE TRAGIC HEROINE OF **THE VELVET UNDERGROUND**



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